

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN.
SIR RICHARD F. BURTON
K. C. M. G. F. R. G. S.





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OF

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON,

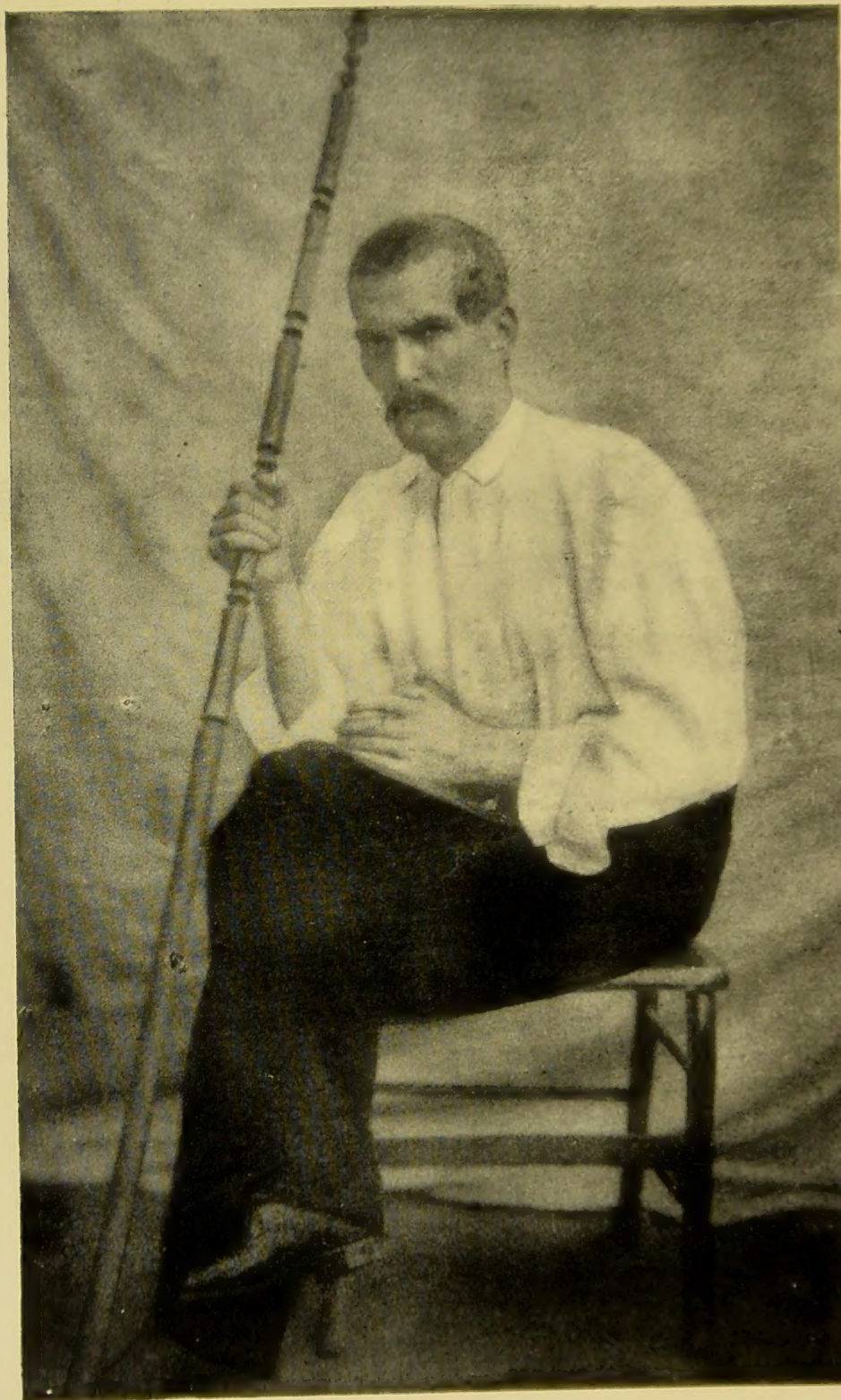
K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.

THE LIFE

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BY RICHARD P. BURTON

LONG



RICHARD BURTON IN HIS TENT IN AFRICA.

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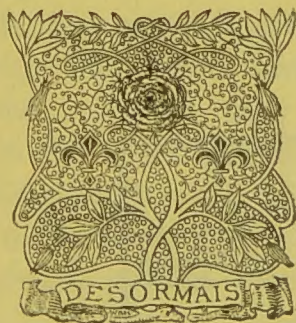
BY HIS WIFE
ISABEL BURTON

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE, BY

W. H. WILKINS

M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF ISABEL, LADY BURTON"



LONDON
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THE LIFE OF

CAPTAIN

RICHARD H. BURTON



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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

THERE was only one man who could have written Burton's life,—that was Burton himself. None but he could have done full justice to his many-sided character, have followed his many moods and strange paradoxes, or appreciated the subtleties of his wayward genius. One man might have written of him as an explorer, another as an ethnologist, a third as a student and writer, a fourth as a soldier and a soldier of fortune, a fifth as an orientalist and a mystic, and still there would have been something left to say, for Burton was all these things and more—much more.

I often wonder if a man will ever be found brave enough to write the true story of his life, dealing not only with the outward life, the life the world knows, his family and his friends, but also with that other and inner life which he lives to himself alone, unknown, may be, to his nearest and dearest. For it is in this inner life, this life apart, that the subtle essence of individuality lies hidden, which forms the motive spring of a man's actions, and even of his thoughts; it is this which differentiates him from his fellows. Without it the story of any life must necessarily lack completeness, and in its studied omission may be found the weakness—I had almost written the untruthfulness—of the greater part of the biographies and autobiographies given to the world to-day.

Yet if a man were to write such a record, a full and frank account not only of his achievements but of his failures, his secret thoughts, his sorrows, sins and temptations, his executors probably would not be strong enough to publish

it—for it is obvious that such a book could only be published after the writer's death, when he had passed beyond the reach of earthly praise or blame.

“No man can write a man down except himself.” Burton recognised this truth. And with a view to writing his own life some day, he carefully kept almost every letter he received, a copy of every important letter he ever wrote, and all the papers and documents bearing directly or indirectly upon his career. He kept too his diaries and journals, not as many keep them, with all the ugly things left out, but faithfully and fully. We have the record of his early years from his own pen, and this, though it does not go far, at least does not err on the side of incompleteness. Once or twice he essayed to begin his own biography—some fragments will be found in this volume—but pressure of literary and official work and other considerations determined him to defer writing it until he had retired from the Consular Service. Six months before the date of his retirement he died, and so the book was never written. Burton's memory may have been the gainer (I do not think so), but the world was undoubtedly the loser of a great book, for he had told more than one of his intimate friends that if ever he wrote the story of his life it would be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And he was a man of his word. He thought with St Jerome, “If an offence come out of the truth, better it is that the offence come than that the truth be concealed.”

After his death the whole of his books, papers and documents, together with his diaries and private journals, passed into Lady Burton's possession. He appointed her his sole literary executor, and endowed her with complete discretion as to the disposal of his papers. Lady Burton divided the whole of these into two classes: first, his unpublished MSS.; and, secondly, the materials connected with his biography. Of the first class it is not necessary to treat now; she published some during her lifetime, the remainder her sister has entrusted to me to edit and prepare for publication.* Of the second she selected from his private papers and diaries such material

* One, “The Jew, The Gypsy and El Islam,” was published May 1898.

as she deemed right and advisable to be given to the world; all the rest she burned, so that no human eye but her own might look upon them, and when she had completed the book before us she further destroyed all papers and documents connected with the making of it. Thus it comes about that this biography is the only authoritative biography of Sir Richard Burton, and it is the only possible biography which can make any pretence to completeness. As such it must stand for all time. Other lives may be written of him, but this book must remain as the only biography based upon authentic documents prepared to some extent by himself, and written from authoritative sources of information. What is not here is not in existence; for the private journals and diaries which were full of the secret thoughts and *apologia* of this rare genius have been committed to the flames, and both he who wrote, and she who alone read them, have passed into the Great Silence.

I have said that the only person who could have written Burton's life was Burton himself; but failing him there was no one so worthy to undertake the task as his devoted wife, whose love had encompassed him night and day for thirty years, and who, after his death, guarded his good memory and fair name against all the world. If Lady Burton lacked some of the qualities of an ideal biographer, she compensated for the want by the zeal and devotion which inspired her in her task. She has given to the world a human document indeed, a vivid word-portrait of the man *as she knew him*, and none knew him in the latter part of his life better than she, and none had acquired greater opportunities for knowing all there was to be known about him in the days before he had crossed her path.

Burton was forty years of age when he made his romantic marriage with Isabel Arundell. His hot youth was over; the days of his most daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes were gone as a tale that is told; more than half his life had passed, and that the wildest and most eventful. After his marriage he settled down as well as he could into official harness, not very quietly at the best of times, but tame indeed compared with the Burton of Scinde, of Mecca, of Harar, of Central Africa and Salt Lake City. It is not

merely in the outward circumstances of his life that one may trace the change in the man ; his wife's great love influenced him, elevated him, ennobled him ; henceforth he did not live only for himself. We can trace this subtle change in the book before us ; it is not expressed, but we can read between the lines. It may be that the side of his character he showed to his wife, and on which she most loved to dwell, was not the side the world knew best. It may even be that in writing this book she so threw her soul into the work that her own vivid and remarkable personality is engraved upon it like a palimpsest, and her very self-abnegation produced this unconscious result. I doubt if any woman could do justice to all aspects of Burton's character, for the psychological difference between man and woman is as essential as the physical ; a woman's way of looking at things can never be quite the same as a man's, and Burton was of all men intensely virile. But, even so, this book remains the last crowning work of a devoted woman's life, who loved her husband with a love passing the love of woman.

Lady Burton wrote the whole of this compendious work in eight months, three of which were spent in sorting the material, and five in the actual writing. It was finished at the end of March 1893, and the first edition was published in the following May. These months, as indeed all of Lady Burton's life in England after her husband's death, were spent in arduous and unceasing work, which begun at 10.30 in the morning and lasted until 6.30 in the evening. Many days she would work much later, far on into the night. Generally in the morning she would do a certain amount of work before breakfast, for the old habit of early rising clung to her, and until her death she never broke herself off the custom of waking at 5 o'clock in the morning. Thus she was able to write this book in so short a time, and when it is remembered that all the time she was suffering acutely from a dire disease, which later proved fatal, we can realize something of the magnitude of the task. Lady Burton always said that she could never have accomplished the work had it not been for other and higher aid. She was an intensely religious woman, with a deep sense of the spiritual nature of things ; every action of her

life was consecrated by prayer, and during the last years of her life in England she seemed to live in communion with the invisible. I once expressed to her my wonder that she could have written the book in so short a time. She said, with all the earnestness of conviction, that she could never have done so alone; often when in doubt as to how to proceed she would seek help in prayer, and the help came; frequently when she wanted to look for a passage in one of her husband's books, or hunt up a reference, to find a missing letter or paper, she sought guidance in the same way, and the guidance came. No one could have convinced her that she wrote the book alone. Be that as it may, she wrote undoubtedly from the loftiest motives, and under the inspiration of a great and self-sacrificing love. It was her alabaster box of spikenard, very precious, and when she had made this last supreme offering to her husband's memory she felt that her life-work was done.

After the book was published Lady Burton's health gradually failed, and she died on the 25th of March 1896, and was buried in the Arab tent at Mortlake, by the side of him whom she loved so well. The story of her life I have told elsewhere. I only allude to it here because it was so fused with that of her husband one cannot mention one without the other.

Five years have passed since the first publication of this book, and already its object has been, to a great extent, accomplished. Burton is more famous in death than in life. It is generally recognised to-day that he was unfairly treated by successive Governments, and often misunderstood by the general public. Like another strange genius, Lord Beaconsfield, the best years of his life were passed fighting for recognition, and when recognition came it came too late. Yet in Burton's case this may not have been altogether the fault of those in authority. Some men are born out of due time: some are born too early, and some too late. Burton was born too late. He belonged to the age of Drake, Frobisher, and Raleigh. In the spacious days of Elizabeth he would have found a field wide enough for his energies. For the circumstances of his life, and the conventions of his age, he was altogether too big a man. He chafed and

fretted against them, and the very faults which hindered his advancement would have counted to his credit three centuries before. Historians tell us that to appraise a man correctly we must judge him by the standards of his time. If that be so, then Burton's case was one of the exceptions which prove the rule, for, to judge him fairly, one must judge him not by the standards of the nineteenth century, but by those of the sixteenth.

It was in the hope that this book would tell the world how great a man it had lost in him, and how much he had been misunderstood and misjudged during his life, that it was written. In the same hope this new edition is brought forth. Would that it had been possible to publish it intact. But it was found that the two bulky volumes which formed the first edition could not possibly be compressed into one volume at a more popular price, and it was Lady Burton's wish that the book should be as widely known as possible. Upon me, therefore, the task of revision has devolved. I have endeavoured to carry it out by interfering as little as possible with the original text. I have been compelled to leave out the appendices, and two or three chapters and portions of chapters on obsolete controversies and subjects foreign to the narrative, essays in point of fact on sundry questions, which would have been better included in a separate volume. I have also deleted some press cuttings and unimportant details not germane to the subject, but that is all. The book remains to all practical purposes as Lady Burton wrote it, a notable memorial to one of the most picturesque and remarkable personalities of our era.

W. H. WILKINS.

November 1898.

FOREWORD.

IN speaking of my husband, I shall not call him "Sir Richard," or "Burton," as many wives would; nor yet by the pet name I used for him at home, which for some reason which I cannot explain was "Jemmy;" nor yet what he was generally called at home, and what his friends called him, "Dick;" but I will call him Richard in speaking of him, and "I" where he speaks on his own account, as he does in his private journals. I always thought and told him that he destroyed much of the interest of his works by hardly ever alluding to himself, and now that I mention it, people may remark it, that in writing he seldom uses the pronoun *I*. I have therefore drawn, not from his books, but from his private journals. It was one of his asceticisms, an act of humility, which the world passed by, and probably only thought one of his eccentricities. In his works he would generally speak of himself as the Ensign, the Traveller, the Explorer, the Consul, and so on, so that I often think that people who are *not* earnest readers never understood *who* it was that did this, thought that, or saw the other. If I make him speak plainly for himself, as he does in his private journals, but never to the public, it will give twenty times the interest in relating events; so I shall throughout let him speak for himself where I can.

In early January, 1876, Richard and I were on our way to India for a six months' trip to visit the old haunts. We

divided our intended journey into two lots. We cut India down the middle, the long way on the map, from north to south, and took the western side, leaving the eastern side for a trip which was deferred, alas! for our old age and retirement. We utilized the voyage out (which occupied thirty-three days in an Austrian Lloyd, used as a Haj, or pilgrimage), and also the voyage back, in the part of the following pages which refers to his early life, he dictating and I writing.

In 1887, when my husband was beginning to be a real invalid, he lent some of these notes to Mr. Hitchman (who asked leave to write his biography), Richard promising not to tread upon his heels by his own Autobiography till he should be free from service in 1891. It will not, I think, do any harm to the reading public to reproduce it with more detail, because only seven hundred people got Mr. Hitchman's, who did not by any means use the whole of the material before he returned it, and what I give is the original just as Richard dictated it, and it is more needful, because it deals with a part of his life that was only known to himself, to me only by dictation; because everything that he wrote of himself is infinitely precious, and because to leave to the public a sketch of an early Richard Burton is desirable, otherwise readers would be obliged to purchase Mr. Hitchman's, as well as this work, in order to make a perfect whole.

I must take warning, however, that when Mr. Hitchman's book came out, part of the Press found this account of my husband's boyhood and youth charming, and another part of the Press said that I was too candid, and did nothing to gloss over the faults and foibles of the youthful Burtons; they doubted the accuracy of my information—I was informed that my style was too rough-and-ready, and of many others of my shortcomings. In short, I was considered rather as writing against my own husband, whilst both sides of the Press in their reviews assumed that I wrote it; this charmed Richard, and he would not let me refute. Not one word was mine—it was only dictation, and peremptory dictation when I objected to certain self-accusations. I beg leave to state that I did not write one single word; I could not, for I did not know it—and all that the family objected to, or con-

sidered exaggerated, will not be repeated here. Before entering on these pages, I must warn the reader not to expect the goody-goody boy nor yet the precocious vicious youth of 1893. It is the recital of a high-spirited lad of the old school, full of animal spirits and manly notions, a lively sense of fun and humour, reckless of the consequences of playing tricks, but without a vestige of vice in the meaner or lower forms—a lad, in short, who *would* be a gentleman and a man of the world in his teens, and who, from his foreign travel, had seen more of life than boys do brought up at home.

I do not begin this work—the last important work of my life—without fear and trembling. If I can perform this sacred duty—this labour of love—well,—I shall be glad indeed, but I begin it with unfeigned humility. I have never needed any one to point out to me that my husband was on a pedestal far above *me*, or anybody else in the world. I have known it from 1850 to 1893, from a young girl to an old widow, *i.e.* for forty-three years. I feel that I cannot do justice to his scientific life, that I may miss points in travel that would have been more brilliantly treated by a clever man. My only comfort is, that his travels and services are already more or less known to the public, and that other books will be written about them. But if I am so unfortunate as to disappoint the public in *this* way, there is one thing that I feel I *am* fit for, and that is to lift the veil as to the *inner* man. He was misunderstood and unappreciated by the world at large, during his life. No one ever thought of looking for the real man beneath the cultivated mask that generally hid all feelings and belief—but now the world is beginning to know what it *has* lost. The old, old, sad story.

He shall tell his own tale till 1861, the first forty years, annotated by me. Whilst dictating to me I sometimes remarked, “Oh, do you think it would be well to write this?” and the answer always was, “Yes! I do not see the use of writing a biography at all, unless it is the exact truth, a very photograph of the man or woman in question.” On this principle he taught me to write quite openly in the unconventional and personal style—being the only way to make a biography interesting, which we *now* class as the Marie

Bashkirtcheff style. As you will see, he always makes the worst of himself, and offers no excuse. As a lad he does not know what to do to show his manliness, and all that a boy should, ought, and does think brave and honourable, be it wild or not, all that he does.

What appals me is, that the task is one of such magnitude—the enormous quantity of his books and writings that I have to look through, and, out of eighty or more publications, to ascertain what has seen the light and what has not, because it is impossible to carry the work of forty-eight years in one's head; and, again, the immense quantity of subjects he has studied and written upon, some in only a fragmentary state, is wonderful. My wish would be to produce this life, speaking only of him—and afterwards to reproduce everything he has written that has not been published. I propose putting all the heavier matter, such as pamphlets, essays, letters, correspondence, and the *résumé* of his works—that is, *what portion shows his labours and works for the benefit of the human race*—into two after-volumes, to be called “Labours and Wisdom of Richard Burton.” After his biography I shall renew his “Arabian Nights” with his Forewords, Terminal Essay, and Biography of the book in such form that it can be copyrighted—it is now protected by *my* copyright. His “Cattullus” and “Pentamerone” are now more or less in the Press, to be followed by degrees by all his unpublished works. His hitherto published works I shall bring out as a Uniform Library, so that not a word will be lost that he ever wrote for the public. Fortunately, I have kept all his books classified as he kept them himself, with a catalogue, and have separate shelves ticketed and numbered; for example, “Sword,” “Gypsy,” “Pentamerone,” “Camoens,” and so on.

If I were sure of life, I should have wished for six months to look through and sort our papers and materials before I began this work, because I have five rooms full. Our books, about eight thousand, only got housed in March, 1892, and they *are* sorted—but not the papers and correspondence; but I fancy that the public would rather have a spontaneous work sooner, than wait longer. If I live I shall always go on with them. I have no leisure to think of style

or of polish, or to select the best language, the best English,—no time to shine as an authoress. I must just think aloud, so as not to keep the public waiting.

From the time of my husband's becoming a real invalid—February, 1887—whilst my constant thoughts reviewed the dread To Come—the catastrophe of his death—and the subsequent suffering, I have been totally incapable, except writing his letters or attending to his business, of doing any good literary work until July, 1892, a period of five years, which was not improved by four attacks of influenza.

Richard was such a many-sided man, that he will have appeared different to every set of people who knew him. He was as a diamond with so many facets. The tender, the true, the brilliant, the scientific,—and to those who deserved it, the cynical, the hard, the severe. Loads of books will be written about him, and every one will be different; and though perhaps it is an unseemly boast, I venture to feel sure that mine will be the truest one, for I have no interest to serve, no notoriety to gain, belong to no party, have nothing to sway me, except the desire to let the world understand what it once possessed, what it has lost. With many it will mean *I*. With me it means *HIM*.

When this biography is out, the public will, theoretically, but not practically, know him as well as I can make them, and all of his friends will be able after that to put forth a work representing that particular facet of his character which he turned on to them, or which they drew from him. He was so great, so world-wide, he could turn a fresh facet and sympathy on to each world. I always think that a man is one character to his wife at his fireside corner, another man to his *own* family, another man to *her* family, a fourth to a mistress or an amourette—if he have one,—a fifth to his men friends, a sixth to his boon companions, and a seventh to his public, and so on *ad infinitum*; but I think the wife, if they are happy and love each other, gets the pearl out of the seven oyster-shells.

I fear that this work will be too long. I cannot help it. When I embarked on it I had no conception of the scope: it was a labour of love. I thought I could fly over it; but

I have found that the more I worked, the more it grew, and that the end receded from me like the mirage in the desert. I only aim at giving a simple, true recital without comment, and at fairness on all questions of whatever sort. I am very personal, because I believe the public like it. I want to give Richard as I knew him at home. I apologize in advance to my readers if I am sometimes obliged to mention myself oftener than they and I care about; but they will understand that our lives were so interwoven, so bound together, that I should very often spoil a good story or an anecdote or a dialogue were I to leave myself out. It would be an affectation that would spoil my work.

I am rather disheartened by being told by a literary friend that the present British public likes its reading "in sips." How *can* I give a life of seventy years, every moment of which was employed in a remarkable way, "in sips"? It is impossible. Though I must not detail much from his books, I want to convey to the public, at least, what they were about; striking points of travel, his schemes, wise warnings, advice, and plans for the benefit of England—then what about "sips"? It must not be dry, it must not be heavy, nor tedious, nor voluminous; so it shall be personal, full of traits of character, sentiments and opinions, brightened with cheerful anecdotes, and the more serious part shall go into the before-mentioned two volumes, the "Labours and Wisdom of Richard Burton."

I am not putting in many letters, because he generally said such personal things, that few would like them to be shown. His business letters would not interest. To economize time he used to get expressly made for him the smallest possible pieces of paper, into which he used to cram the greatest amount of news—telegram form. He only wrote much in detail, if he had any literary business to transact.

One of my greatest difficulties, which I scarcely know how to express, is, that which I think the most interesting, and which most of my intimates think well worth exploring; it is that of showing the dual man with, as it were, two natures in one person, diametrically opposed to each other, of which he was himself perfectly conscious. I had a party of literary

friends to dinner one night, and I put my manuscript on the table before them after dinner, and I begged them each to take a part and look over it. Feeling as I do that the general public never understood him, and that his mantle after death seemed to descend upon my shoulders, that everything I say seems to be misunderstood, and that, in some few eyes, I can do nothing right, I said at the end of the evening, "If I endeavour to explain, will it not be throwing pearls to swine?" (not that I meant, dear readers, to compare *you* to swine—it is but an expression of thought well understood). And the answer was, "Oh, Lady Burton, *do* give the world the ins and outs of this remarkable and interesting character, and let the swine take care of themselves." "If you leave out by order" (said one) "religion and politics, the two touchstones of the British public, you leave out the great part of a man." "Mind you gloss over nothing to please anybody" (said a second). I think they are right—one set of people see one side, and another see another side, and neither of the two will comprehend (like St. Thomas) anything that they have not seen and felt; or, to quote one of Richard's favourite mottoes from St. Augustine, "Let them laugh at me for speaking of things which they do not understand, and I must pity them, whilst they laugh at me." So I must remain an unfortunate buffer amidst a cyclone of opinions. I can only avoid controversies and opinions *of my own*, and quote his and his actions.

These words are forced from me, because I have received my orders, if not exactly from the public, from a few of the friends who profess to know him best. I am ordered to describe Richard as a sort of Diderot (a disciple of Voltaire's), who wrote "that the world would never be quiet till the last king was strangled with the bowels of the last priest,"—whereas there was no one whom Richard delighted more to honour than a worthy King, or an honest straightforward Priest.

There *are* people who are ready to stone me, if I will not describe Richard as being absolutely without belief in anything; yet I really cannot oblige them, without being absolutely untruthful. He was a spade-truth man, and he honestly

used to say that he examined every religion, and picked out its pearl to practise it. He did not scoff at them, he was perfectly sincere and honest in what he said, nor did he change, but he *grew*. He always *said*, and innumerable people *could* come forward, if they had the courage—I could name some—to say that they have heard him declare, that at the end of all things there were only two points to stand upon—NOTHING and CATHOLICISM; and many *could*, if they *would*, come forward and say, that when they asked him what religion he was, he answered Catholic.

He *never was*, what is called *here* and *now* in England, an Agnostic; he was a Master-Sufi, he practised Tasáwwuf or Sufi-ism, which combines the poetry and prose of religion, and is mystic. The Sufi is a profound student of the different branches of language and metaphysics, is gifted with a musical ear, indulges in luxuriant imagery and description. They have a simple sense—a *double entendre* understood amongst themselves—God in Nature,—Nature in God—a mystical affection for a Higher Life, dead to excitement, hope, fear, etc. He was fond of quoting Sayyid Mohammad Hosayn's motto, "It is better to restore one dead heart to Eternal Life, than Life to a thousand dead bodies."

I have seen him receive gratuitous copies of an Agnostic paper in England, and I remember one in particular—I do not know who wrote it,—it was very long, and all the verses ended with "Curse God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I can see him now reading it—and stroking his long moustache, and muttering, "Poor devil! Vulgar beast!" He was quite satisfied, as his friends say, that we are not gifted with the senses to understand the origin of the Mysteries by which we are surrounded, and in this nobody agrees more thoroughly than I do. He likewise said he believed there was a God, but that he could not define Him; neither can I, neither can you, but *I* do not want to. Great minds tower above and see into little ones, but the little minds never climb sufficiently high to see into the Great Minds, and never did Lord Beaconsfield say a truer thing, speaking of religion than when he said, "*Sensible men never tell.*" As I want to make this work both valuable and interesting, I am not going into the

unknown or the unknowable, only into what he knew—what I know; therefore I shall freely quote his early training, his politics, his Mohammedanism, his Sufism, his Brahminical thread, his Spiritualism, and all the religions which he studied, and nobody can give me a sensible reason why I should leave out the Catholicism, except to point the Spanish proverb, “that no one pelts a tree, unless it has fruit on it,” but were I to do so, the biography would be incomplete.

Let us suppose a person residing inside a house, and another person looking at the house from the opposite side of the street; you would not be unjust enough to expect the person on the outside to describe minutely its inner chambers and everything that was in it, because he would have to take it on trust from the person who resided inside, but you *would* take the report of the man living outside as to the *exterior* of the house. That is exactly the same as my writing my husband's history. Do you want an edition of the inside or an edition of the outside? If you do not want the truth, if you order me to describe a Darwin, a Spencer, a John Stuart Mill, I can do it; but it will not be the home-Richard, the fireside-Richard whom *I* knew, the two perfectly distinct Richards in one person; it will be the man as he was at lunch, at dinner, or when friends came in, or when he dined out, or when he paid visits; and if the world—or, let us say, a small portion of the world,—is so unjust and silly as to wish for untrue history, it must get somebody else to write it. To me there are only two courses: I must either tell the truth, and lay open the “inner life” of the man, by a faithful photograph, or I must let it alone, and leave his friends to misrepresent him, according to their lights.

It has been threatened to me that if I speak the truth I am to reap the whirlwind, because others, who claim to know my husband *well*, see him quite in a different light. (I know many people intimately, but I am quite incompetent to write their lives—I am only fit to do that for the man with whom I lived night and day for thirty years; there are three other people who could each write a small section of his life, and after those nobody; I do not accept the so-called general term “friend.”) I shall be very happy indeed

to answer anybody who attacks me, who is brave enough to put his or her name ; but during the two years I have been in England I have hardly had anything but anonymous communications and paragraphs signed under the brave names of "Agnostic," or "One who knows," so I have no man or woman to deal with, but empty air, which is beneath my contempt. This is a very old game, perhaps even more ancient than "Prophesy, O Christ, who it was that struck Thee!" but it is cowardly and un-English—that is, if England "stands where she did." I would also remind you of the good old Arab proverb, that "a thousand curses never tore a shirt."

I would have you remember that I gain *nothing* by trying to describe my husband as belonging to *any particular religion*. If I would describe him as an English Agnostic—the last new popular word—the small band of people who call themselves his intimate friends, and who think to honour him by injuring me, would be perfectly satisfied. I should have all their sympathy, and my name would be at rest, both in Society and in the Press. I have no interest to serve in saying he was a Catholic more than anything else ; I have no bigotry on the question *at all*. If he did something Catholic I shall say it, and if he did something Mohammedan or Agnostic I shall equally say it.

It is also a curious fact, that the people who are most vexed with me on this score, are men who, before their wives, mothers, sisters, are good Protestants, and who go twice to the Protestant church on Sundays, but who are quite scandalized that my husband should be allowed a religion, and are furious because I will not allow that Richard Burton was their Captain. No, thank you! it is not good enough : he was not, never *was* like *any* of you—nor can I see what it can possibly be to you what faith, or no faith, Richard Burton chose to die in, and why you threaten me if I speak the truth ! *We* only knew *two* things—the beautiful mysticism of the East, which, until I lived here, I thought was Agnosticism, and I find it is *not* ; and calm, liberal-minded Roman Catholicism. The difference between you and Richard is—you, I mean, who admired my husband—that you are not going anywhere,—according to your own creed you have

nowhere to go to,—whilst *he* had a God and a continuation, and said he would wait for me; he is only gone a long journey, and presently I shall join him; we shall take up where we left off, and we shall be very much happier even than we have been here.

Of the thousands that have written to me since his death, everybody writes, "What a marvellous brain your husband had! How modest about his learning and everything concerning himself! He was a man never understood by the world." It is no wonder he was *not* understood by the World; his friends hindered it, and when one who knew him thoroughly, offers to *make* him understood, it is resented.

The Press has recently circulated a paragraph saying that "I am not the fittest person to write my husband's life." After I have finished these two volumes, it will interest me very much to read those of the competent person, who will be so kind as to step to the front,—with a name, please, not anonymously,—and to learn all the things I do not know.

He, she, or it, will write what he said and wrote; I write what he *thought* and *did*.

ISABEL BURTON.

29th May, 1893.

NOTE.—I must beg the reader to note, that a word often has several different spellings, and my husband used to give them a turn all round. Indeed, I may say that during the latter years of his life he adopted quite a different spelling, which he judged to be correcter. In many cases it is caused by the English way of spelling a thing, and the real native way of spelling the same. For English Meeanee, native way Miani. The battle of Dabba (English) is spelt Dubba, Dubbah, by the natives. Fulailee river (English) is spelt Phuleli (native). Mecca and Medina have sometimes an *h* at the end of them. Karrachee is Karáchi. Sind is spelt Sind, Sindh, Scind, Scinde; and what the Anglo-Indians call Bóbagees are really Babárchis, and so on. I therefore beg that the spelling may not be criticized. In quoting letters, I write as the author does, since I must not change other people's spelling.—I. B

CONSECRATION.



TO MY EARTHLY MASTER,

WHO IS WAITING FOR ME ON HEAVEN'S FRONTIERS.

Whilst waiting to rejoin you, I leave as a message to the World we inhabited, the record of the Life into which both our lives were fused. Would that I could write as well as I can love, and do you that justice, that honour, which you deserve ! I will do my best, and then I will leave it to more brilliant pens, whose wielders will feel less—and write better.

Meet me soon—I wait the signal !

ISABEL BURTON.

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THE
LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON.

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY AND FAMILY.

By himself. Copied from his private Journals.

“ He travels and expatriates ; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land,
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contributions to the store he gleans ;
He seeks intelligence from every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for *me!* ”

AUTOBIOGRAPHERS generally begin too late.

Elderly gentlemen of eminence sit down to compose memories, describe with fond minuteness babyhood, childhood, and boyhood, and drop the pen before reaching adolescence.

Physiologists say that a man's body changes totally every seven years. However that may be, I am certain that the moral man does, and I cannot imagine anything more trying than for a man to meet himself as he was. Conceive his entering a room, and finding a collection of himself at the several decades. First the puking squalling baby one year old, then the pert unpleasant school-boy of ten, the collegian of twenty who, like Lothair, “ knows everything and has nothing to learn.” The *homme fait* of thirty in the full warmth and heyday of life, the reasonable man of forty, who first recognizes his ignorance and knows his own mind, of fifty with white teeth turned dark, and dark hair turned white, whose experience is mostly disappointment with regrets for lost time and vanished opportunities. Sixty when the man begins to die and mourns for

his past youth, at seventy when he *ought* to prepare for his long journey and never does. And at all these ages he is seven different beings not one of which he would wish to be again.

My father, Joseph Netterville Burton, was a lieutenant-colonel in the 36th Regiment. He must have been born in the latter quarter of the eighteenth century, but he had always a superstition about mentioning his birthday, which gave rise to a family joke that he was born in Leap Year. Although of very mixed blood, he was more of a Roman in appearance than anything else, of moderate height, dark hair, sallow skin, high nose, and piercing black eyes. He was considered a very handsome man, especially in uniform, and attracted attention even in the street. Even when past fifty he was considered the best-looking man at the Baths of Lucca. As handsome men generally do, he married a plain woman, and, "Just like Provy," the children favoured, as the saying is, the mother.

In mind he was a thorough Irishman. When he received a commission in the army it was on condition of so many of his tenants accompanying him. Not a few of the younger sort volunteered to enlist, but when they joined the regiment and found that the "young master" was all right, they at once ran away.

The only service that he saw was in Sicily, under Sir John Moore, afterwards of Corunna, and there he fell in love with Italy. He was a duellist, and shot one brother officer twice, nursing him tenderly each time afterwards. When peace was concluded he came to England and visited Ireland. As that did not suit him he returned to his regiment in England. Then took place his marriage, which was favoured by his mother-in-law and opposed by his father-in-law. The latter, being a sharp old man of business, tied up every farthing of his daughter's property, £30,000, and it was well that he did so. My father, like too many of his cloth, developed a decided taste for speculation. He was a highly moral man, who would have hated the idea of *rouge et noir*, but he gambled on the Stock Exchange, and when railways came out he bought shares. Happily he could not touch his wife's property, or it would speedily have melted away; yet it was one of his grievances to the end of his life that he could not use his wife's money to make a gigantic fortune. He was utterly reckless where others would be more prudent. Before his wedding tour, he passed through Windermere, and would not call upon an aunt who was settled near the Lakes, for fear that she might think he expected her property. She heard of it, and left every farthing to some more dutiful nephew.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD

I WAS born at 9.30 p.m., 19th March (Feast of St. Joseph in the calendar), 1821, at Barham House, Herts, and suppose I was baptized in due course at the parish church. My birth took place in the same year as, but the day before, the grand event of George IV. visiting the Opera for the first time after the Coronation, March 20th. I was the eldest of three children. The second was Maria Catherine Eliza, who married Henry, afterwards General Sir Henry Stisted, a very distinguished officer, who died, leaving only two daughters, one of whom, Georgina Martha, survives. Third, Edward Joseph Netterville, late Captain in the 37th Regiment, unmarried.

The first thing I remember, and it is always interesting to record a child's first memories, was being brought down after dinner at Barham House to eat white currants, seated upon the knee of a tall man with yellow hair and blue eyes; but whether the memory is composed of a miniature of my grandfather, and whether the white frock and blue sash with bows come from a miniature of myself and not from life, I can never make up my mind.

Barham House was a country place bought by my grandfather, Richard Baker, who determined to make me his heir because I had red hair, an unusual thing in the Burton family. The hair soon changed to black, which seems to justify the following remarks by Alfred Bate Richards in a pamphlet he wrote. They are as follows:—

“Richard Burton's talents for mixing with and assimilating natives of all countries, but especially Oriental characters, and of becoming as one of themselves without any one doubting or suspecting his origin; his perfect knowledge of their languages, manners, customs, habits, and religion; and last, but not least, his being gifted by nature with an Arab head and face, favoured this his first enterprise”

(the pilgrimage to Mecca). "One can learn from that versatile poet-traveller, the excellent Théophile Gautier, why Richard Burton is an Arab in appearance; and account for that incurable restlessness that is unable to wrest from fortune a spot on earth wherein to repose when weary of wandering like the desert sands.

"'There is a reason,' says Gautier, who had studied the Andalusian and the Moor, 'for the fantasy of nature which causes an Arab to be born in Paris, or a Greek in Auvergne; the mysterious voice of blood which is silent for generations, or only utters a confused murmur, speaks at rare intervals a more intelligible language. In the general confusion race claims its own, and some forgotten ancestor asserts his rights. Who knows what alien drops are mingled with our blood? The great migrations from the table-lands of India, the descents of the Northern races, the Roman and Arab invasions, have all left their marks. Instincts which seem *bizarre* spring from these confused recollections, these hints of distant country. The vague desire of this primitive Fatherland moves such minds as retain the more vivid memories of the past. Hence the wild unrest that wakens in certain spirits the need of flight, such as the cranes and the swallows feel when kept in bondage—the impulses that make a man leave his luxurious life to bury himself in the Steppes, the Desert, the Pampas, the Sáhara. He goes to seek his brothers. It would be easy to point out the intellectual Fatherland of our greatest minds. Lamartine, De Musset, and De Vigny are English; Delacroix is an Anglo-Indian; Victor Hugo a Spaniard; Ingres belongs to the Italy of Florence and Rome.'

"Richard Burton has also some peculiarities which oblige one to suspect a drop of Oriental, perhaps gipsy, blood. By gipsy we must understand the pure Eastern."

My mother had a wild half-brother—Richard Baker, junior, a barrister-at-law, who refused a judgeship in Australia, and died a soap-boiler. To him she was madly attached, and delayed the signing of my grandfather's will as much as possible to the prejudice of her own babe. My grandfather Baker drove in his carriage to see Messrs. Dendy, his lawyers, with the object of signing the will, and dropped dead, on getting out of the carriage, of ossification of the heart; and, the document being unsigned, the property was divided. It would now be worth half a million of money.

When I was sent out to India as a cadet, in 1842, I ran down to see the old house for the last time, and started off in a sailing ship round the Cape for Bombay, in a frame of mind to lead any forlorn hope wherever it might be. Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, under similar circumstances threw himself under a tree, and formed the fine resolution to come back and buy the old place; but *he* belonged to the eighteenth century. The nineteenth is far more cosmopolitan. I always acted upon the saying, *Omne solum*

forti patria, or, as I translated it, "For every region is a strong man's home."

Meantime my father had been obliged to go on half-pay by the Duke of Wellington for having refused to appear as a witness against Queen Caroline. He had been town mayor at Genoa when she lived there, and her kindness to the officers had greatly prepossessed them in her favour; so, when ordered by the War Office to turn Judas, he flatly refused. A great loss to himself, as Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of India, was about to take him as aide-camp, and to his family, as he lost all connection with the army, and lived entirely abroad, and, eventually coming back, died with his wife at Bath in 1857. However, he behaved like a gentleman, and none of his family ever murmured at the step, though I began life as an East Indian cadet, and my brother in a marching regiment, whilst our cousins were in the Guards and the Rifles and other crack corps of the army.

The family went abroad when I was a few months old, and settled at Tours, the charming capital of Touraine, which then contained some two hundred English families (now reduced to a score or so), attracted by the beauty of the place, the healthy climate, the economy of living, the facilities of education, and the friendly feeling of the French inhabitants, who, despite Waterloo, associated freely with the strangers.

They had a chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Way (whose son afterwards entered the Indian army; I met him in India, and he died young); their schoolmaster was Mr. Clough, who bolted from his debts, and then Mr. Gilchrist, who, like the Rev. Edward Irving, Carlisle's friend (whom the butcher once asked if he couldn't assist him), caned his pupils to the utmost. The celebrated Dr. Brettoneau took charge of the invalids. They had their duellist, the Honourable Martin Hawke, their hounds that hunted the Forest of Amboise, and a select colony of Irishmen, Messrs. Hume and others, who added immensely to the fun and frolic of the place.

At that period a host of these little colonies were scattered over the Continent nearest England; in fact, an oasis of Anglo-Saxondom in a desert of continentalism, somewhat like the society of English country towns as it was in 1800, not as it is now, where society is confined to the parson, dentist, surgeon, general practitioners, the bankers, and the lawyers. And in those days it had this advantage, that there were no snobs, and one seldom noticed the *aigre discorde*, the *maladie chronique des ménages bourgeoises*. Knowing nothing of Mrs. Grundy, the difference of the foreign colonies was that the *weight* of English respectability appeared to be taken off them,

though their lives were respectable and respected. The Mrs. Gamps and Mrs. Grundys were not so rampant. The English of these little colonies were intensely patriotic, and cared comparatively little for party politics. They stuck to their own Church because it *was* their Church, and they knew as much about the Catholics at their very door, as the average Englishman does of the Hindú. Moreover, they honestly called themselves Protestants in those days, and the French called themselves Catholics. There was no quibble about "their being Anglo-Catholics, and the others Roman-Catholics." They subscribed liberally to the Church, and did not disdain to act as churchwardens. They kept a sharp look-out upon the parson, and one of your Modern High Church Protestants or Puseyites or Ritualists would have got the sack after the first sermon. They were intensely national. Any Englishman in those days who refused to fight a duel with a Frenchman was sent to Coventry, and bullied out of the place. English girls who flirted with foreigners, were looked upon very much as white women who permit the addresses of a nigger, are looked upon by those English who have lived in black countries. White women who do these things lose caste. Beauséjour, the château taken by the family, was inhabited by the Maréchale de Menon in 1778, and eventually became the property of her *homme d'affaires*, Monsieur Froguet. The dear old place stands on the right bank of the Loire, halfway up the heights that bound the stream, commanding a splendid view, and fronted by a French garden and vineyards now uprooted. In 1875 I paid it a last visit, and found a friend from Brazil, a Madame Izarié, widow of my friend the French Consul of Bahia, who had come to die in the house of his sister, Madame Froguet.

Tours was in those days (1820-30) the most mediæval City in France. The western half of the city, divided from the eastern by the Rue Royale, contained a number of old turreted houses of freestone, which might have belonged to the fifteenth century. There also was the tomb of the Venerable St. Martin in a crypt, where lamps are ever burning, and where the destroyed cathedral has not yet been rebuilt. The eastern city contained the grand Cathedral of St. Garcien, with its domed towers, and the Archévêché or Archbishop's palace with beautiful gardens. Both are still kept in the best order. In forty-five years the city has grown enormously. The southern suburbs, where the Mall and Ramparts used to be, has become Boulevarts Heurteloup and Béranger; and "Places," such as that of the Palais de Justice, where cabbage gardens fenced with paling and thorn hedges once showed a few pauper cottages defended by the fortifications, are now Crescents and Kiosks for

loungers, houses with tall mansarde roofs, and the large railway station that connects Tours with the outer world. The river, once crossed by a single long stone bridge, has now two suspension bridges and a railway bridge, and the river-holms, formerly strips of sand, are now grown to double their size, covered with trees and defended by stone dykes.

I remember passing over the river on foot when it was frozen, but with the increased population that no longer happens. Still there are vestiges of the old establishments. The Boule d'Or with its Golden Ball, and the Pheasant Hotel, both in the Rue Royale, still remain. You still read, "Maison Piernadine recommended for *is* elegance, *is* good taste, *is* new fashions of the first choice." Madame Fisterre, the maker of admirable apple-puffs, has disappeared and has left no sign. This was, as may be supposed, one of my first childish visits. We young ones enjoyed ourselves very much at the Château de Beauséjour, eating grapes in the garden, putting our Noah's ark animals under the box hedges, picking snail-shells and cowslips in the lanes, playing with the dogs—three black pointers of splendid breed, much admired by the Duke of Cumberland when he afterwards saw them in Richmond Park, named Juno, Jupiter, and Ponto. Charlotte Ling, the old nurse, daughter of the lodge-keeper at Barham House, could not stand the absence of beef and beer and the presence of kickshaws and dandelion salad, and after Aunt Georgina Baker had paid us a visit, she returned with her to Old England. A favourite amusement of us children was swarming up the tails of our father's horses, three in number, and one—a horse of Mecklenburg breed—was as tame as an Arab. The first story Aunt Georgina used to tell of me was of my lying on my back in a broiling sun, and exclaiming, "How I love a bright burning sun!" (Nature speaking in early years). Occasional drawbacks were violent storms of thunder and lightning, when we children were hustled out of our little cots under the roof, and taken to the drawing-room, lest the lightning should strike us, and the daily necessity of learning the alphabet and so forth, multiplication table, and our prayers.

I was intended for that wretched being, the infant phenomenon, and so began Latin at three and Greek at four. Things are better now. Our father used to go out wild-boar hunting in the *Forêt d'Amboise*, where is the château in which Abd-el-Kadir was imprisoned by the French Government from 1847 to 1852, when he was set free by Napoleon III., at the entreaties of Lord Londonderry. (It is said that his Majesty entered his prison in person and set him free. Abd-el-Kadir, at Damascus, often expressed his obliga-

tions to the English, and warmly welcomed any English face. On one occasion I took a near relation of Lord Londonderry's to see him, and he was quite overcome.) My father was periodically brought home hurt by running against a tree. Sport was so much in vogue then as to come between the parson and his sermon.

This pleasant life came to a close one day. We were three: I was six, Maria four, and Edward three. One morning saw the hateful school-books fastened with a little strap, and we boys and our little bundle were conveyed in a small carriage to the town, where we were introduced into a room with a number of English and French boys, who were sitting opposite hacked and ink-spotted desks, looking as demure as they could, though every now and then they broke out into wicked grins and nudges. A lame Irish school-master (Clough) smiled most graciously at us as long as our father was in the room, but was not half so pleasant when we were left alone. We wondered "what we were doing in that *Galère*," especially as we were sent there day after day, and presently we learnt the dread truth that we were at school at the ripe ages of six and three. Presently it was found that the house was at an inconvenient distance from school, and the family transferred itself to the Rue de l'Archévêché, a very nice house in the north-eastern corner of what is still the best street in the town (Rue Royale being mostly commercial). It is close to the Place and the Archbishop's palace, which delighted us, with small deer feeding about the dwarf lawn.

Presently Mr. Clough ran away, leaving his sister to follow as best she could, and we were transferred to the care of Mr. John Gilchrist, a Scotch pedagogue of the old brutal school, who took an especial delight in caning the boys, especially with a rattan or ferula across the palm of the hand; but we were not long in discovering a remedy, by splitting the end of the cane and inserting a bit of hair. We took lessons in drawing, dancing, French, and music, in which each child showed its individuality. Maria loved all four; Edward took to French and music and hated drawing; I took to French and drawing, and hated music and dancing. My brother and I took to the study of Arms, by nature, as soon as we could walk, at first with popguns and spring pistols and tin and wooden sabres, and I can quite well remember longing to kill the porter at five years old, because he laughed at our *sabres de bois* and *pistolets de paille*.

I was a boy of three ideas. Usually if a child is forbidden to eat the sugar or to lap up the cream he simply either obeys or does the contrary; but I used to place myself before the sugar and cream and carefully study the question, "Have I the courage not to touch them?" When I was quite sure of myself that I had the courage

I instantly rewarded resolution by emptying one or both. Moreover, like most boys of strong imagination and acute feeling, I was a resolute and unblushing liar; I used to ridicule the idea of my honour being any way attached to telling the truth, I considered it an impertinence the being questioned, I never could understand what moral turpitude there could be in a lie, *unless it was told for fear of the consequences* of telling the truth, or one that would attach blame to another person. That feeling continued for many a year, and at last, as very often happens, as soon as I realized that a lie was contemptible, it ran into quite the other extreme, a disagreeable habit of scrupulously telling the truth whether it was timely or not.

The school was mostly manned by English boys, sprinkled with French, and the mixture of the two formed an ungodly article, and the Italian proverb—

“ Un Inglese Italianato
È un Diavolo incarnato ”

may be applied with quite as much truth to English boys brought up in France. To succeed in English life, boys must be brought up in a particular groove. First the preparatory school, then Eton and Oxford, with an occasional excursion to France, Italy, and Germany, to learn languages, not of Stratford-atte-Bowe, and to find out that England is not the whole world. I never met any of my Tours schoolfellows save one—Blayden Edward Hawke, who became a Commander in the Navy, and died in 1877.

We boys became perfect devilets, and played every kind of trick despite the rattan. Fighting the French gutter-boys with sticks and stones, fists, and snowballs was a favourite amusement, and many a donkey-lad went home with ensanguined nose, whilst occasionally we got the worst of it from some big brother. The next favourite game was playing truant, passing the day in utter happiness, fancying ourselves Robinson Crusoes, and wandering about the strip of wood (long since doomed to fuel) at the top of the Tranchée. Our father and mother went much into the society of the place, which was gay and pleasant, and we children were left more or less to the servants. We boys beat all our bonnes, generally by running at their petticoats and upsetting them. There was one particular case when a new nurse arrived, a huge Norman girl, who at first imposed upon this turbulent nursery by her breadth of shoulder and the general rigour of her presence. One unlucky day we walked to the Faubourg at the south-east of the town, the only part of old Tours now remaining; the old women sat spinning and knitting at their cottage doors, and remarked loud enough for us boys to hear, “ Ah ça ! ces petits

gamins ! Voilà une honnête bonne qui ne leur laissera pas faire des farces !” Whereupon Euphrosyne became as proud as a peacock, and insisted upon a stricter discipline than we were used to. That forest walk ended badly. A jerk of the arm on her part brought on a general attack from the brood ; the poor bonne measured her length upon the ground, and we jumped upon her. The party returned, she with red eyes, torn cap, and downcast looks, and we hooting and jeering loudly, and calling the old women “Les Mères Pomponnes,” who screamed predictions that we should come to the guillotine.

Our father and mother had not much idea of managing their children ; it was like the old tale of the hen who hatched ducklings. By way of a wholesome and moral lesson of self-command and self-denial, our mother took us past Madame Fisterre’s windows, and bade us look at all the good things in the window, during which we fixed our ardent affections upon a tray of apple-puffs ; then she said, “Now, my dears, let us go away ; it is so good for little children to restrain themselves.” Upon this we three devilets turned flashing eyes and burning cheeks upon our moralizing mother, broke the windows with our fists, clawed out the tray of apple-puffs, and bolted, leaving poor mother a sadder and a wiser woman, to pay the damages of her lawless brood’s proceedings.

At last it became apparent that Tours was no longer a place for us who were approaching the ticklish time of teens. All Anglo-French boys generally were remarkable young ruffians, who, at ten years of age, cocked their hats and loved the ladies. Instead of fighting and fagging, they broke the fine old worked glass church windows, purloined their fathers’ guns to shoot at the monuments in the churchyards, and even the shops and bazaars were not safe from their impudent raids. Political matters, too, began to look queer. The revolution which hurled Charles X. from the throne, produced no outrages in quiet Tours, beyond large gatherings of the people with an immense amount of noise, especially of “*Vive la Chatte !*” (for La Charte), the good *commères* turning round and asking one another whom the Cat might be that the people wished it so long a life ; but when Casimir Périer had passed through the town, and “the three glorious days of July” had excited the multitude, things began to look black, and cries of “*À bas les Anglais !*” were not uncommon.

After a long deliberation, the family resolved to leave Tours. Travelling in those days, especially for a large family, was a severe infliction. The old travelling carriages, which had grown shabby in the coachhouse, had to be taken out and furbished up, and all the queer receptacles, imperial, boot, sword-case, and plate-chest, to be

stuffed with miscellaneous luggage. After the usual sale by auction, my father took his departure, perhaps mostly regretted by a little knot of Italian exiles, whom he liked on account of his young years spent in Sicily, and whose society not improbably suggested his ultimate return to Italy. Then began the journey along the interminable avenues of the old French roads, lined with parallel rows of poplars, which met at a vanishing point of the far distance. I found exactly the same thing, when travelling through Lower Canada in 1860. Mighty dull work it was, whilst the French postilion in his seven-league boots jogged along with his horses at the rate of five miles an hour, never dreaming of increasing the rate, till he approached some horridly paved town, when he cracked his whip, like a succession of pistol shots, to the awe and delight of all the sabots. Very slow hours they were, especially as the night wore on, and the road, gleaming white between its two dark edges, looked of endless length. And when at last the inn was reached, it proved very unlike the inn of the present day. A hard bargain had to be driven with a rapacious landlady, who, if you objected to her charges, openly roared at you with arms akimbo, "that if you were not rich enough to travel, you ought to stay at home." Then the beds had to be inspected, the damp sheets to be aired, and the warming-pans to be ordered, and, as dinner had always to be prepared after arrival, it was not unusual to sit hungry for a couple of hours.

The fatigues of the journey seriously affected my mother's health, and she lost no time in falling very ill at Chartres. The family passed through Paris, where the signs of fighting, bullets in the walls, and burnt houses, had not been wholly obliterated, and were fortunate enough to escape the cholera, which then for the first time attacked Europe in its very worst form. The cold plunge into English life was broken by loitering on the sands of Dieppe. A wonderful old ramshackle place it was in those days, holding a kind of intermediate place between the dulness of Calais and the liveliness of "Boolone," as the denizens called it. It wanted the fine hotels and the *Établissement*, which grew up under the Second Empire, but there was during the summer a pleasant, natural kind of life, living almost exclusively upon the sands and dipping in the water, galloping about on little ponies, and watching the queer costumes of the bathers, and discussing the new-comers.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHILDREN ARE BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.

LANDING in England was dolorous. The air of Brighton, full of smoke and blacks, appeared to us unfit for breathing. The cold grey seas made us shudder. In the town everything appeared so small, so prim, so mean, the little one-familied houses contrasting in such a melancholy way with the big buildings of Tours and Paris. We revolted against the coarse and half-cooked food, and, accustomed to the excellent Bordeaux of France, we found port, sherry, and beer like strong medicine; the bread, all crumb and no crust, appeared to be half baked, and milk meant chalk and water. The large joints of meat made us think of Robinson Crusoe, and the vegetables *cuite à l'eau*, especially the potatoes, which had never heard of "*Maître d'hôtel*," suggested the roots of primitive man. Moreover, the national temper, fierce and surly, was a curious contrast to the light-hearted French of middle France. A continental lady of those days cautioned her son, who was about to travel, against ridicule in France and the *canaille* in England. The little children punched one another's heads on the sands, the boys punched one another's heads in the streets, and in those days a stand-up fight between men was not uncommon. Even the women punched their children, and the whole lower-class society seemed to be governed by the fist.

My father had determined to send his boys to Eton to prepare for Oxford and Cambridge. In the mean time some blundering friend had recommended him a preparatory school. This was kept by the Rev. Charles Delafosse, who rejoiced in the title of Chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland, a scion of royalty, who had, apparently, very little to do with the Church. Accordingly, the family went to

Richmond, the only excitement of the journey being the rage of the post-boys, when we boys on the box furtively poked their horses with long sticks. After sundry attempts at housing themselves in the tiny doll-rooms in the stuffy village, they at last found a house, so called by courtesy, in "Maids of Honour Row," between the river and the Green, a house with a strip of garden fronting it, which a sparrow could hop across in thirty seconds. Opening upon the same Green, stood that horror of horrors, the school, or the "Establishment," as it would *now* be called. It consisted of a large block of buildings (detached), lying between the Green and the Old Town, which has long been converted into dwelling-houses. In those days it had a kind of paling round a paddock, forming a long parallelogram, which enclosed some fine old elm trees. One side was occupied by the house, and the other by the school-room. In the upper stories of the former, were the dormitories with their small white beds, giving the idea of the Lilliput Hospital; a kind of out-house attached to the dwelling was the place where the boys fed at two long tables stretching the whole length of the room. The only decoration of the palings were names cut all over their inner surfaces and rectangular nails at the top, acting as *chevaux de frise*. The school-room was the usual scene of hacked and well-used benches and ink-stained desks, everything looking as mean and uncomfortable as possible.

This was the kind of Dotheboys Hall, to which, in those days, gentlemen were contented to send their sons, paying a hundred a year, besides "perquisites" (plunder): on the Continent the same treatment would be had for £20.

The Rev. Charles was a bluff and portly man, with dark hair and short whiskers, whose grand aquiline nose took a prodigious deal of snuff, and was not over active with the rod; but he was no more fit to be a schoolmaster than the Grand Cham of Tartary. He was, however, rather a favourite with the boys, and it was shrewdly whispered, that at times he returned from dining abroad half-seas over. His thin-lipped wife took charge of the *ménage*, and looked severely after the provisions, and swayed with an iron sceptre the maid-servants, who had charge of the smaller boys. The ushers were the usual consequential lot of those days. There was the handsome and dressy usher, a general favourite with the fair; the shabby and mild usher, despised by even the smallest boy; and the unfortunate French usher, whose life was a fair foretaste of Purgatory.

Instead of learning anything at this school, my brother and I lost much of what we knew, especially in French, and the principal acquisitions were, a certain facility of using our fists, and a general

development of ruffianism. I was in one perpetual scene of fights; at one time I had thirty-two affairs of honour to settle, the place of meeting being the school-room, with the elder boys sitting in judgment. On the first occasion I received a blow in the eye, which I thought most unfair, and having got my opponent down I proceeded to hammer his head against the ground, using his ears by way of handles. My indignation knew no bounds when I was pulled off by the bystanders, and told to let my enemy stand up again. "Stand up!" I cried, "after all the trouble I've had to get the fellow down." At last the fighting went on to such an extent, that I was beaten as thin as a shotten herring, and the very servant-maids, when washing me on Saturday night, used to say, "Drat the child! what has he been doing? he's all black and blue." Edward fought just as well as I did, but he was younger and more peaceable. Maria says that I was a thin, dark little boy, with small features and large black eyes, and was extremely proud, sensitive, shy, nervous, and of a melancholy, affectionate disposition. Such is the effect of a boys' school after a few months' trial, when the boys learn to despise mother and sisters, and to affect the rough as much as possible, and this is not only in England, but everywhere where the boy first escapes from petticoat government. He does not know what to do to show his manliness. There is no stronger argument in favour of mixed schools, up to a *certain age*, of boys and girls together.

At the little Richmond theatre we were taken to see Edmund Kean, who lived in a cottage on the Green. He had gentle blood in his veins, grandson (illegitimate) of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, and that accounted for his Italian, or rather un-John-Bull appearance, and for his fiery power. I saw him in his famous Richard III. rôle, and remember only what old Colley Grattan described, "Looks bloated with brandy, nose red, cheeks blotched, and eyes blood-shot." He was drinking himself to death. His audience appeared not a little afraid of him; perhaps they had heard of the Guernsey scene, where he stood at the footlights and flashed out, "Unmannered dogs! stand ye where *I* command."

Our parents very unwisely determined to correct all personal vanity in their offspring by always dwelling upon our ugliness. My nose was called cocked; it was a Cross which I had to carry, and was a perpetual plague to me; and I was assured that the only decent feature in my face was my teeth. Maria, on account of her fresh complexion, was called Blousabella; and even Edward, whose features were perfect, and whom Frenchmen used to stop and stare at in the streets, and call him "Le petit Napoleon," was told to nauseousness that "handsome is as handsome does." In later life

we were dressed in a marvellous fashion ; a piece of yellow nankin would be bought to dress the whole family, like three sticks of barley sugar. Such was the discipline of the day, and nothing could be more ill-judged ; it inflicted an amount of torment upon sensitive children which certainly was not intended, but which had the very worst effect.

If we children quarrelled, and turned up our noses at the food in English hotels, what must have been our surprise at the food of an English school? Breakfast at 8 a.m., consisting of very blue milk and water, in chipped and broken-handled mugs of the same colour. The boys were allowed tea from home, but it was a perpetual battle to get a single drink of it. The substantials were a wedge of bread with a glazing of butter. The epicures used to collect the glazing to the end of the slice in order to convert it into a final *bonne bouche*. The dinner at one o'clock began with stickjaw (pudding) and ended with meat, as at all second-rate schools. The latter was as badly cooked as possible, black out and blue inside, gristly and sinewy. The vegetables were potatoes, which could serve for grapeshot, and the hateful carrot. Supper was a repetition of breakfast, and, at an age when boys were making bone and muscle, they went hungry to bed.

Occasionally the pocket-money and tips were clubbed, and a "room" would go in for a midnight feed of a quartern loaf, ham, polony, and saveloys, with a quantity of beer and wine, which generally led to half a dozen fights. Saturday was a day to be feared on account of its peculiar pie, which contained all the waifs and strays of the week. On the Sunday there was an attempt at plum-pudding of a peculiarly pale and leaden hue, as if it had been unjustly defrauded of its due allowance of plums. And this dull routine lasted throughout the scholastic year. School hours were from seven till nine, and ten to one, and three to five, without other changes, save at the approach of the holidays, when a general burst of singing, locally called "challenging," took place. Very few were the schoolfellows we met in after life. The ragged exceptions were Guildford Onslow, the Claimant's friend. Tuckey Baines, as he was called on account of his exploits on Saturday pie, went into the Bombay army, and was as disagreeable and ill-conditioned as when he was a bully at school. He was locally celebrated for hanging the wrong Mahommad, and for his cure for Sindee litigiousness, by making complainant and defendant flog each other in turn. The only schoolboy who did anything worthy, was Bobby Delafosse (who was appointed to the 26th Regiment, N.I.), who showed immense pluck, and died fighting bravely in the Indian Mutiny.

I met him in Bombay shortly before I went off to the North-West Provinces, but my remembrances of the school were so painful, that I could not bear to recognize him. In fact, that part of life, which most boys dwell upon with the greatest pleasure, and concerning which, most autobiographers tell the longest stories—school and college—was ever a nightmare to us. It was like the “Blackingshop” of Charles Dickens.

Before the year concluded, an attack of measles broke out in the school, several of the boys died, and it was found necessary to disperse the survivors. We were not hard-hearted, but we were delighted to get home. We worked successfully on the fears of Aunt G., which was assisted by my cadaverous appearance; and it was resolved to move us from school, to our infinite joy. My father had also been thoroughly sick of “Maids of Honour Row” and “Richmond Green.” He was sighing for shooting and boar-hunting in the French forests, and he felt that he had done quite enough for the education of the boys, which was turning out so badly. He resolved to bring us up abroad, and picked up the necessary assistance for educating us by tutor and governess. Miss Ruxton, a stout red-faced girl, was thoroughly up in the three R’s, and was intended to direct Maria’s education. Mr. Du Pré, an undergraduate at Exeter College, Oxford, son of the Rector of Berkhamstead, wanted to see life on the Continent, and was not unwilling to see it with a salary. He was an awkward-looking John Bull article, with a narrow forehead, eyes close together, and thick lips, which secured him a perpetual course of caricaturing. He used to hit out hard whenever he found the caricatures, but only added bitterness to them. Before he had been in the family a week, I obliged him with a sketch of his tomb and the following inscription:—

“Stand, passenger! hang down thy head and weep,
A young man from Exeter here doth sleep;
If any one ask who that young man be,
'Tis the Devil’s dear friend and companion—Du Pré”—

which was merely an echo of Shakespeare and John à Combe, but it showed a fine sense of independence.

I really caught the measles at school, and was nursed by Grandamma Baker in Park Street. It was the only infantine malady that I ever had. The hooping-cough only attacked me on my return from Harrar, when staying with my friend Dr. Steinhäuser at Aden, in 1853. As soon as I was well enough to travel, the family embarked at the Tower Wharf for Boulogne. We boys scandalized every one on board. We shrieked, we whooped, we danced for joy. We

shook our fists at the white cliffs, and loudly hoped we should never see them again. We hurrah'd for France, and hooted for England, "The Land on which the Sun ne'er sets—nor rises," till the sailor who was hoisting the Jack, looked upon us as a pair of little monsters. In our delight at getting away from school and the stuffy little island, we had no idea of the disadvantages which the new kind of life would inflict on our future careers. We were too young to know. A man who brings up his family abroad, and who lives there for years, must expect to lose all the friends who could be useful to him when he wishes to start them in life. The conditions of society in England are so complicated, and so artificial, that those who would make their way in the world, especially in public careers, must be broken to it from their earliest day. The future soldiers and statesmen must be prepared by Eton and Cambridge. The more English they are, even to the cut of their hair, the better. In consequence of being brought up abroad, we never thoroughly understood English society, nor did society understand us. And, lastly, it is a *real* advantage to belong to some parish. It is a great thing, when you have won a battle, or explored Central Africa, to be welcomed home by some little corner of the Great World, which takes a pride in your exploits, because they reflect honour upon itself. In the contrary condition you are a waif, a stray; you are a blaze of light, without a focus. Nobody outside your own fireside cares.

No man ever gets on in the world, or rises to the head of affairs, unless he is a representative of his nation. Taking the marking characters of the last few years—Palmerston, Thiers, Cavour, and Bismarck—what were they but simply the types of their various nationalities? In point of intellect Cavour was a first-rate man, Thiers second-rate, Palmerston third-rate, whilst Bismarck was strength, Von Moltke brain. Their success in life was solely owing to their representing the failings, as well as the merits of their several nationalities. Thiers, for instance, was the most thoroughbred possible *épicier*, and yet look at his success. And his death was mourned even in England, and yet he was the bitterest enemy that England ever had. His Chauvinism did more than the Crimean War to abolish the prestige of England. Unhappily for his Chauvinism, it also thoroughly abolished France.

Mr. Du Pré, the tutor, and Miss Ruxton, the governess, had their work cut out for them. They attempted to commence with a strict discipline; for instance, the family passing through Paris lodged at the Hôtel Windsor, and they determined to walk the youngsters out school fashion. The consequence was that when the walk extended

to the boulevards, the young ones, on agreement, knowing Paris well, suddenly ran away, and were home long before the unfortunate strangers could find their way, and reported that their unlucky tutor and governess had been run over by an omnibus. There was immense excitement till the supposed victims walked in immensely tired, having wandered over half Paris, not being able to find their way. A scene followed, but the adversaries respected each other more after that day.

The difficulty was now where to colonize. One of the peculiarities of the little English colonies was the unwillingness of their denizens to return to them when once they had left them. My father had been very happy at Tours, and yet he religiously avoided it. He passed through Orleans—a horrid hole, with as many smells as Cologne—and tried to find a suitable country house near it, but in vain; everything seemed to smell of goose and gutter. Then he drifted on to Blois, in those days a kind of home of the British stranger, and there he thought proper to call a halt. At last a house was found on the high ground beyond the city, which, like Tours, lies mainly on the left bank of the river, and where most of the English colonists dwelt. There is no necessity of describing this little bit of England in France, which was very like Tours. When one describes one colony, one describes them all. The notables were Sir Joseph Leeds, Colonel Burnes, and a sister of Sir Stamford Raffles, who lived in the next-door villa, if such a term may be applied to a country house in France in 1831. The only difference from Tours was, there was no celebrated physician, no pack of hounds, and no parson. Consequently service on Sundays had to be read at home by the tutor, and the evening was distinguished by one of Blair's sermons. This was read out by us children, each taking a turn. The discourse was from one of Blair's old three volumes, which appeared to have a soporific effect upon the audience. Soft music was gradually heard proceeding from the nasal organs of father and mother, tutor and governess; and then we children, preserving the same tone of voice, entered into a conversation, and discussed matters, until the time came to a close.

At Blois we were now entering upon our teens; our education was beginning in real earnest. Poor Miss Ruxton soon found her task absolutely impossible, and threw up the service. A school-room was instituted, where time was wasted upon Latin and Greek for six or seven hours a day, besides which there was a French master—one of those obsolete little old men, who called themselves *Professeurs-ès-lettres*, and the great triumph of whose life was that he had read Herodotus in the original. The dancing-master was a

large and pompous oldster, of course an *ancien militaire*, whose kit and whose capers were by contrast peculiarly ridiculous, and who quoted at least once every visit, "Oh, Richard! oh, mon roi!" He taught, besides country dances, square and round, the Minuet de la Cour, the Gavotte de Vestris, and a Danse Chinoise, which consisted mainly in turning up thumbs and toes. The only favourite amongst all those professors was the fencing-master, also an old soldier, who had lost the thumb of his right hand in the wars, which of course made him a *gauché* in loose fencing. We boys gave ourselves up with ardour to this study, and passed most of our leisure hours in exchanging thrusts. We soon learned not to neglect the mask: I passed my foil down Edward's throat, and nearly destroyed his uvula, which caused me a good deal of sorrow. The amusements consisted chiefly of dancing at evening parties, we boys choosing the tallest girls, especially a very tall Miss Donovan. A little fishing was to be had, my father being a great amateur. There were long daily walks, swimming in summer, and brass cannons, bought in the toy shops, were loaded to bursting.

The swimming was very easily taught; in the present day boys and girls go to school and learn it like dancing. In our case Mr. Du Pré supported us by a hand under the stomach, taught us how to use our arms and legs, and to manage our breath, after which he withdrew his hand and left us to float as we best could.

This life lasted for a year, till all were thoroughly tired of it. Our father and mother were imperceptibly lapsing into the category of professed invalids, like people who have no other business in life, except to be sick. This was a class exceptionally common in the unoccupied little English colonies that studded the country. It was a far robuster institution than the Parisian invalid, whose object in life was to appear *maladive et souffrante*. The British *malade* consumed a considerable quantity of butcher's meat, but although he or she always saw death in the pot, they had not the moral courage to refuse what disagreed with them. They tried every kind of drug and nostrum known, and answered every advertisement, whether it agreed with their complaint or not. Their *table de nuit* was covered with bottles and gallipots. They dressed themselves three or four times a day for the change of climate, and insensibly acquired a horror of dining out, or passing the evening away from home. They had a kind of rivalry with other invalids; nothing offended them more than to tell them that they were in strong health, and that if they had been hard-worked professionals in England, they would have been ill once a year, instead of once a month. Homœopathy was a great boon to them, and so was hydropathy. So was the grape-cure

and all the humbug invented by non-professionals, such as hunger-cure and all that nonsense.

Our parents suffered from asthma, an honest and respectable kind of complaint, which, if left to itself, allows you, like gout, to last till your eightieth year, but treated systematically, and with the aid of the doctor, is apt to wear you out. Our maternal grandmamma Baker, who came over to Blois, compared them to two buckets in a well. She was very wroth with my father, when, remembering the days of his youth, he began to hug the idea of returning to Italy and seeing the sun, and the general conclusion of her philippics ("You'll kill your wife, sir") did not change his resolution. She even insinuated that in the olden day there had been a Sicilian young woman who received the Englishman's pay, and so distributed it as to keep off claims. So Grandmamma Baker was sent off to her beloved England, "whose faults she still loved."

The old yellow chariot was brought out of the dusty coach-house once more, and furbished up, and, after farewell dinners and parties all round, the family turned their back on Blois. The journey was long, being broken by sundry attacks of asthma, and the posting and style of travel were full of the usual discomforts. In crossing over the Tarare a drunken postilion nearly threw one of the carriages over the precipice, and in shooting the Pont de St. Esprit the steamer nearly came to grief under one of the arches. We stayed a short time in Lyons, in those days a perfect den of thieves. From Avignon my tutor and I were driven to the Fountain of Vaucluse, the charming blue well in the stony mountain, and the memories of Petrarch and Laura were long remembered. The driver insisted upon a full gallop, and the protests of the unfortunate Englishman, who declared every quarter of an hour that he was the father of a large family, were utterly disregarded.

The first view of Provence was something entirely new, and the escape was hailed from the flat fields and the long poplar avenues of Central France. Everything, even the most squalid villages, seemed to fall into a picture. It was something like a sun that burst upon the rocks. The olive trees laden with purple fruit were a delight after the apples and pears, and the contrast between the brown rock and the blue Mediterranean, was quite a new sensation. At Marseilles we embarked for Leghorn, which was then, in Italy, very much what Lyons was in France. It was the head-quarters of brigands. Indeed it was reported that a society existed, whose members were pledged to stab their fellow-creatures, whenever they could do it safely. And it was brought to light by the remorse of a son, who had killed his father by mistake. The Grand Duke of Tuscany.

with his weak benevolence, was averse to shedding blood, and the worst that these wretches expected was to be dressed in the red or the yellow of the Galeotti, and to sweep the streets and to bully the passenger for *bakshish*. Another unpleasant development was the quantity of vermin,—even the washerwoman's head appeared to be walking off her shoulders. Still there was a touch of Italian art about the place, in the days before politics and polemics had made Italian art, with the sole exception of sculpture, the basest thing on the Continent: the rooms were large, high, and airy, the frescoes on the ceiling were good, and the pictures had not been sold to Englishmen, and replaced by badly coloured daubs, and cheap prints of the illustrated paper type.

After a few days, finding Leghorn utterly unfit to inhabit, my father determined to transfer himself to Pisa. There, after the usual delay, he found a lodging on the wrong side of the Arno—that is to say, the side which does not catch the winter sun—in a huge block of buildings opposite the then highest bridge. Dante's old "Vituperio delle gante" was then the dullest abode known to man, except perhaps his sepulchre. The climate was detestable (Iceland on the non-sunny, Madeira on the sunny side of the river), but the doctors thought it good enough for their patients; consequently it was the hospital of a few sick Britishers upon a large scale.

The discomforts of Pisa were considerable. The only fireplace in those days was a kind of brazier, put in the middle of the room. The servants were perfect savages, who had to be taught the very elements of service, and often at the end of the third day a great burly peasant would take leave, saying, "Non mi basta l'anima!" My father started a fearful equipage in the shape of a four-wheeled trap, buying for the same a hammer-headed brute of a horse which at once obtained the name of "Dobbin." Dobbin was a perfect demon steed, and caused incalculable misery, as every person was supposed to steal his oats. One of us boys was sent down to superintend his breakfast, dinner, and supper. On journeys it was the same, and we would have been delighted to see Dobbin hanged, drawn, and quartered. We tried riding him in private, but the brute used to plant his forelegs and kick up and down like a rocking-horse. The trap was another subject of intense misery. The wheels were always supposed to be wanting greasing, and as the natives would steal the grease, it was necessary that one of us should always superintend the greasing. There is no greater mistake than that of trying to make boys useful by making them do servant's work.

The work of education went on nimbly, if not merrily. To former

masters was added an Italian master, who was at once dubbed "Signor No," on account of the energy of his negation. The French master unfortunately discovered that his three pupils had poetic talents; the consequence was that we were set to write versical descriptions, which we hated worse than Telemachus and the *Spectator*.

And a new horror appeared in the shape of a violin master. Edward took kindly to the infliction, worked very hard, and became an amateur almost equal to a professional; was offered fair pay as member of an orchestra in Italy, and kept it up after going into the Army, till the calls of the Mess made it such a nuisance that he gave it up; but took to it again later in life *con amore*. I always hated my fiddle, and after six months it got me into a terrible scrape, and brought the study to an untimely end. Our professor was a thing like Paganini, length without breadth, nerves without flesh, hung on wires, all hair and no brain, except for fiddling. The creature, tortured to madness by a number of false notes, presently addressed his pupil in his grandiloquent Tuscan manner, "Gli altri scolari sono bestie, ma voi siete un Arci-bestia." The "Archi" offended me horribly, and, in a fury of rage, I broke my violin upon my master's head; and then my father made the discovery that his eldest son had no talent for music, and I was not allowed to learn any more.

Amongst the English at Pisa we met with some Irish cousins, whose names had been Conyngham, but they had, for a fortune, very sensibly added "Jones" to it, and who, very foolishly, were ashamed of it ever after. There was a boy, whose face looked as if badly cut out of a half-boiled potato, dotted with freckles so as to resemble a goose's egg. There was a very pretty girl, who afterwards became Mrs. Seaton. The mother was an exceedingly handsome woman of the Spanish type, and it was grand to see her administering correction to "bouldness." They seemed principally to travel in Italy for the purpose of wearing out old clothes, and afterwards delighted in telling how many churches and palaces they had "done" in Rome per diem. The cute Yankee always travels, when he is quite unknown, in his best bib and tucker, reserving his old clothes for his friends who appreciate him. Altogether the C.J.'s were as fair specimens of Northern barbarians invading the South, as have been seen since the days of Brennus.

The summer of '32 was passed at Siena, where a large rambling old house was found inside the walls. The venerable town, whose hospitality was confined to an inscription over the city gate, was perhaps one of the dullest places under heaven. No country in the

world shows less hospitality—even Italians amongst themselves—than Italy, and in the case of strangers they have perhaps many reasons to justify their churlishness.

Almost all the English at Siena were fugitives from justice, social or criminal. One man walked off with his friend's wife, another with his purse. There was only one old English lady in the place who was honourable, and that was a Mrs. Russell, who afterwards killed herself with mineral waters. She lived in a pretty little *quinta* outside the town, where moonlight nights were delightful, and where the nightingales were louder than usual. Beyond this amusement we had little to do, except at times to peep at the gate of Palone, to study very hard, and to hide from the world our suits of nankin. The weary summer drew to a close. The long-surviving chariot was brought out, and then Dobbin, with the "cruelty van," was made ready for the march.

Travelling in *vetturino* was not without its charm. It much resembled marching in India during the slow old days. It is true you seldom progressed along more than five miles an hour, and uphill at three. Moreover, the harness was perpetually breaking, and at times a horse fell lame; but you saw the country thoroughly, the *vetturino* knew the name of every house, and you went slowly enough to impress everything upon your memory. The living now was none of the best; food seemed to consist mostly of omelettes and pigeons. The pigeons, it is said, used to desert the dove-cotes every time they saw an English travelling-carriage approaching. And the omelettes showed more hair in them than eggs usually produce. The bread and wine, however, were good, and adulteration was then unknown. The lodging was on a par with the food, and insect powder was not invented or known. Still, taking all in all, it is to be doubted whether we are more comfortable in the Grand Hotel in these days when every hotel is grand, when all mutton is *pré salé*, when all the beer is bitter, when all the sherry is dry.

It was now resolved to pass the Holy Week at Rome, and the only events of the journey, which went on as usual, were the breaking down of Dobbin's "cruelty van" in a village near Perugia, where the tutor and boys were left behind to look after repairs. We long remembered the peculiar evening which we passed there. The head ostler had informed us that there was an opera, and that he was the *primo violino*. We went to the big barn, that formed the theatre. A kind of "Passion play" was being performed, with lengthy intervals of music, and all the mysteries of the faith were submitted to the eyes of the faithful. The only disenchanting detail was, that a dove

not being procurable, its place was supplied by a turkey-cock, and the awful gabbling of the ill-behaved volatile caused much more merriment than was decorous.

We, who had already examined Voltaire with great interest, were delighted with the old Etruscan city of Perugia, and were allowed a couple of hours' "leave" to visit Pietro di Aretino's tomb, and we loitered by the Lake Thrasimene.

The march was short, and the family took a house on the north side of the Arno, near the Boboli Gardens, in Florence. The City of Flowers has always had a reputation beyond what it deserved. Though too fair to be looked upon except upon holidays, it has discomforts of its own. The cold, especially during the *Tramontana* blowing from the Appenines, is that of Scotland. The heat during the dog-days, when the stone pavements seem to be fit for baking, reminds one of Cairo during a *Khamsin*, and the rains are at times as heavy and persistent as in Central Africa. The Italians and the English, even in those days, despite all the efforts of the amiable Grand Duke, did not mix well.

Colonies go on as they begin, and the Anglo-Florentine flock certainly has contained, contains, and ever will contain some very black sheep. They were always being divided into cliques. They were perpetually quarrelling. The parson had a terrible life. One of the churchwardens was sure to be some bilious old Indian, and a common character was to be a half-pay Indian officer who had given laws, he said, to millions, who supported himself by gambling, and induced all his cronies to drink hard, the whispered excuse being, that he had shot a man in a duel somewhere. The old ladies were very scandalous. There were perpetual little troubles, like a rich and aged widow being robbed and deserted by her Italian spouse, and resident old gentlemen, when worsted at cards, used to quarrel and call one another liars. Amongst the number was a certain old Dr. Harding who had a large family. His son was sent into the army, and was dreadfully wounded under Sir Charles Napier in Sind. He lived to be Major-General Francis Pim Harding, C.B., and died in 1875.

Another remarkable family was that of old Colonel de Courcy. He had some charming daughters, and I met his son John when he was in the Turkish Contingent and I was Chief of the Staff of Irregular Cavalry in the Crimea.

Still Florence was always Florence. The climate, when it was fine, was magnificent. The views were grand, and the most charming excursions lay within a few hours' walk or drive. The English were well treated, perhaps too well, by the local Government, and the

opportunities of studying Art were first-rate. Those wonderful Loggie and the Pitti Palace contained more high Art than is to be found in all London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna put together, and we soon managed to become walking catalogues. A heavy storm, however, presently broke the serenity of the domestic atmosphere at Siena.

We boys had been allowed to begin regular shooting with an old single-barrelled Manton, a hard-hitter which had been changed from flint to percussion. We practised gunnery in secret every moment we could, and presently gave our tutor a specimen of our proficiency. He had been instituting odious comparisons between Edward's length and that of his gun, and went so far as to say that for sixpence he would allow a shot at fifty yards. On this being accepted with the firm determination of peppering him, he thought it better to substitute his hat, and he got away just in time to see it riddled like a sieve. We then began to despise shooting with small shot.

Our parents made a grand mistake about the shooting excursions, especially the mother, who, frightened lest anything should occur, used to get up quarrels to have an excuse to forbid the shooting parties, as punishment. It was soon found out and resented accordingly.

We hoarded the weekly francs which each received, we borrowed Maria's savings, *i.e.* the poor girl was never allowed to keep it for a day, and invested in what was then known as a "case of pistols." My father—who, when in Sicily with his regiment, had winged a brother-officer, an Irishman, for saying something unpleasant, had carefully and fondly nursed him, and shot him again as soon as ever he recovered, crippling him for life—saw the turn that matters were taking, and ordered the "saw-handles" to be ignominiously returned to the shop. The shock was severe to the *pun d'onor* of we two Don Quixotes.

I have a most pleasant remembrance of Maria Garcia, a charming young girl, before she became wife and "divine devil" to the old French merchant Morbihan. Both she and her sister (afterwards Madame Viardot) were going through severe training under the old Tartar of a father Garcia, who was, however, a splendid musician and determined to see his girls succeed. They tell me she had spites and rages and that manner of thing in after life, but I can only remember her as worthy of Alfred de Musset's charming stanza.

After a slow but most interesting drive we reached the Eternal City, and, like all the world, were immensely impressed by the entrance at the Porto del Popolo. The family secured apartments

in the Piazza di Spagna, which was then, as it is now, the capital of English Rome. Everything in it was English, the librarian, the grocer, and all the other little shops, and mighty little it has changed during the third of a century. In 1873, when my wife and I stayed there, the only points of difference observed were the presence of Americans and the large gilded advertisements of the photographers. The sleepy atmosphere was the same, and the same was the drowsy old fountain.

At Rome sight-seeing was carried on with peculiar ardour. With "Mrs. Starke" under the arm, for "Murray" and "Baedeker" were not invented in those days, we young ones went from Vatican to the Capitol, from church to palazzo, from ruin to ruin. We managed to get introductions to the best studios, and made acquaintance with all the shops which contained the best collections of coins, of cameos, of model temples, in rosso-antico, and giallo-antico, and of all the treasures of Roman Art, ancient and modern. We passed our days in running about the town, and whenever we found an opportunity, we made excursions into the country, even ascending Mount Soracte. In those days Rome was not what it is now. It was the ghost of the Imperial City, the mere shadow of the Mistress of the world. The great Forum was a level expanse of ground, out of which the half-buried ruins rose. The Coliseum had not changed for a century. The Palatine hill had never dreamt of excavation. The greater part of the space within the old walls, that represents the ancient City, was a waste, what would in Africa be called bush, and it was believed that turning up the ground caused fatal fevers. It had no pretensions to be a Capital. It wanted fortifications; the walls could be breached with six-pounders. The Tiber was not regulated, and periodically flooded the lower town. The Ghetto was a disgrace. Nothing could be fouler than the Trastevere: and the Leonine City, with the exception of St. Peter's and the Vatican, was a piggery.

At Rome there was then very little society. People met when doing the curiosities, and the principal amusements were conversazioni, when the only conspicuous object was some old Cardinal sitting in red, enthroned upon a sofa. Good old Gregory XVI. did not dislike foreigners, and was even intimate with a certain number of heretics, but *that* could not disperse the sleepy atmosphere of the place, whilst the classes of society were what the satirical French duchesse called, 'une noblesse de Sacrament'—and yet it was the season of the year. Then, as now, the wandering world pressed to Rome to see ceremonies of the Holy Week, to hear the music of the Sistine Chapel, to assist at the annual conversion of a Jew at St. John of Lateran, to walk gaping about at the

interior of St. Peter's, and to enjoy the magnificent illuminations, which were spoiled by a high wind, and a flood of rain.

It was necessary to leave Rome in time to reach Naples before the hot season began, and return to summer quarters. In those days the crossing of the Pontine Marshes was considered not a little dangerous. Heavy breakfasts were eaten to avoid the possible effect of malaria upon an empty stomach, and the condemned pistols were ostentatiously loaded to terrify the banditti, who were mostly the servants and hangers-on of the foul little inns.

The family halted a short while at Capua, then a quiet little country town, equally thoughtless of the honours of the past, or the fierce scenes that waited it in the future; many years afterwards my friend Blakely of the Guns, and I, offered the Government of King Francis, to go out to rifle the cannon, which was to defend them against Garibaldi and his banditti. Unfortunately the offer came too late. It would have been curious had a couple of Englishmen managed, by shooting Garibaldi, to baffle the plans which Lord Pam. had laid with so much astuteness and perseverance.

At Naples a house was found upon the Chiaja, and after trying it for a fortnight, and finding it perfectly satisfactory and agreeing to take it for the next season, the family went over to Sorrento. This, in those days, was one of the most pleasant *villegiature* in Italy. The three little villages that studded the long tongue of rock and fertile soil, were separated from one another by long tracts of orchard and olive ground, instead of being huddled together, as they are now. They preserved all their rural simplicity, baited buffalo-calves in the main squares, and had songs and sayings in order to enrage one another. The villas scattered about the villages were large rambling old shells of houses, and Aunt G. could not open her eyes sufficiently wide when she saw what an Italian villa really was. The bathing was delightful; break-neck paths led down the rocks to little sheltered bays with the yellowest of sands, and the bluest of waters, and old smugglers' caves, which gave the coolest shelter after long dips in the tepid seas. There was an immense variety of excursion. At the root of the tongue arose the Mountain of St. Angelo, where the snow harvest, lasting during summer, was one perpetual merry-making. There were boating trips to Ischia, to Procida, to romantic Capri, with its blue grotto and purple figs, to decayed Salerno, the splendid ruin, and to the temples of Pæstum, more splendid still. The shooting was excellent during the quail season; tall poles and immense nets formed a *chevaux de frise* on the hilltops, but the boys went to windwards, and shot the birds before they were trapped in the nets, in the usual ignoble way. In

fact, nothing could be more pleasant than Sorrento in its old and uncivilized days.

Amongst other classical fads, we boys determined to imitate Anacreon and Horace. We crowned ourselves with myrtle and roses, chose the prettiest part of the garden, and caroused upon the best wine we could afford, out of cups, disdaining to use glasses. Our father, aware of this proceeding, gave us three bottles of sherry, upon the principle that the grocer opens to the young shopboy his drawers of figs and raisins. But we easily guessed the meaning of the kind present, and contented ourselves with drinking each half a bottle a day, as long as it lasted, and then asked for more, to the great disgust of the donor. We diligently practised pistol-shooting, and delighted in cock-fighting, at which the tutor duly attended. Of course the birds fought without steel, but it was a fine game-breed, probably introduced of old by the Spaniards. It not a little resembles the Derby game-cock, which has spread itself half over South America.

There was naturally little variety in amusements. The few English families lived in scattered villas. Old Mrs. Starke, Queen of Sorrento, as she loved to be called, and the authoress of the guide book, was the local "lion," and she was sketched and caricatured in every possible way in her old Meg Merrilies' cloak. Game to the last, she died on the road travelling. An Englishman, named Sparkes, threw himself into one of the jagged volcanic ravines that seam the tongue of Sorrento; but there is hardly a place in Italy, high or low, where some Englishman has not suicided himself. A painter, a Mr. Inskip, brought over an introduction, and was very tipsy before dinner was half over. The Marsala wine supplied by Iggulden & Co. would have floored Polyphemus. The want of excitement out of doors, produced a correspondent increase of it inside. We were getting too old to be manageable, and Mr. Du Pré taking high grounds on one occasion, very nearly received a good thrashing. My father being a man of active mind, and having nothing in the world to do, began to be unpleasantly chemical; he bought Parke's "Catechism;" filled the house with abominations of all kinds, made a hideous substance that he called soap, and prepared a quantity of filth that he called citric acid, for which he spoiled thousands of lemons. When his fit passed over it was succeeded by one of chess, and the whole family were bitten by it. Every spare hour, especially in the evening, was given to check and check-mating, and I soon learned to play one, and then two games, with my eyes blindfolded. I had the sense, however, to give it up completely, for my days were full of Philidor, and my dreams were of gambits all night.

At Naples more was added to the work of education. Caraccioli, the celebrated marine painter, was engaged to teach oil-painting; but he was a funny fellow, and the hours which should have been spent in exhausting palettes passed in pencil-caricaturing of every possible friend and acquaintance. The celebrated Cavalli was the fencing-master; and in those days the Neapolitan school, which has now almost died out, was in its last bloom. It was a thoroughly business-like affair, and rejected all the elegancies of the French school; and whenever there was a duel between a Neapolitan and a Frenchman, the former was sure to win. We boys worked at it heart and soul, and generally managed to give four hours a day to it. I determined, even at that time, to produce a combination between the Neapolitan and the French school, so as to supplement the defects of the one by the merits of the other. A life of very hard work did not allow me any leisure to carry out my plan; but the man of perseverance stores up his resolves and waits for any numbers of years till he sees the time to carry it out. The plan was made in 1836, and was completed in 1880 (forty-four years).

My father spared no pains or expense in educating his children. He had entered the army at a very early age. Volunteers were called for in Ireland, and those who brought a certain number into the field received commissions gratis. The old Grandmamma Burton's tenants' sons volunteered by the dozen. They formed a very fair company, and accompanied the young master to the wars; and when the young master got his commission, they all, with the exception of one or two, levanted, bolted, and deserted. Thus my father found himself an officer at the age of seventeen, when he ought to have been at school; and recognizing the deficiencies of his own education, he was determined that his children should complain of nothing of the kind. He was equally determined they none of them should enter the army; the consequence being that both the sons became soldiers, and the only daughter married a soldier. Some evil spirit, probably Mr. Du Pré, whispered that the best plan for the boys would be to send them to Oxford, in order that they might rise by literature, an idea which they both thoroughly detested. However, in order to crush their pride, they were told that they should enter "Oxford College as sizars, poor gentlemen who are supported by the alms of the others." Our feelings may be imagined. We determined to enlist, or go before the mast, or to turn Turks, banditti, or pirates, rather than undergo such an indignity.

At last the house on the Chiaja was given up, and the family took a house inside the City for a short time. The father was getting tired and thinking of starting northwards. The change was afflicting.

The loss of the view of the Bay was a misfortune. The only amusement was prospecting the streets, where the most extraordinary scenes took place. It was impossible to forget a beastly Englishman, as he stood eating a squirting orange surrounded by a string of gutter-boys. The dexterity of the pickpockets, too, gave scenes as amusing as a theatre.

The *lazzaroni*, too, were a perpetual amusement. We learned to eat macaroni like them, and so far mastered their dialect, that we could exchange chaff by the hour. In 1869 I found them all at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, dressed in *cacciatore* and swearing "M'naccia l'anima tua;" they were impressed with a conviction that I was myself a *lazzarone* in luck. The shady side of the picture was the cholera. It caused a fearful destruction, and the newspapers owned to 1300 a day, which meant say 2300. The much-abused King behaved like a gentleman. The people had determined that the cholera was poison, and doubtless many made use of the opportunity to get rid of husbands and wives and other inconvenient relationships; but when the mob proceeded to murder the doctors, and to gather in the market square with drawn knives, declaring that the Government had poisoned the provisions, the King himself drove up in a phaeton and jumped out of it entirely alone, told them to put up their ridiculous weapons, and to show him where the poisoned provisions were, and, seating himself upon a bench, ate as much as his stomach would contain. Even the *lazzarone* were not proof against this heroism, and viva'd and cheered him to his heart's content.

My brother and I had seen too much of cholera to be afraid of it. We had passed through it in France, it had followed us to Siena and Rome, and at Naples it only excited our curiosity. We persuaded the Italian man-servant to assist us in a grand escapade. He had procured us the necessary dress, and when the dead-carts passed round in the dead of the night, we went the rounds with them as some of the *croquemorts*. The visits to the pauper houses, where the silence lay in the rooms, were anything but pleasant, and still less the final disposal of the bodies. Outside Naples was a large plain, pierced with pits, like the silos or underground granaries of Algeria and North Africa. They were lined with stone, and the mouths were covered with one big slab, just large enough to allow a corpse to pass. Into these flesh-pots were thrown the unfortunate bodies of the poor, after being stripped of the rags which acted as their winding-sheets. Black and rigid, they were thrown down the apertures like so much rubbish, into the festering heap below, and the decay caused a kind of lambent blue flame about the sides of the

pit, which lit up a mass of human corruption, worthy to be described by Dante.

Our escapades, which were frequent, were wild for strictly brought up Protestant English boys—they would be nothing now, when boys do so much worse—but there were others that were less excusable. Behind the Chiaja dwelt a multitude of syrens, who were naturally looked upon as the most beautiful of their sex. One lady in particular responded to the various telegraphic signs made to her from the flat terrace of the house, and we boys determined to pay her a visit. Arming ourselves with carving-knives, which we stuffed behind our girdles, we made our way jauntily into the house, introduced ourselves, and being abundant in pocket-money, offered to stand treat, as the phrase is, for the whole neighbourhood. The orgie was tremendous, and we were only too lucky to get home unhurt, before morning, when the Italian servant let us in. The result was a correspondence, consisting in equal parts of pure love on our side and extreme debauchery on the syrens'. These letters, unfortunately, were found by our mother during one of her Sunday visitations to our chambers. A tremendous commotion was the result. Our father and his dog, Mr. Du Pré, proceeded to condign punishment with the horsewhip; but we climbed up to the tops of the chimneys, where the seniors could not follow us, and refused to come down till the crime was condoned.

The family left Naples in the spring of 1836. The usual mountain of baggage was packed in the enormous boxes of the period, and the Custom House officers never even opened them, relying, as they said—and did in those good old days—upon the word of an Englishman, that they contained nothing contraband. How different from the United Italy, where even the dressing-bag is rummaged to find a few cigars, or an ounce of coffee. The voyage was full of discomforts. My mother, after a campaign of two or three years, had been persuaded to part with her French maid Eulalie, an old and attached servant, who made our hours bitter, and our faces yellow. The steamer of the day was by no means a floating palace, especially the English coasting steamers, which infested the Mediterranean. The machinery was noisy and offensive. The cabins were dog-holes, with a pestiferous atmosphere, and the food consisted of greasy butter, bread which might be called dough, eggs with a perfume, rusty bacon, milkless tea and coffee, that might be mistaken for each other, waxy potatoes, graveolent greens *cuite à l'eau*, stickjaw pudding, and cannibal haunches of meat, charred without, and blue within.

The only advantage was that the vessels were manned by English crews, and in those days the British sailor was not a tailor, and he showed his value when danger was greatest.

We steamed northwards in a good old way, puffing and panting, pitching and rolling, and in due time made Marseille.

However agreeable Provence was, the change from Italians to French was not pleasant. The subjects of Louis Philippe, the Citizen-King, were rancorous against Englishmen, and whenever a fellow wanted to get up a row he had only to cry out, "These are the *misérables* who poisoned Napoleon at St. Helena." This pleasant little scene occurred on board a coasting steamer, between Marseille and Cette, when remonstrance was made with the cheating steward, backed by the rascally captain. Cette was beginning to be famous for the imitation wines composed by the ingenuity of Monsieur Guizot, brother of the *austère intrigant*. He could turn out any wine, from the cheapest Marsala to the choicest Madeiran Bual.

But he did his counterfeiting honestly, as a little "G" was always branded on the bottom of the cork, and Cette gave a good lesson about ordering wines at hotels. The sensible traveller, when in a strange place, always calls for the *carte*, and chooses the cheapest; he knows by sad experience, by cramp and acidity of stomach, that the dearest wines are often worse than the cheapest, and at best that they are the same with different labels. The proprietor of the hotel at Cette, had charged his *dâme de comptoir* with robbing the till. She could not deny it, but she replied with a *tu quoque*: "If I robbed you I only returned tit for tat. You have been robbing the public for the last quarter of a century, and only the other day you brought a bottle of ordinaire and *escamoté*'d it into sixteen kinds of *vins fin*." The landlord thought it better to drop the proceedings. From Cette we travelled in hired carriages (as Dobbin and the carriages had been sold at Naples) to Toulouse. We stayed at Toulouse for a week, and I was so delighted with student life there, that I asked my father's leave to join them. But he was always determined on the Fellowship at Oxford. Our parents periodically fell ill with asthma, and we young ones availed ourselves of the occasion, by wandering far and wide over the country. We delighted in these journeys, for though the tutor was there, the books were in the boxes. My chief remembrances of Toulouse were, finding the mistress of the hotel correcting her teeth with *table d'hôte* forks, and being placed opposite the model Englishman of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue. The man's face never faded from my

memory. Carroty hair, white and very smooth forehead, green eyes, a purple-reddish lower face, whiskers that had a kind of crimson tinge, and an enormous mouth worn open, so as to show the protruding teeth.

In due time we reached Pau in the Pyrenees, the capital of the Basses Pyrénées, and the old Bearnais. The little town on the Gave de Pau was no summer place. The heats are intense, and all who can, rush off to the Pyrenees, which are in sight, and distant only forty miles. Our family followed suit, and went off to Bagnières de Bigorres, where we hired a nice house in the main Square. There were few foreigners in the Bagnières de Bigorres; it was at that time a thoroughly French watering-place. It was invaded by a mob of Parisians of both sexes, the men dressed in fancy costumes intended to be "truly rural," and capped with Basque bonnets, white or red. The women were more wonderful still, especially when on horse-back; somehow or other the Française never dons a riding-habit without some solecism. Picnics were the order of the day, and they were organized on a large scale, looking more like a squadron of cavalry going out for exercise than a party of pleasure. We boys obtained permission to accompany one of those caravans to the Brèche de Roland, a nick in the mountain top clearly visible from the plains, and supposed to have been cut by the good sword "Joyeuse."

Here we boys were mightily taken with, and tempted to accept the offer made to us by, a merry party of *contrabandistas*, who were smuggling to and fro chocolate, tobacco, and *aguardienta* (spirits). Nothing could be jollier than such a life as these people lead. They travelled *au clair de la lune*, armed to the teeth; when they arrived at the hotels the mules were unloaded and turned out to grass, the guitar, played *à la Figaro*, began to tinkle, and all the young women, like "the Buffalo girls," came out to dance. Wine and spirits flowed freely, the greatest good humour prevailed, and the festivities were broken only sometimes by "knifing or shooting."

We also visited Tarbes, which even in those days was beginning to acquire a reputation for "le shport;" it presently became one of the centres of racing and hunting in France, for which the excellent climate and the fine rolling country admirably adapted it. It was no wonder that the young French horse beat the English at the same age. In the Basque Pyrénées a colt two years old is as well grown as a Newmarket weed at two and a half.

When the great heat was over, the family returned to Pau, where they found a good house over the arcade in the Place Gramont. Pau boasts of being the birthplace of Henry IV., Gaston de Foix,

and Bernadotte. Strangers go through the usual routine of visiting the Castle, called after the Protestant-Catholic King, Henry IV.; driving to Ortez, where Marshal Soult fought unjustifiably the last action of the Peninsular War; and of wandering about the flat, moor-like *landes*, which not a little resemble those about Bordeaux. The society at Pau was an improvement upon that of Naples. The most remarkable person was Captain (R.N.) Lord William Paget, who was living with his mother-in-law (Baroness de Rothenberg), and his wife and children, and enjoying himself as usual. Though even impecunious, he was the best of boon companions, and a man generally loved. But he could also make himself feared, and, as the phrase is, would stand no nonsense. He had a little affair with a man whom we will call Robinson, and as they were going to the meeting-place he said to his second, "What's the fellow's pet pursuit?" "Well!" answered the other, "I don't know—but, let me see—ah, I remember, a capital hand at waltzing." "Waltzing!" said Lord William, and hit him accurately on the hip-bone, which spoilt his saltations for many a long month.

At Pau the education went on merrily. I was provided with a French master of mathematics, whose greasy hair swept the collar of the *redingote* buttoned up to the chin. He was a type of his order. He introduced mathematics everywhere. He was a red republican of the reddest, hating rank and wealth, and he held that *Le Bon Dieu* was not proven, because he could not express Him by a mathematical formula. and he called his fellow-men *Bon-Dieusistes*. We were now grown to lads, and began seriously to prepare for thrashing our tutor, and diligently took lessons in boxing from the Irish groom of a Captain Hutchinson, R.N. Whenever we could escape from study we passed our hours in the barracks, fencing with the soldiers, and delighting every *piou-piou* (recruit) by our powers of consuming the country spirit (the white and unadulterated cognac). We also took seriously to smoking, although, as usual with beginners in those days, we suffered in the flesh. In the later generation, you find young children, even girls, who, although their parents have never smoked, can finish off a cigarette without the slightest inconvenience, even for the first time.

Smoking and drinking led us, as it naturally does, into trouble. There was a Jamaica Irishman with a very dark skin and a very loud brogue, called Thomas, who was passing the winter for the benefit of his chest at Pau. He delighted in encouraging us for mischief sake. One raw snowy day he gave us his strongest cigars, and brewed us a bowl of potent steaming punch, which was soon followed by another. Edward, not being very well, was unusually temperate, and so I, not liking to waste it, drank for two. A walk was then maliciously proposed, and the cold air acted as usual as stimulant to stimulant. Thomas began laughing aloud, Edward

plodded gloomily along, and I got into half a dozen scimmages with the country people. At last matters began to look serious, and the too hospitable host took his two guests back to their home. I managed to stagger upstairs; I was deadly pale, with staring eyes, and compelled to use the depressed walk of a monkey, when I met my mother. She was startled at my appearance, and as I pleaded very sick she put me to bed. But other symptoms puzzled her. She fetched my father, who came to the bedside, looked carefully for a minute at his son and heir, and turned upon his heel, exclaiming, "The beast's in liquor." The mother burst into a flood of tears, and next morning presented me with a five-franc piece, making me promise to be good for the future, and not to read Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," of which she had a dreadful horror. It need hardly be said that the five francs soon melted away in laying in a stock of what is popularly called "a hair of the dog that bit."

What we learnt last at Pau was the Bearnais dialect. It is a charmingly naïve dialect, mixture of French, Spanish, and Provençale, and containing a quantity of pretty, pleasant songs. The country folk were delighted when addressed in their own lingo. It considerably assisted me in learning Provençale, the language of Le Geysaber; and I found it useful in the most out-of-the-way corners of the world, even in Brazil. Nothing goes home to the heart of a man so much as to speak to him in his own *patois*. Even a Lancashire lad can scarcely resist the language of "Tummas and Mary."

At length the wheezy, windy, rainy, foggy, sleety, snowy winter passed away, and the approach of the warm four months, warned strangers to betake themselves to the hills. This time the chosen place was Argélés. In those days it was a little village, composed mainly of one street, not unlike mining Arrayal in Brazil, or a negro village on the banks of the Gaboon. But the scenery around it was beautiful. It lay upon a brawling stream, and the contrast of the horizontal meadow-lands around it, with the backing of almost vertical hills and peaks, thoroughly satisfied the eye.

We two brothers, abetted by our tutor, had fallen into the detestable practice of keeping our hands in by shooting swifts and swallows, of which barbarity we were afterwards heartily ashamed. Our first lesson was from the peasants. On one occasion, having shot a harmless bird that fell among the reapers, the latter charged us in a body, and being armed with scythes and sickles, caused a precipitous retreat. In those days the swallow seemed to be a kind of holy bird in the Bearnais, somewhat like the pigeons of Mecca and Venice. I can only remember that this was the case with old Assyrians and Aramæans, who called the swift or devilling the destiny, or foretelling bird, because it heralded the spring.

As the mountain fog began to roll down upon the valley, our father found that his poor chest required a warmer climate. This time we travelled down the Grand Canal du Midi in a big public barge, which resembled a Dutch *trekschuyt*. At first, passing through the locks was a perpetual excitement, but this very soon palled. The L'Estranges were also on board, and the French part of the company were not particularly pleasant. They were mostly tourists returning home, mixed with a fair proportion of *commis-voyageurs*, a class that corresponds with, but does not resemble, our commercial traveller. The French species seems to have but two objects in social life: first, to glorify himself, and secondly, to glorify Paris.

Monsieur Victor Hugo has carried the latter mania to the very verge of madness, and left to his countrymen an example almost as bad as bad can be. The peculiarity of the *commis-voyageur* in those days, was the queer thin varnish of politeness, which he thought it due to himself to assume. He would help himself at breakfast or dinner to the leg, wing, and part of the breast, and pass the dish to his neighbour when it contained only a neck and a drumstick, with a pleased smile and a ready bow, anxiously asking "Madame, veut elle de la volaille?" and he was frightfully unprogressive. He wished to "let sleeping dogs lie," and hated to move quiet things. It almost gave him an indigestion to speak of railways. He found the diligence and the canal boat quite fast enough for his purpose. And in this to a certain extent he represented the Genius of the Nation.

With the excellent example of the Grand Canal du Midi before them, the French have allowed half a century to pass before they even realized the fact that their rivers give them most admirable opportunities for inland navigation, and that by energy in spending money they could have a water line leading up from Manches to Paris, and down from Paris to the Mediterranean. In these days of piercing isthmuses, they seem hardly to have thought of a canal that would save the time and expense of running round Spain and Portugal, when it would be so easy to cut the neck that connects their country with the Peninsula. The rest of the journey was eventless as usual. The family took the steamer at Marseille, steamed down to Leghorn, and drove up to Pisa. There they found a house on the south side of the Lung' Arno, belonging to a widow of the name of Pini. It was a dull and melancholy place enough, but it had the advantage of a large garden that grew chiefly cabbages. It was something like a return home; a number of old acquaintances were met, and few new ones were made.

The studies were kept up with unremitting attention. I kept up drawing, painting, and classics, and it was lucky for me that I did.

I have been able to make my own drawings, and to illustrate my own books. It is only in this way that a correct idea of unfamiliar scenes can be given. Travellers who bring home a few scrawls and put them into the hands of a professional illustrator, have the pleasure of seeing the illustrated paper style applied to the scenery and the people of Central Africa and Central Asia and Europe. Even when the drawings are carefully done by the traveller-artist, it is hard to persuade the professional to preserve their peculiarities. For instance, a sketch from Hyderabad, the inland capital of Sind, showed a number of mast-like poles which induced the English artist to write out and ask if there ought not to be yards and sails. In sending a sketch home of a pilgrim in his proper costume, the portable Korán worn under the left arm narrowly escaped becoming a revolver. On the chocolate-coloured cover of a book on Zanzibar, stands a negro in gold, straddling like the Colossus of Rhodes. He was propped crane-like upon one leg, supporting himself with his spear, and applying, African fashion, the sole of the other foot to the perpendicular calf.

But music did not get on so well. We all three had good speaking voices, but we sang with a "*voce di gola*," a throaty tone which was terrible to hear. It is only in England that people sing without voices. This may do very well when chirping a comic song, or half-speaking a ballad, but in nothing higher. I longed to sing, began singing with all my might at Pau in the Pyrenees, and I kept it up at Pisa, where Signor Romani (Mario's old master) rather encouraged me, instead of peremptorily or pathetically bidding me to hold my tongue. I wasted time and money, and presently found out my mistake and threw up music altogether. At stray times I took up the flageolet, and other simple instruments, as though I had a kind of instinctive feeling how useful music would be to me in later life. And I never ceased to regret that I had not practised sufficiently, to be able to write down music at hearing. Had I been able to do so, I might have collected some two thousand motives from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and have produced a musical note-book which would have been useful to a Bellini, or Donizetti, or a Boito.

We had now put away childish things; that is to say, we no longer broke the windows across the river with slings, or engaged in free fights with our coevals. But the climate of Italy is precocious, so, as the Vicar of Wakefield has it, "we cocked our hats and loved the ladies." And our poor father was once appalled by strange heads being put out of the windows, in an unaccustomed street, and with the words, "Oh! S'or Riccardo, Oh! S'or Edoardo."

Madame P——, the landlady, had three children. Sandro, the

son, was a tall, gawky youth, who wore a *cacciatore* or Italian shooting jacket of cotton-leather, not unlike the English one made loose, with the tails cut off. The two daughters were extremely handsome girls, in very different styles. Signorina Caterina, the elder, was tall, slim, and dark, with the palest possible complexion and regular features. Signorina Antonia, the younger, could not boast of the same classical lines, but the light brown hair, and the pink and white complexion, made one forgive and forget every irregularity. Consequently I fell in love with the elder, and Edward with the latter. Proposals of marriage were made and accepted. The girls had heard that, in her younger days, mamma had had half a dozen strings to her bow at the same time, and they were perfectly ready to follow parental example. But a serious obstacle occurred in the difficulty of getting the ceremony performed. As in England there was a popular but mistaken idea that a man could put a rope round his wife's neck, take her to market, and sell her like a quadruped, so there was, and perhaps there is still, in Italy, a legend that any affianced couple standing up together in front of the congregation during the elevation of the Host, and declaring themselves man and wife, are very much married. Many inquiries were made about this procedure, and at one time it was seriously intended. But the result of questioning was, that *promessi sposi* so acting, are at once imprisoned and punished by being kept in separate cells, and therefore it became evident, that the game was not worth the candle. This is like a Scotch marriage, however—with the Italian would be binding in religion, and the Scotch in law.

Edward and I made acquaintance with a lot of Italian medical students, compared with whom, English men of the same category were as babes, and they did us no particular good. At last the winter at Pisa ended, badly—very badly. The hard studies of the classics during the day, occasionally concluded with a revel at night. On one hopeless occasion a bottle of Jamaica gin happened to fall into the wrong hands. The revellers rose at midnight, boiled water, procured sugar and lemons, and sat down to a steaming soup tureen full of punch. Possibly it was followed by a second, but the result was that they sallied out into the streets, determined upon what is called a "spree." Knockers did not exist, and Charleys did not confine themselves to their sentry-boxes, and it was vain to ring at bells, when every one was sound asleep. Evidently the choice of amusements was limited, and mostly confined to hustling inoffensive passers-by. But as one of these feats had been performed, and cries for assistance had been uttered, up came the watch at the double, and the revellers had nothing to do but to make tracks. My legs

were the longest, and I escaped; Edward was seized and led off, despite his fists and heels, ignobly to the local *violon*, or guard-house. One may imagine my father's disgust next morning, when he was courteously informed by the prison authorities that a *giovinotto* bearing his name, had been lodged during the night at the public expense. The father went off in a state of the stoniest severity to the guard-house, and found the graceless one treating his companions in misfortune, thieves and ruffians of every kind, to the contents of a pocket-flask with which he had provided himself in case of need. This was the last straw; our father determined to transfer his head-quarters to the Baths of Lucca, and then to prepare for breaking up the family. The adieux of Caterina and Antonia were heartrending, and it was agreed to correspond every week. The journey occupied a short time, and a house was soon found in the upper village of Lucca.

In those days, the Lucchese baths were the only place in Italy that could boast of a tolerably cool summer climate, and a few of the comforts of life. Sorrento, Montenero, near Leghorn, and the hills about Rome, were frequented by very few; they came under the category of "cheap and nasty." Hence the Bagni collected what was considered to be the distinguished society. It had its parson from Pisa, even in the days before the travelling continental clergyman was known, and this one migrated every year to the hills, like the flight of swallows, and the beggars who desert the hot plains and the stifling climate of the lowlands. There was generally at least one English doctor who practised by the kindly sufferance of the *then* Italian Government. The Duke of Lucca at times attended the balls; he was married, but his gallant presence and knightly manner committed terrible ravages in the hearts of susceptible English girls.

The queen in ordinary was a Mrs. Colonel Stisted, as she called herself, the "same Miss Clotilda Clotworthy Crawley who was" so rudely treated by the wild Irish girl, Lady Morgan. I was also obliged to settle an old score with her in after years in "Sinde, or the Unhappy Valley." And so I wrote, "She indeed had left her mark in literature, not by her maudlin volume, 'The Byeways of Italy,' but by the abuse of her fellow authors." She was "the sea goddess with tin ringlets and venerable limbs" of the irrepressible Mrs. Trollope. She also supplied Lever with one of the characters which he etched in with his most corrosive acid. In one season the Baths collected Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, the charming Lady Walpole, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poetess, whose tight *sacque* of black silk gave us youngsters a series of caricatures. There, too, was old Lady Osborne, full of Greek and Latin, who

married her daughter to Captain Bernal, afterwards Bernal Osborne. Amongst the number was Mrs. Young, whose daughter became Madame Matteucci, wife of the celebrated scientist and electrician of Tuscany. She managed, curiously to say, to hold her own in her new position. Finally, I remember Miss Virginia Gabriell, daughter of old General Gabriell, commonly called the "Archangel Gabriel." Virginia Gabriell, "all white and fresh, and virginally plain," afterwards made a name in the musical world, composed beautiful ballads, published many pieces, and married, and died in St. George's Hospital by being thrown from a carriage, August 7, 1877. She showed her *savoir faire* at the earliest age. At a ball given to the Prince, all appeared in their finest dresses and richest jewellery. Miss Virginia was in white, with a single necklace of pink coral. They danced till daylight; and when the sun arose, Miss Virginia was like a rose amongst faded dahlias and sunflowers.

There was a very nice fellow of the name of Wood, who had just married a Miss Stisted, one of the nieces of the "Queen of the Baths," with whom all the "baths" were in love. Another marking young person was Miss Helen Crowley, a girl of the order "dashing," whose hair was the brightest auburn, and complexion the purest white and red. Her father was the Rev. Dr. Crowley, whose Jewish novel "Salathiel" made a small noise in the world.

It was evident that the Burton family was ripe for a break up. Our father, like an Irishman, was perfectly happy as long as he was the only man in the house, but the presence of younger males irritated him. His temper became permanently soured. He could no longer use the rod, but he could make himself very unpleasant with his tongue. "Senti come me li rimangia quei poveri ragazzi!" (Hear how he is chewing-up those poor lads!) said the old Pisan-Italian lady's-maid, and I do think now that we were not pleasant inmates of a household. We were in the "Sturm und drang" of the teens. We had thoroughly mastered our tutor, threw our books out of the window if he attempted to give a lesson in Greek or Latin, and applied ourselves with ardour to Picault Le Brun, and Paul de Kock, the "Promessi Sposi," and the "Disfida di Barletta." Instead of taking country walks, we jodelled all about the hillsides under the direction of a Swiss scamp. We shot pistols in every direction, and whenever a stray fencing-master passed, we persuaded him to give us a few hours of "point." We made experiments of everything imaginable, including swallowing and smoking opium.

The break-up took place about the middle of summer. It was comparatively tame. Italians marvelled at the Spartan nature of the British mother, who, after the habits of fifteen years, can so

easily part with her children at the cost of a lachrymose last embrace, and watering her prandial beefsteak with tears. Amongst Italian families, nothing is more common than for all the brothers and sisters to swear that they will not marry if they are to be separated from one another. And even now, in these subversive and progressive days, what a curious contrast is the English and the Italian household. Let me sketch one of the latter, a family belonging to the old nobility, once lords of the land, and now simple proprietors of a fair Estate. In a large garden, and a larger orchard of vines and olives, stands a solid old house, as roomy as a barrack, but without the slightest pretension of comfort or luxury. The old Countess, a widow, has the whole of her progeny around her—two or three stalwart sons, one married and the others partially so, and a daughter who has not yet found a husband. The servants are old family retainers. They consider themselves part and parcel of the household; they are on the most familiar terms with the family, although they would resent with the direst indignation the slightest liberty on the part of outsiders. The day is one of extreme simplicity, and some might even deem it monotonous. Each individual leaves his bed at the hour he or she pleases, and finds coffee, milk, and small rolls in the dining-room. Smoking and dawdling pass the hours till almost mid-day, when *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or rather a young dinner, leads very naturally up to a siesta. In the afternoon there is a little walking or driving, and even shooting in the case of the most energetic. There is a supper after nightfall, and after that dominoes or cards, or music, or conversazione, keep them awake for half the night. The even tenor of their days is broken only by a festival or a ball in the nearest town, or some pseudo Scientific Congress in a City not wholly out of reach; and so things go on from year to year, and all are happy because they look to nothing else.

Our journey began in the early summer of 1840. My mother and sister were left at the Baths of Lucca, and my father, with Mr. Du Pré, and Edward and I, set out for Switzerland. We again travelled *vetturino*, and we lads cast longing eyes at the charming country which we were destined not to see again for another ten years. How melancholy we felt when on our way to the chill and dolorous North! At Schinznach I was left in charge of Mr. Du Pré, while my father and brother set out for England direct. These Hapsburg baths in the Aargau had been chosen because the abominable sulphur water, as odorous as that of Harrogate, was held as sovereign in skin complaints, and I was suffering from exanthémata, an eruption brought on by a sudden check of per-

spiration. These eruptions are very hard to cure, and they often embitter a man's life. The village consisted of a single Establishment, in which all nationalities met. Amongst them was an unfortunate Frenchman, who had been attacked at Calcutta with what appeared to be a leprous taint. He had tried half a dozen places to no purpose, and he had determined to blow his brains out if Schinzach failed him. The only advantage of the place was, its being within easy distance of Schaffhausen and the falls of the Rhine.

When the six weeks' cure was over, I was hurried by my guardian across France, and Southern England, to the rendezvous. The Grandmother and the two aunts, finding Great Cumberland Place too hot, had taken country quarters at Hampstead. Grandmamma Baker received us lads with something like disappointment. She would have been better contented had we been six feet high, bony as Highland cattle, with freckled faces, and cheek-bones like horns. Aunt Georgina Baker embraced and kissed her nephews with effusion. She had not been long parted from us. Mrs. Frank Burton, the other aunt, had not seen us for ten years, and of course could not recognize us.

We found two very nice little girl-cousins, who assisted us to pass the time. But the old dislike to our surroundings, returned with redoubled violence. Everything appeared to us so small, so mean, so ugly. The faces of the women were the only exception to the general rule of hideousness. The houses were so unlike houses, and more like the Nuremberg toys magnified. The outsides were so prim, so priggish, so utterly unartistic. The little bits of garden were mere slices, as if they had been sold by the inch. The interiors were cut up into such wretched little rooms, more like ship-cabins than what was called rooms in Italy. The drawing-rooms were crowded with hideous little tables, that made it dangerous to pass from one side to the other. The tables were heaped with nick-nacks, that served neither for use or show. And there was a desperate neatness and cleanness about everything that made us remember the old story of the Stoic who spat in the face of the master of the house because it was the most untidy place in the dwelling.

Then came a second parting. Edward was to be placed under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Havergal, rector of some country parish. Later on, he wrote to say that "Richard must not correspond with his brother, as he had turned his name into a peculiar form of ridicule." He was in the musical line, and delighted in organ-playing. But Edward seemed to consider the whole affair a bore,

and was only too happy when he could escape from the harmonious parsonage.

In the mean time I had been tried and found wanting. One of my father's sisters (Mrs. General D'Aguilar, as she called herself) had returned from India, after an uninterrupted residence of a score of years, with a large supply of children of both sexes. She had settled herself temporarily at Cambridge, to superintend the education of her eldest son, John Burton D'Aguilar, who was intended for the Church, and who afterwards became a chaplain in the Bengal Establishment. Amongst her many acquaintances was a certain Professor Sholefield, a well-known Grecian. My father had rather suspected that very little had been done in the house, in the way of classical study, during the last two years. The Professor put me through my paces in Virgil and Homer, and found me lamentably deficient. I did not even know who Isis was! worse still, it was found out that I, who spoke French and Italian and their dialects like a native, who had a considerable smattering of Bearnais, Spanish, and Provençale, barely knew the Lord's Prayer, broke down in the Apostles' Creed, and had never heard of the Thirty-nine Articles—a terrible revelation!

CHAPTER IV.

OXFORD.

As it was Long Vacation at Oxford, and I could not take rooms at once in Trinity College, where my name had been put down, it was necessary to place me somewhere out of mischief. At the intervention of friends, a certain Doctor Greenhill agreed to lodge and coach me till the opening term. The said doctor had just married a relation of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and he had taken his bride to Paris, in order to show her the world and to indulge himself in a little dissecting. Meanwhile I was placed *pro tem.* with another medical don, Dr. Ogle, and I enjoyed myself in that house. The father was a genial man, and he had nice sons and pretty daughters. As soon as Dr. Greenhill returned to his house in High Street, Oxford, I was taken up there by my father, and was duly consigned to the new tutor. Mr. Du Pré vanished, and was never seen again.

The first sight of Oxford struck me with a sense of appal. "O Domus antiqua et religiosa," cried Queen Elizabeth, in 1664, standing opposite Pembroke College, which the Dons desecrated in 1875. I could not imagine how such fine massive and picturesque old buildings as the colleges could be mixed up with the mean little houses that clustered around them, looking as if they were built of cardboard. In after days, I remembered the feeling, when looking at the Temple of the Sun in Palmyra, surrounded by its Arab huts, like swallows' nests planted upon a palace wall. And everything, *except* the colleges, looked so mean.

The good old Mitre was, if not the only, at least the chief hostelry of the place, and it had the outward and visible presence of a pot-house. The river with the classical name of Isis, was a mere moat, and its influent, the Cherwell, was a ditch. The country around, especially just after Switzerland, looked flat and monotonous in the extreme. The skies were brown-grey, and, to an Italian nose, the smell of the coal smoke was a perpetual abomination. Queer beings

walked the streets, dressed in aprons that hung behind, from their shoulders, and caps consisting of a square, like that of a lancer's helmet, planted upon a semi-oval to contain the head. These queer creatures were carefully shaved, except, perhaps, a diminutive mutton-cutlet on each side of their face, and the most serious sort were invariably dressed *in vestibus nigris aut sub fuscis*.

Moreover, an indescribable appearance of donnishness or incipient donnishness pervaded the whole lot. The juniors looked like school-boys who aspired to be schoolmasters, and the seniors as if their aspirations had been successful. I asked after the famous Grove of Trinity, where Charles I. used to walk when tired of Christ Church meadows, and which the wits called Daphne. It had long been felled, and the ground was covered with buildings.

At last term opened, and I transferred myself from Dr. Greenhill to Trinity College.

Then my University life began, and readers must be prepared not to be shocked at the recital of my college failures, which only proves the truth of what I said before, that if a father means his boy to succeed in an English career, he must put him to a preparatory school, Eton or Oxford, educate him for his coming profession, and not drag his family about the Continent, under governesses and tutors, to learn fencing, languages, and become wild, and to belong to nowhere in particular as to parish or county.

In the autumn term of 1840, at nineteen and a half, I began residence in Trinity College, where my quarters were a pair of dog-holes, called rooms, overlooking the garden of the Master of Balliol. My reception at College was not pleasant. I had grown a splendid moustache, which was the envy of all the boys abroad, and which all the advice of Drs. Ogle and Greenhill failed to make me remove. I declined to be shaved until formal orders were issued to the authorities of the college. For I had already formed strong ideas upon the Shaven age of England, when her history, with some brilliant exceptions, such as Marlborough, Wellington, or Nelson, was at its meanest.

As I passed through the entrance of the College, a couple of brother collegians met me, and the taller one laughed in my face. Accustomed to continental decorum, I handed him my card and called him out. But the college lad, termed by courtesy an Oxford man, had possibly read of duels, had probably never touched a weapon, sword or pistol, and his astonishment at the invitation exceeded all bounds. Explanations succeeded, and I went my way sadly, and felt as if I had fallen amongst *épiciers*. The college porter had kindly warned me against tricks played by

the older hands, upon "fresh young gentlemen," and strongly advised me to "sport my oak," or, in other words, to bar and lock my outer door. With dignity deeply hurt, I left the entrance wide open, and thrust a poker into the fire, determined to give all intruders the warmest possible reception. This was part and parcel of that unhappy education abroad. In English public schools, boys learn first "to take," and then "to give." They begin by being tossed, and then by tossing others in the blanket. Those were days when practical jokes were in full force. Happily it is now extinct. Every greenhorn coming to college or joining a regiment, was liable to the roughest possible treatment, and it was only by submitting with the utmost good humour, that he won the affection of his comrades, and was looked upon as a gentleman. But the practice also had its darker phase. It ruined many a prospect, and it lost many a life. The most amusing specimen that I ever saw was that of a charming youngster, who died soon after joining his Sepoy regiment. The oldsters tried to drink him under the table at mess, and had notably failed. About midnight, when he was enjoying his first sleep, he suddenly awoke and found a ring of spectral figures dancing round between his bed and the tent-walls. After a minute's reflection, he jumped up, seized a sheet, threw it over his shoulders, and joined the dancers, saying, "If this is the fashion I suppose I must do it also." The jokers, baffled a second time, could do nothing but knock him down and run away.

The example of the larky Marquis of Waterford, seemed to authorize all kinds of fantastic tricks. The legend was still fresh, that he had painted the Dean of Christ Church's door red, because that formidable dignitary had objected to his wearing "pink" in High Street. Another, and far more inexcusable prank, was his sending all the accoucheurs in the town, to the house of a middle-aged maiden lady, whose father, a don, had offended him. In the colleges they did not fly at such high game, but they cruelly worried everything in the shape of a freshman. One unfortunate youth, a fellow who had brought with him a dozen of home-made wine, elder and cowslip, was made shockingly tight by brandy being mixed with his port, and was put to bed with all his bottles disposed on different parts of his person. Another, of æsthetic tastes, prided himself upon his china, and found it next morning all strewed in pieces about his bed. A third, with carroty whiskers, had them daubed with mustard, also while in a state of insensibility, and had to have them fall, yellow, next morning under a barber's hands.

I caused myself to be let down by a rope into the Master of Balliol's garden, plucked up some of the finest flowers by the roots,

and planted in their place great staring marigolds. The study of the old gentleman's countenance when he saw them next morning was a joy for ever. Another prank was to shoot with an air-cane, an article strictly forbidden in college, at a brand-new watering-pot, upon which the old gentleman greatly prided himself, and the way which the water spirted over his reverend gaiters, gave an ineffable delight to the knot of mischievous undergraduates who were prospecting him from behind the curtain. I, however, always had considerable respect for the sturdy common sense of old Dr. Jenkins, and I made a kind of amends to him in "Vikram and the Vampire," where he is the only Pundit who objected to the tiger being resurrectioned. Another neat use of the air-cane, was to shoot the unhappy rooks, over the heads of the dons, as they played at bowls; the grave and reverend signiors would take up the body, and gravely debate what had caused the sudden death, when a warm stream of blood, trickling into their shirts, explained it only too clearly. No undergraduate in college could safely read his classics out loud after ten o'clock p.m., or his "oak" was broken with dumb-bells, and the dirty oil lamp, that half lit the stairs, was thrown over him and his books.

I made amends to a certain extent for my mischief by putting my fellow-collegians to bed, and I always maintain that the Welshmen were those who gave me the most trouble.

The Oxford day, considered with relation to the acquisition of knowledge, was a "fast" pure and simple—it began in the morning with Chapel, during which time most men got up their logic. We then breakfasted either in our rooms, or in large parties, where we consumed an immense quantity of ham, bacon, eggs, mutton chops, and indigestible muffins. We then attended a couple of lectures, and this was Time completely thrown away. We were then free for the day, and every man passed his time as he best pleased. I could not afford to keep horses, and always hated the idea of riding hired hacks. My only amusements therefore were walking, rowing, and the school-at-arms. My walks somehow or other always ended at Bagley Wood, where a pretty gypsy girl (Selina), dressed in silks and satins, sat in state to receive the shillings and the homage of the undergraduates. I worked hard, under a coach, at sculling and rowing; I was one of the oars in the College Torpid, and a friend and I challenged the River in a two-oar, but unfortunately both of us were rusticated before the race came off.

My friend in misfortune belonged to an eminent ecclesiastical family, and distinguished himself accordingly. Returning from

Australia, he landed at Mauritius without a farthing. Most men under the circumstances would have gone to the Governor, told their names, and obtained a passage to England. But the individual in question had far too much individuality to take so commonplace a step. He wrote home to his family for money, and meanwhile took off his coat, tucked up his sleeves, and worked like a coolie on the wharf. When the cheque for his passage was sent, he invited all his brother coolies to a spread of turtle, champagne, and all the luxuries of the season, at the swell hotel of the place, and left amidst the blessings of Shem and the curse of Japhet. Another of my college companions—the son of a bishop, by-the-by—made a cavalry regiment too hot to hold him, and took his passage to the Cape of Good Hope in an emigrant ship. On the third day he brought out a portable roulette table, which the captain sternly ordered off the deck. But the ship was a slow sailer, she fell in with calms about the Line, and the official rigour was relaxed. First one began to play, and then another, and at last the ship became a perfect “hell.” After a hundred narrow escapes, and all manner of risks by fire and water, and the fists and clubs of the enraged losers, the distinguished youth landed at Cape Town with almost £5000 in his pocket.

The great solace of *my* life was the fencing-room. When I first entered Oxford, its only *salle d'armes* was kept by old Angelo, the grandson of the gallant old Italian, mentioned by Edgeworth, but who knew about as much of fencing as a French collegian after six months of *salle d'armes*. He was a priggish old party too, celebrated for walking up to his pupils and for whispering stagemely, after a salute with the foil, “This, sir, is not so much a School of Arms as a *School of Politeness*.” Presently a rival appeared in the person of Archibald Maclaren, who soon managed to make his mark. He established an excellent saloon, and he gradually superseded all the wretched gymnastic yard, which lay some half a mile out of the town. He was determined to make his way; he went over to Paris, when he could, to work with the best masters, published his systems of fencing and gymnastics, and he actually wrote a little book of poetry, which he called “Songs of the Sword.” He and I became great friends, which friendship lasted for life. The only question that ever arose between us was touching the advisability or non advisability of eating sweet buns and drinking strong ale at the same time. At the fencing-rooms I made acquaintance, which afterwards became a life-long friendship, with Alfred Bates Richards. He was a tall man, upwards of six feet high, broad in proportion, and very muscular. I found it inadvisable to box with him, but could easily

master him with foil and broadsword. He was one of the few who would take the trouble to learn. Mostly Englishmen go to a fencing school, and, after six weeks' lessons, clamour to be allowed to fence loose, and very loose fencing it is, and is fated always to be. In the same way, almost before they can fix their colours they want to paint *tableaux de genre*, and they have hardly learnt their scales, when they want to attempt *bravura* pieces. On the Continent men work for months, and even years, before they think themselves in sight of their journey's end. A. B. Richards and I often met in after life and became intimates. His erratic career is well known, and he died at a comparatively early age, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. He had raised the tone of the Licensed Victuallers' organ to such a high pitch that even Lord Beaconsfield congratulated him upon it.

A. B. Richards was furious to see the treatment my services received; he always stood up bravely for me—his fellow-collegian, both with word and pen—in leaders too.

The time for "Hall," that is to say for college dinner, was five p.m., and the scene was calculated to astonish a youngster brought up on the Continent. The only respectable part of it was the place itself, not a bad imitation of some old convent refectory. The details were mean in the extreme, and made me long for the meanest *table d'hôte*. Along the bottom of the Hall, raised upon a dwarf dais, ran the high table, intended for the use of fellows and fellow-commoners. The other tables ran along the sides. Wine was forbidden, malt liquor being the only drink. The food certainly suited the heavy strong beers and ales brewed in the college. It consisted chiefly of hunches of meat, cooked after Homeric or Central African fashion, and very filling at the price. The vegetables, as usual, were plain boiled, without the slightest aid to digestion. Yet the college cooks were great swells. They were paid as much as an average clergyman, and put most of their sons into the Church. In fact, the stomach had to do the whole work, whereas a good French or Italian cook does half the work for it in his saucepans. This cannibal meal was succeeded by stodgy pudding, and concluded with some form of cheese, Cheshire or double Gloucester, which painfully reminded one of bees'-wax, and this was called dinner. Very soon my foreign stomach began to revolt at such treatment, and I found out a place in the town, where, when I could escape Hall, I could make something of a dinner.

The moral of the scene offended all my prepossessions. The fellow-

commoners were simply men, who by paying double what the commoners paid, secured double privileges. This distinction of castes is odious, except in the case of a man of certain age, who would not like to be placed in the society of young lads. But worse still was the gold tuft, who walked the streets with a silk gown, and a gorgeous tassel on his college cap. These were noblemen, the offensive English equivalent for men of title. *Generosus nascitur nobilis fit*. The Grandfathers of these noblemen may have been pitmen or grocers, but the simple fact of *having* titles, entitled them to most absurd distinctions. For instance, with a smattering of letters, enough to enable a commoner to squeeze through an ordinary examination, gold tuft took a first class, and it was even asserted that many took their degrees by merely sending up their books. They were allowed to live in London as much as they liked, and to condescend to college at the rare times they pleased. Some Heads of Colleges would not stoop to this degradation, especially Dean Gaisford of Christ Church, who compelled Lord W—— to leave it and betake himself to Trinity; but the place was, with notable exceptions, a hotbed of toadyism and flunkeyism. When Mr. (now Sir Robert) Peel first appeared in the High Street, man, woman, and child stood to look at him because he was the son of the Prime Minister.

After dinner it was the custom to go to wine. These desserts were another abomination. The table was spread with a vast variety of fruits and sweetmeats, supplied at the very highest prices, and often on tick, by the Oxford tradesmen,—model sharks. Some men got their wine from London, others bought theirs in the town. Claret was then hardly known, and port, sherry, and Madeira, all of the strong military ditto type, were the only drinks. These wines were given in turn by the undergraduates, and the meal upon meal would have injured the digestion of a young shark. At last, about this time, some unknown fellow, whose name deserved to be immortalized, drew out a cigar and insisted on smoking it, despite the disgust and uproar that the novelty created. But the fashion made its way, and the effects were admirable. The cigar, and afterwards the pipe, soon abolished the cloying dessert, and reduced the consumption of the loaded wines to a minimum.

But the English were very peculiar about smoking. In the days of Queen Anne it was so universal that dissident jurymen were locked up without meat, drink, or tobacco. During the continental wars it became un-English to smoke, and consequently men, and even women, took snuff. And for years it was considered as disgraceful to smoke a cigar out of doors as to have one's boots blacked, or to

eat an orange at Hyde Park Corner. "Good gracious! you don't mean to say that you smoke in the streets?" said an East Indian Director in after years, when he met me in Pall Mall with a cigar in my mouth. Admiral Henry Murray, too, vainly endeavoured to break through the prohibition by leading a little squad of smoking friends through Kensington Gardens. Polite ladies turned away their faces, and unpolite ladies muttered something about "snobs." At last the Duke of Argyll spread his plaid under a tree in Hyde Park, lighted a cutty pipe, and beckoned his friends to join him. Within a month every one in London had a cigar in his mouth. A pretty lesson to inculcate respect for popular prejudice!

After the dessert was finished, not a few men called for cognac, whisky, and gin, and made merry for the rest of the evening. But what else was there for them to do? Unlike a foreign University, the theatre was discouraged; it was the meanest possible little house, decent actors were ashamed to show themselves in it, and an actress of the calibre of Mrs. Nesbitt appeared only every few years. Opera, of course, there was none, and if there had been, not one in a thousand would have understood the language, and not one in a hundred would have appreciated the music. Occasionally there was a concert given by some wandering artists, with the special permission of the college authorities, and a dreary two hours' work it was. Balls were unknown, whereby the marriageable demoiselles of Oxford lost many an uncommon good chance. A mesmeric lecturer occasionally came down there and caused some fun. He called for subjects, and amongst the half-dozen that presented themselves was one young gentleman who had far more sense of humour than discretion. When thrown into a deep slumber, he arose, with his eyes apparently fast closed, and, passing into the circle of astonished spectators, began to distribute kisses right and left. Some of these salutations fell upon the sacred cheeks of the daughters of the Heads of Houses, and the tableau may be imagined.

This dull, monotonous life was varied in my case by an occasional dinner with families whose acquaintance I had made in the town. At Dr. Greenhill's I once met at dinner Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Newman and Dr. Arnold. I expected great things from their conversation, but it was mostly confined to discussing the size of the Apostles in the Cathedral of St. Peter's in Rome, and both these eminent men showed a very dim recollection of the subject. I took a great fancy to Dr. Newman, and used to listen to his sermons, when I would never give half an hour to any other preacher. There was a peculiar gentleness in his manner, and the matter was always suggestive. Dr. Newman was Vicar of St. Mary's, at Oxford, and

used to preach, at times, University sermons; there was a stamp and seal upon him, a solemn music and sweetness in his tone and manner, which made him singularly attractive, yet there was no change of inflexion in his voice; action he had none; his sermons were always read, and his eyes were ever upon his book; his figure was lean and stooping, and the *tout ensemble* was anything but dignified or commanding, yet the delivery suited the matter of his speech, and the combination suggested complete candour and honesty; he said only what he believed, and he induced others to believe with him. On the other hand, Dr. Pusey's University sermons used to last for an hour and a half; they were filled with Latin and Greek, dealt with abstruse subjects, and were delivered in the dullest possible way, and seemed to me like a *mauvais rêve* or nightmare.

At Dr. Greenhill's, too, I met Don Pascual de Gayangos, the Spanish Arabist. Already wearying of Greek and Latin, I had attacked Arabic, and soon was well on in Erpinus's Grammar; but there was no one to teach me, so I began to teach myself, and to write the Arabic letters from left to right, instead of from right to left, *i.e.* the wrong way. Gayangos, when witnessing this proceeding, burst out laughing, and showed me how to copy the alphabet. In those days, learning Arabic at Oxford was not easy. There was a Regius Professor, but he had other occupations than to profess. If an unhappy undergraduate went up to him, and wanted to learn, he was assured that it was the duty of a professor to teach a class, and not an individual. All this was presently changed, but not before it was high time. The Sundays used generally to be passed in "outings." It was a pleasure to get away from Oxford, and to breathe the air which was not at least half smoke.

Another disagreeable of Oxford was, the continuous noise of bells. You could not make sure of five minutes without one giving tongue, and in no part of the world, perhaps, is there a place where there is such a perpetual tinkling of metal. The maddening jangle of bells seems to have been the survival of two centuries ago. In 1698 Paul Heutzner wrote: "The English are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells, so that it is common for a number of them that have got a 'glass' in their heads, to go up into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise."

A favourite Sunday trip used to be to Abingdon, which, by the wisdom of the dons in those days, was the railway station of Oxford.

Like most men of conservative tendency, who disliked to move quiet things, who cultivated the *status quo*, because they could hardly be better off, and might be worse off, and who feared nothing more than innovations, because these might force on enquiring into the disposal of the revenues and other delicate monetary questions, they had fought against the line with such good will, that they had left it nearly ten miles distant from the town. Their conduct was by no means exceptional; thousands did the same. For instance, Lord John Scott, determined to prevent the surveyor passing through his estate, engaged a company of "Nottingham Lambs," and literally strewed the floor of the porter's lodge with broken surveying instruments. Mrs. Partington cannot keep out the tide with her rake, and the consequence was that Oxford was obliged to build a branch line, and soon had to lament that she had lost the advantage of the main line.

The Rev. Thomas Short was at that time doing Sunday duty at Abingdon. He was not distinguished for ability as a college tutor, but he was a gentlemanly and kind-hearted man; he was careful not to be too sharp-eyed when he met undergraduates at Abingdon. They generally drove out in tandems, which the absurd regulations of the place kept in fashion, by forbidding them. No one would have driven them had they not possessed the merits of stolen fruit. I, having carefully practised upon "Dobbin" in my earlier days, used thoroughly to enjoy driving. In later years I met with my old tutor, the Rev. Thomas Short, who lived to a great age, and died universally respected and regretted by all who knew him.

At last the lagging autumnal term passed away, and I went up to my grandmother and aunts in Great Cumberland Place. It was not lively; a household full of women only, rarely is.

The style of Society was very promiscuous. The Rev. Mr. Hutchins, the clergyman under whom the family "sat" in the adjoining Quebec Chapel, introduced me to the eccentric Duke of Brunswick, who used to laugh consumedly at my sallies of high spirits. Lady Dinorben, with whom Mrs. Phayre still lived, gave me an occasional invitation. The aunts' near neighbours were old General Sutherland of the Madras Army, whose son Alick I afterwards met in the Neilgherry Hills. Mr. Lawyer Dendy was still alive, and one of his sons shortly after followed me to India as a Bombay civilian. Another pleasant acquaintance was Mrs. White, wife of the colonel of the 3rd Dragoons, whose three stalwart sons were preparing for India, and gave me the first idea of going there.

A man who dances, who dresses decently, and who is tolerably well introduced, rarely wants invitations to balls in London, and I found some occupation for my evenings.

But I sadly wanted a club, and in those days the institution was not as common as it is now. At odd times I went to the theatres, and amused myself with the humours of the little "Pic" and the old Cocoa-Nut Tree. But hazard is a terrible game. It takes a man years to learn it well, and by that time he has lost all the luck with which he begins. I always disliked private play, although I played a tolerable hand at whist, *écarté*, and piquet, but I found it almost as unpleasant to win from my friends as to lose to my friends. On the other hand, I was unusually lucky at public tables. I went upon a principle, not a theory, which has ruined so many men. I noted as a rule that players are brave enough when they lose, whereas they begin to fear when they win. My plan, therefore, was to put a certain sum in my pocket and resolve never to exceed it. If I lost it I stopped, one of the advantages of public over private playing; but I did not lay down any limits to winning when I was in luck; I boldly went ahead, and only stopped when I found fortune turning the other way.

My grandmother's house was hardly pleasant to a devoted smoker; I was put out on the leads, leading from the staircase, whenever I required a weed. So I took lodgings in Maddox Street, and there became as it were a "man about town." My brother Edward joined me, and we had, as the Yankees say, "A high old time." It appeared only too short, and presently came on the Spring Term, when I returned to my frouzy rooms in Trinity College; and I had not formed many friendships in Trinity itself. It had made a name for fastness amongst the last generation of undergraduates, and now a reaction had set in. They laughed at me, at my first lecture, because I spoke in Roman Latin—real Latin—I did not know the English pronunciation, only known in England. The only men of my own college I met in after life, were Father Coleridge, S.J., and Edward A. Freeman, of Somerleaze, the historian.

Mrs. Grundy had then just begun to reign, inaugurated by Douglas Jerrold with "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" This ancient *genitrix* highly disapproved of my foreign ways, and my expressed dislike to school and college, over which I ought to have waxed sentimental, tender, and æsthetic; it appeared to her little short of blasphemy. I had a few friends at "Exeter," including Richards, and three at Brasenose, then famous for drinking heavy beers and ales as Bonn or Heidelberg, especially on Shrove Tuesday, when certain verses chaffingly called the "Carmen seculare" used to be sung. But I

delighted in "Oriel," which, both as regards fellows and undergraduates, was certainly the nicest college of *my* day. There I spent the chief part of my time with Wilberforce, Foster, and a little knot, amongst whom was Tom Hughes (afterwards Tom Brown). We boxed regularly, and took lessons from Goodman, ex-pugilist and pedestrian, and actual tailor, who came down to Oxford at times. We had great fun with Burke—the fighting man—who on one occasion honoured Oxford with his presence. The "Deaf 'un," as he was called, had a face that had been hammered into the consistency of sole-leather, and one evening, after being too copiously treated, he sat down in a heavy armchair, and cried out, "Now, lads! half a crown a hit." We all tried our knuckles upon his countenance, and only hurt our own knuckles.

Balliol (it was chiefly supplied from Rugby) then held her head uncommonly high. As all know, Dr. Arnold had made the fortune of Rugby, and caused it to be recognized among public schools. During his early government the Rugbyites had sent a cricket challenge to Eton, and the Etonians had replied "that they would be most happy to send their scouts;" but as scholarship at Eton seemed to decline, so it rose in Rugby and Oxford. Scholarship means *£ s. d.* At Balliol I made acquaintance with a few men, whose names afterwards made a noise in the world. They all belonged to a generation, collegically speaking, older than myself. Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge) was still lingering there, but he had taken his bachelor's degree, and his brother, afterwards a Jesuit and author of many works, was a scholar at Trinity. Ward of Balliol, who also became a Catholic, was chiefly remarkable for his minute knowledge of the circulating library novels of the Laura-Matilda type. He suffered from insomnia, and before he could sleep, he was obliged to get through a few volumes every night. Lake of Balliol, then a young don, afterwards turned out a complete man of the world; and there is no need to speak of Jowett, who had then just passed as B.A., and was destined to be Master of Balliol.

Oxford between 1840 and 1842 was entering upon great changes. The old style of "fellow," a kind of survival of the Benedictine monks, was rapidly becoming extinct, and only one or two remained. Men who lived surrounded by their books on vertical stands, were capable of asking you if "cats let loose in woods would turn to tigers," and tried to keep pace with the age by reading up the *Times* of eight years past. But a great deal of reform was still wanted. Popular idea about Oxford was, that the Classic groves of Isis were hotbeds for classical *Scholasticism*, whilst Cambridge succeeded better in Mathematics, but I soon found out that one would

learn more Greek and Latin in one year at Bonn and Heidelberg than in three at Oxford. The college teaching, for which one was obliged to pay, was of the most worthless description. Two hours a day were regularly wasted, and those who read for honours were obliged to choose and to pay for a private coach. Amongst the said coaches were some *drôles*, who taught in very peculiar ways, by Rhymes, not always of the most delicate description. One celebrated coach, after lecturing his blockheads upon the subject, we will say, of Salmanizer, would say to them, "Now, you fellows, you'll forget in a day everything that I've been teaching you for the last hour. Whenever you hear this man's name, just repeat to yourselves * * * * * and you'll remember all about it."

The worst of such teaching was, that it had no order and no system. Its philology was ridiculous, and it did nothing to work the reasoning powers. Learning foreign languages, as a child learns its own, is mostly a work of pure memory, which acquires, after childhood, every artificial assistance possible. My system of learning a language in two months was purely my own invention, and thoroughly suited myself. I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learnt them by heart by carrying them in my pocket and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never worked more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness. After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumbled through some easy book-work (one of the Gospels is the most come-atable), and underlined every word that I wished to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume, I then carefully worked up the grammar minutiae, and I then chose some other book whose subject most interested me. The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid. If I came across a new sound like the Arabic *Ghayn*, I trained my tongue to it by repeating it so many thousand times a day. When I read, I invariably read out loud, so that the ear might aid memory. I was delighted with the most difficult characters, Chinese and Cuneiform, because I felt that they impressed themselves more strongly upon the eye than the eternal Roman letters. This, by-and-by, made me resolutely stand aloof from the hundred schemes for transliterating Eastern languages, such as Arabic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Syriac, into Latin letters, and whenever I conversed with anybody in a language that I was learning, I took the trouble to repeat their words inaudibly after them, and so to learn the trick of pronunciation and emphasis.

During this term I formally gave up my intention to read for a first class. *Aut primus aut nullus* was ever my motto, and though many second-class men have turned out better than many first-class men, I did not care to begin life with a failure. I soon ascertained the fact that men who may rely upon first classes are bred to it from their childhood, even as horses and dogs are trained. They must not waste time and memory upon foreign tongues. They must not dissipate their powers of brain upon anything like general education. They may know the -isms, but they must be utterly ignorant of the -ologies; but, above all things, they must not indulge themselves with what is popularly called "*The World.*" They must confine themselves to one straight line, a college curriculum, and even then they can never be certain of success. At the very moment of gaining the prize their health may break down, and compel them to give up work. I surprised Dr Greenhill by my powers of memory when I learned Adam's "*Antiquities*" by heart. But the doctor, who had not taken a class himself, threw cold water on my ambition—perhaps the best thing he could do—and frankly told me that, though I *could* take a first class, he could by no means answer that I *would*. The fellows of Trinity were nice gentlemanly men, but I by no means wished to become one of the number. My father had set his heart upon both sons being provided for by the Universities, and very often "when fathers propose, sons dispose."

My disgust at the idea of University honours was perhaps not decreased by my trying for the two scholarships, and failing to get them.

I attributed my non-success at University College (where I was beaten by a man who turned a chorus of Æschylus into doggerel verse) chiefly to my having stirred the bile of my examiners with my real (Roman) Latin. At times, too, the devil palpably entered into me, and made me speak Greek Romaically by accent, and not by quantity, even as they did and still do at Athens. I had learnt this much from one of the Rhodo-Kanakis Greek merchants at Marseille, so that I could converse in Latin and Greek as spoken as well as ancient Latin and Greek.

Years after I was laughed at at Oxford, public opinion took a turn, and Roman pronunciation of Latin was adopted in many of the best schools. I was anxious to see them drop their absurd mispronunciation of Greek, but all the authorities whom I consulted on the subject, declared to me that schoolmasters had quite enough to do with learning Italianized Latin, and could not be expected to trouble themselves with learning Athenianized Greek.

At last the dreary time passed away, and a happy family meeting was promised. My father brought my mother and sister from Pisa to Wiesbaden in Germany, and we boys, as we were still called, were invited over to spend the Long Vacation. We were also to escort

Mrs. D'Aguilar, who with two of her daughters were determined to see the Rhine. One of the girls was Emily, who died soon. The other was Eliza, who married a clergyman of the name of Pope, and whose son, Lieutenant Pope of the 24th Queen's, died gallantly at Isandula; though surrounded by numbers, he kept firing his revolver and wounding his enemies, till he received a mortal wound by an assegai in the breast. This was on January 22nd, 1879. In the end of 1875 he came to Folkestone, to take leave of my wife and me, who were going out to India. We both liked him very much.

In those days travellers took the steamer from London Bridge, dropped quietly down the Thames, and, gaining varied information about the places on both sides of it, dined as usual on a boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce, and roast ribs of beef with horse-radish, and slept as best they could in the close boxes called berths or on deck; if the steamer was in decent order, and there was not too much head wind, they could be in the Scheldt next morning.

Our little party passed a day at Antwerp, which looked beautiful from the river. The Cathedral tower and the tall roofs and tapering spires of the churches around it made a matchless group. We visited the fortifications, which have lately done such good work, and we had an indigestion of Rubens, who appeared so gross and so fleshy after the Italian school. Mrs. D'Aguilar was dreadfully scandalized, when, coming suddenly into a room, she found her two nephews at romps with a pretty little *soubrette*, whose short petticoats enabled her to deliver the sharpest possible kicks, while she employed her hands in vigorously defending her jolly red cheeks. The poor lady threw up her hands and her eyes to heaven when she came suddenly upon this little scene, and she was even more shocked when she found that her escort had passed the Sunday evening in the theatre.

From Antwerp we travelled to Bruges, examined the belfry, heard the chimes, and then went on to Cologne. A marvellous old picturesque place it was, with its combination of old churches, crumbling walls, gabled houses, and the narrowest and worst-paved streets we had ever seen. The old Cathedral in those days was not finished, and threatened never to be finished. Still there was the grand solitary tower, with the mystical-looking old crane on the top, and a regular garden growing out of the chinks and crannies of the stonework. Coleridge's saying about Cologne, was still emphatically true in those days, and all travellers had recourse to "Jean Marie Farina *Gegenüber*." What a change there is now, with that hideous Gothic railway bridge, and its sham battlements, and loopholes to defend nothing, with its hideous cast-iron turret over the centre of the church, where the old architect had intended a

light stone lantern-tower, with the ridiculous terrace surrounding the building, and with the hideous finials with which the modern German architects have disfigured the grand old building!

At Cologne we took the steamer and ran up the river. A far more sensible proceeding than that of these days, when tourists take the railway, and consequently can see only one side of the view. The river craft was comfortable, the meals were plentiful, the Pilsporter was a sound and unadulterated wine, and married remarkably well with Knaster tobacco, smoked in long pipes with painted china bowls. The crowd, too, was good-tempered, and seemed to enjoy its holiday. Bonn, somehow or other, always managed to show at least one very pretty girl, with blue porcelain eyes and gingerbread-coloured hair. Then came the Castle Crag of Drachenfels and the charming Siebengebirge, which in those days were not spoiled by factory chimneys. We landed at Mainz, and from there drove over to the old Fontes Mattiace, called in modern day Wiesbaden.

It has been said that to enjoy the Rhine one must go to it *from* England, not the other way from Switzerland; and travellers' opinions are very much divided about it, some considering it extremely grand, and others simply pretty. I was curious to see what its effect upon me would be after visiting the four quarters of the globe; so, in May, 1872, I dropped down the river from Basle to the mouth. The southern and the northern two-thirds were uninteresting, but I found the middle as pretty as ever, and, in fact, I enjoyed the beautiful and interesting river more than when I had seen it as a boy.

I found the middle, beginning at Bingen, charming. Bishop Hatto's Tower had become a cockneyfied affair, and the castles, banks, and islands were disagreeably suggestive of Richmond Hill. But Drachenfels, Nonnenswerth, and Rolandseck, were charming, and I quite felt the truth of the saying, that this is one of the paradises of Germany. At Düsseldorf the river became old and ugly, and so continued till Rotterdam.

Wiesbaden in those days was intensely "German and ordinary," as Horace Walpole says. It was a kind of Teutonic Margate, with a *chic* of its own. In the days before railways, this was the case with all these "Baths," where people either went to play, or to get rid of what the Germans call *eine sehr schöne corpulenz*, a corporation acquired by stuffing food of three kinds, salt, sour, or greasy, during nine or ten months of the year. It was impossible to mistake princely Baden-Baden and its glorious Black Forest, for invalid Kissingen or for Homberg, which combined mineral waters and

gambling tables. Wiesbaden was so far interesting that it showed the pure and unadulterated summer life of middle-class Germans. There you see in perfection the grave blue-green German eye.

Our family found a comfortable house at Wiesbaden, and the German servants received the "boys," as we were still called, with exclamations of "Ach! die schöne schwarze kinder." We paid occasionally furtive visits to the Kursaal, and lost a few sovereigns like men. But our chief amusement was the fencing-room. Here we had found new style of play, with the *schläger*, a pointless rapier with razor-like edges. It was a favourite student's weapon, used to settle all their affairs of honour, and they used it with the silly hanging guard. Some of them gave half an hour every day to working at the post, a wooden pillar stuck up in the middle of the room and bound with vertical ribbons of iron.

When we were tired of Wiesbaden, we amused ourselves with wandering about the country. We visited the nearer watering-places.

We then returned to Wiesbaden, and went over to Heidelberg, which is so charmingly picturesque. Here we found a little colony of English, and all fraternized at once.

We "boys" wanted to enter one of the so-called brigades, and chose the Nassau, which was the fightingest of all. An Irish student, who was one of the champions of the corps, and who had distinguished himself by slitting more than one nose, called upon us, and, over sundry *schoppes* of beer, declared that we could not be admitted without putting in an appearance at the Hirschgasse. This was a little pot-house at the other side of the river, with a large room where monomachies were fought. The appearance of the combatants was very ridiculous. They had thick felt caps over their heads, whose visors defended their eyes. Their necks were swathed in enormous cravats, and their arms were both padded, and so were their bodies from the waist downwards. There was nothing to hit but the face and the chest. That, however, did not prevent disagreeable accidents. Sometimes too heavy a cut went into the lungs, and at other times took an effect upon either eye. But the grand thing was to walk off with the tip of the adversary's nose, by a dexterous upward snick from the hanging guard. A terrible story was told of a duel between a handsome man and an ugly man. Beauty had a lovely nose, and Beast so managed that presently it was found on the ground. Beauty made a rush for it, but Beast stamped it out of all shape. There was a very little retreating in these affairs, for the lines were chalked upon the ground. The seconds stood by, also armed with swords and protected with masks, to see that there was

nothing like a *sauhie* or unfair cut. A medical student was always present, and when a cut went home, the affair was stopped to sew it up. Sometimes, however, the artery shrank, and its patient was marked with a cross, as it was necessary to open his cheek above and below in order to tie it up.

A story is told of a doctor who attended a students' duel, when the mask fell, and one of them lost his nose. The doctor flew at it and picked it up, and put it in his mouth to keep it warm, whipped out his instruments, needle and thread, and so skilfully stitched on the nose, and stopped it with plaster, that the edges united, and in a few weeks the nose was as handsome and useful as ever.

We boys did not see the fun of this kind of thing, and when our Irish friend told us what the ordeal was, we said that we were perfectly ready to turn out with foils or rapiers, but that we could not stand the paddings. Duels with the broadsword, and without protection, were never fought except on desperate occasions. Our friend promised to report it to the brigade, and the result was that some time afterwards we were introduced to a student, who said that he knew a little fencing, and should like to try a *botte* with us. We smelt a rat, as the phrase is, and showed him only half of what we could do. But apparently that was enough, for our conditions were not accepted, and we were not admitted into the Nassau Brigade.

At Heidelberg I told my father that Oxford life did not in any way suit me. I pleaded for permission to go into the Army, and, that failing, to emigrate to Canada or Australia. He was inexorable. He was always thinking of that fellowship. Edward, too, was deadly tired of Dr. Havergal, and swore that he would rather be a "private" than a fellow of Cambridge. However, he was sent *nolens volens* to the University on the Cam, and there he very speedily came to grief. It was remarked of him, before the end of the first term, that he was never seen at Chapel. His tutor sent for him, and permitted himself strong language on this delinquency. "My dear sir," was the reply, "no party of pleasure ever gets me out of bed before ten o'clock, and do you *really, really* think that I am going to be in Chapel at eight o'clock?" "Are you joking, or is that your mature decision?" said the tutor. "My very ripest decision," said Edward, and consequently he was obliged to leave college without delay.

When the visit was over, and the autumnal term was beginning, I left Germany and steamed down the Rhine. Everything that I saw made me less likely to be pleased at the end of my journey. However, there was no choice for it. I arrived in London, and found my grandmother and aunts still at the seaside, in a house over the cliff at Ramsgate. Ramsgate I rather liked. There were some very

handsome girls there, the Ladies P—t, and the place had a kind of distant resemblance to Boulogne. The raffles at the libraries made it a caricature of a German Bath. I wandered about the country; I visited Margate, where the tone of society was perfectly marvellous, and ran about the small adjacent bathing-places, like Broadstairs and Herne Bay. This brought on the time when I was obliged to return to Oxford.

I went there with no good will, and as my father had refused to withdraw me from the University, I resolved to withdraw myself.

My course of action was one of boyish thoughtlessness. Reports of wine-parties were spread everywhere, whispers concerning parodies on venerable subjects, squibs appeared in the local papers—in those days an unpardonable offence—caricatures of Heads of Houses were handed about, and certain improvisations were passed from mouth to mouth. I had a curious power of improvising any number of rhymes, without the slightest forethought; but the power, such as it was, was perfectly useless to me, as it was accompanied with occasional moments of nervousness, when I despaired, without the slightest reason whatever, of finding the easiest rhyme. Probably the professional Italian, who declaims a poem or a tragedy, labours under the perfect conviction that nothing in the world can stop him. And then it is so much easier to rhyme in Italian than in English; so my efforts were mostly confined to epigrams and epitaphs, at wines and supper-parties, and you may be sure that these brilliant efforts did me no good.

This was the beginning of the end. My object was to be rusticated, not to be expelled. The former may happen in consequence of the smallest irregularity, the latter implies ungentlemanly conduct. I cast about in all directions for the safest line, when fortune put the clue into my hands. A celebrated steeplechaser, Oliver the Irishman, came down to Oxford, and I was determined to see him ride. The collegiate authorities, with questionable wisdom, forbade us all to be present at the races, and especially at what they called “the disgraceful scenes of ‘race ordinaries.’” Moreover, in order to make matters sure, they ordered all the undergraduates to be present at the college lecture, at the hour when the race was to be run.

A number of high-spirited youngsters of the different colleges swore that they would not stand this nonsense, that it was infringing the liberty of the subject, and that it was treating them like little boys, which they did not deserve. Here, doubtless, they were right. But, well foreseeing what would be the result, they acted according to the common saying, “In for a penny, in for a pound;” so

the tandem was ordered to wait behind Worcester College, and when they should have been attending a musty lecture in the tutor's room, they were flicking across the country at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The steeplechase was a delight, and Oliver was very amusing at the race ordinary, although he did not express much admiration for the riding of what he called "The Oxford lads."

Next morning there was eating of humble-pie. The various culprits were summoned to the Green Room and made conscious of the enormity of the offence. I secured the respect of the little knot by arguing the point with the college dignitaries. I boldly asserted that there was no moral turpitude at being present at a race. I vindicated the honour and dignity of collegiate men by asserting that they should not be treated as children. I even dropped the general axiom "that trust begets trust," and "they who trust us elevate us." Now, this was too much of a good thing, to commit a crime, and to declare it a virtuous action. Consequently, when all were rusticated, I was singled out from the *Hoi polloi*, by an especial recommendation not to return to Oxford from a Rus. Stung by a sense of injustice, I declared at once that I would leave the college, and expressed a vicious hope, that the caution-money deposited by my father would be honestly returned to him. This was the climax. There was a general rise of dignitaries, as if a violent expulsion from the room was intended. I made them my lowest and most courtly bow, Austrian fashion, which bends the body nearly double, wished them all happiness for the future, and retired from the scene. I did not see Oxford again till 1850, when, like the prodigal son, I returned to Alma Mater with a half-resolution to finish my terms and take my bachelor degree.* But the idea came too late. I had given myself up to Oriental studies, and I had begun to write books. Yet I was always glad, during my occasional visits home, to call at my old college, have a chat with the Reverend and Venerable Thomas Short, and to breakfast and dine with the dons who had been bachelors or undergraduates at the time of my departure.

The way in which I left Oxford was characteristic of the rest. One of my rusticated friends, Anderson of Oriel, had proposed that we should leave with a splurge—"go up from the land with a soar." There was now no need for the furtive tandem behind Worcester College. It was driven boldly up to the college doors. My bag and baggage were stowed away in it, and with a cantering leader and a high-trotting shaft-horse, which unfortunately went over the beds of the best flowers, we started from the High Street by the Queen's Highway to London, I artistically performing upon a yard of tin trumpet, waving adieu to my friends, and kissing my hand to the pretty shop-girls.

CHAPTER V.

GOING TO INDIA.

ARRIVING in London, I was received by the family harem with some little astonishment, for they already knew enough of "terms" to be aware that the last was unfinished. I was quite determined to have two or three days in peace, so I thoroughly satisfied all the exigencies of the position by declaring that I had been allowed an extra vacation for taking a double-first with the very highest honours. A grand dinner-party was given, quite the reverse of the fatted calf. Unfortunately, amongst the guests was the Rev. Mr. Phillips, a great friend of mine, who grinned at me, and indirectly ejaculated, "Rusticated, eh?" The aunts said nothing at the time, but they made inquiries, the result of which was a tableau.

This Phillips was the brother of Major-General Sir B. T. Phillips, who served long and well in the Bengal army, was rather a noted figure as a young-old man in London, and died in Paris in 1880.

You will say that these are wild oats with a vengeance, but most thus sow them, and it is better that they should sow them in early youth. Nothing is more melancholy than to see a man suddenly emancipated from family rule, and playing tricks when the heyday is passed. Youth is like new wine that must be allowed to ferment freely, or it will never become clear, strong, and well flavoured.

I was asked what I intended to do, and I replied simply that I wished to go into the Army, but that I preferred the Indian service, as it would show me more of the world, and give me a better chance of active service. There was no great difficulty in getting a commission. The Directors were bound not to sell them, but every now and then they would give a nomination to a friend, and my friend did not throw away the chance. My conviction is that the commission cost £500.

It was arranged that I should sail in the spring, and meanwhile I determined to have a jolly time.

Presently the day came when I was to be sworn in at the India House. In those days the old building stood in Leadenhall Street, and gave Thackeray a good opportunity of attacking it as the "Hall of Lead;" a wonderful dull and smoky old place it was, with its large and gorgeous porter outside, and its gloomy, stuffy old rooms inside, an atmosphere which had actually produced "The Essays of Elia." In those days it kept up a certain amount of respect for itself. If an officer received a gift of a sword, he was conducted by the tall porter to the general meeting of the Directors, and duly spoken to and complimented in form; but as times waxed harder, the poor twenty-four Kings of Leadenhall Street declined from Princes into mere *Shayhks*. They actually sent a Sword of Honour to one of their officers by a street messenger, and the donee returned it, saying, he could not understand the *manner* of the gift; and so it went on gradually declining and falling, till at last the old house was abandoned and let for offices. The shadowy Directors flitted to the West End, into a brand-new India House, which soon brought on their Euthanasia.

My bringing-up caused me to be much scandalized by the sight of my future comrades and brother officers, which I will presently explain. The Afghan disaster was still fresh in public memory. The aunts had been patriotic enough to burst into tears when they heard of it; and certainly it was an affecting picture, the idea of a single Englishman, Dr. Brydone, riding into Jellalabad, the only one of thirteen thousand, he and his horse so broken as almost to die at the gates.

Poor General Elphinstone, by-the-by, had been my father's best man at his marriage, and was as little fitted for such field service, as Job was at his worst. Alexander Burns was the only headpiece in the lot. He had had the moral courage to report how critical the position was; but he had not the moral courage to insist upon his advice being taken, and, that failing, to return to his regiment as a Captain.

MacNaghten was a mere Indian civilian. Like too many of them, he had fallen into the dodging ways of the natives, and he distinctly deserved his death. The words used by Akbar Khan, by-the-by, when he shot him, were, "Shumá mulk-e-má mí g'rid" ("So you're the fellow who've come to take our country").

But the result of the massacre was a demand for soldiers and officers, especially Anglo-Indians. Some forty medical students were sent out, and they naturally got the name of the "Forty Thieves." The excess of demand explained the curious appearance of the embryo cadets when they met to be sworn in at the India House.

They looked like raw country lads, mostly dressed in home-made clothes, and hair cut by the village barber, country boots, and no gloves. So my friend, Colonel White's son, who was entering the service on the same day, and I looked at one another in blank dismay. We had fallen amongst young Yahoos, and we looked forward with terror to such society. I was originally intended for Bengal, but, as has been seen, I had relations there. I was not going to subject myself to surveillance by my uncle by marriage, an old general of invalids. Moreover, one of my D'Aguilar cousins was married to a judge in Calcutta. I was determined to have as much liberty as possible, and therefore I chose Bombay. I was always of opinion that a man proves his valour by doing what he likes; there is no merit in so doing when you have a fair fortune and independent position, but for a man bound by professional ties, and too often lacking means to carry out his wishes, it is a great success to choose his own line and stick to it.

My only companion was a bull-terrier of the Oxford breed, more bull than terrier. Its box-head and pink face had been scratched all over during a succession of dog-fights and various tussles with rats. It was beautifully built in the body, and the tail was as thin as a little finger, showing all the vertebræ. The breed seems to have become almost extinct, but I found it again at Oxford when I went there in 1850. The little brute bore a fine litter of pups, and died in Gujarat, as usual with every sign of old age, half-blind eyes, and staggering limbs. The pups grew up magnificently. One, which rejoiced in the name of Bachhûn, received the best of educations. He was entered necessarily on mice, rats, and *Gilahris*, or native squirrels, which bite and scratch like cats. He was so thoroughly game, that he would sally out alone in the mornings, and kill a jackal single-handed. He was the pride of the regiment, and came as usual to a bad end. On one of my journeys, dressed as a native, I had to leave him behind in charge of my friend Dr. Arnold, surgeon of the regiment. Dr. Arnold also, when absent, confided him to the care of a brother-medico, Dr. Pitman, who had strict opinions on the subject of drugs. The wretch actually allowed the gallant little dog to die of some simple disease, because he would not give him a dose of medicine belonging to the Company.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIA.

WHEN I landed at Bombay (October 28th, 1842), "Momba Devi" town was a marvellous contrast with the "Queen of Western India," as she thrones it in 1887; no City in Europe, except perhaps Vienna, can show such a difference. The old Portuguese port-village *temp. Caroli Secundi*, with its silly fortifications and useless esplanade, its narrow alleys and squares like *places d'armes*, had not developed itself into "Sasson-Town," as we may call the olden, and "Frère-Town" the modern moiety.

Under the patriarchal rule of the Court of Directors to the Hon. East Indian Company, a form of torpidity much resembling the paternal government of good Emperor Franz, no arrangements were made for the reception of the queer animals called "cadets." They landed and fell into the knowing hands of some rascals; lodged at a Persian tavern, the British Hotel, all uncleanliness at the highest prices. I had a touch of "seasoning sickness," came under the charge of "Paddy Ryan," Fort Surgeon and general favourite, and was duly drafted into the Sanitary Bungalow—thatched hovels facing Back Bay, whence ever arose a pestilential whiff of roast Hindú, and opened the eyes of those who had read about the luxuries of the East. Life was confined to a solitary ride (at dawn and dusk), a dull monotonous day, and a night in some place of dissipation—to put it mildly—such as the Bhendi bazar, whose attractions consisted of dark young persons in gaudy dress, mock jewels, and hair japanned with cocoa-nut oil, and whose especial diversions were an occasional "row"—a barbarous manner of "town and gown." But a few days of residence had taught me that India, at least Western India, offered only two specialities for the Britisher; first *Shikar* or sport, and secondly, opportunities of studying the people and their languages. These were practically unlimited; I found that it took me some

years of hard study before I could walk into a bazar and distinguish the several castes, and know something of them, their manners and customs, religion and superstitions. I at once engaged a venerable Parsee, Dosabhai Sohrabji, also a *mubid*, or priest, as his white cap and coat showed, who had coached many generations of *griffs*, and under his guidance dived deep into the "Ethics of Hind" (Akhlak-i-Hindi) and other such text-books.

This was the year after the heir-apparent was born; when Nott, Pollock, and Sale revenged the destruction of some 13,000 men by the Afghans; when the Chinese War broke out; when Lord Ellenborough succeeded awkward Lord Auckland; and when Major-General Sir Charles J. Napier, commanding at Poonah, was appointed to Sind (August 25th, 1842), and when his subsequent unfriend, Brevet-Major James Outram, was on furlough to England; lastly, and curious to say, most important of all to me, was the fact that "Ensign Burton" was ranked and posted in the G. G. O. of October 15th, 1842, to the 18th Regiment, Bombay N.I.

Nor was I less surprised by the boasting of my brother officers (the Sepoys had thrashed the French in India and elsewhere, they were the flower of the British army, and so forth)—fine specimen of *esprit de corps* run mad, which was destined presently to change its tone, after 1857. Meanwhile this loud brag covered an ugly truth. We officers of the Indian army held her Majesty's commission, but the Company's officers were looked upon by the Queen's troops as mere auxiliaries, locals without general rank, as it were black policemen. Moreover the rules of the service did not allow us to rise above a certain rank. What a contrast to the French private, who carries a Marshal's baton in his knapsack!

Captain Cleland introduced me to his sister, the wife of a field-officer, and she to sundry of her friends, whose tone somewhat surprised me. Here and there a reference was made to my "immortal soul," and I was overwhelmed with oral treatises upon what was expected from a "Christian in a heathen land." And these ladies "talked shop," at least, so it appeared to me, like non-commissioned officers. After *Shikar* and the linguistics, the only popular pursuit in India is (I should think always was) "Society." But indigestible dinners are not pleasant in a Turkish bath; dancing is at a discount in a region of eternal dog-days; picnics are unpleasant on the "palm-tasselled strand of glowing Ind," where scorpions and cobras come uninvited; horse-racing, like Cicero's "Mercaturi," to be honoured, must be on a large scale; the Mess tiffin is an abomination ruinous to digestion and health; the billiard-table may pass an hour or so pleasantly enough, but it becomes a

monotonous waste of time, and the evening bands, or meet at "Scandal Point," is open to the charge of a deadly dullness.

Visits become visitations, because that tyrant Madam Etiquette commanded them about noon, despite risk of sunstroke, and "the ladies" insisted upon them without remorse of conscience. Needless to say that in those days the *Gym-hánah* was unknown, and that the Indian world ignored lawn-tennis, even croquet.

Another point in Bombay Society at once struck me, and I afterwards found it in the Colonies and most highly developed in the United States. At home men and women live under an incubus, a perfect system of social despotism which is intended to make amends for an unnatural political equality, amongst classes born radically unequal. Abroad, the weight is taken off their shoulders, and the result of its removal is a peculiar rankness of growth. The pious become fanatically one-idea'd, pharisaical, unchristian, monomaniacal. The un-pious run to the other extreme, believe nothing, sneer at the holies, "and look upon the mere Agnostic as a 'slow coach.'" Eccentricity develops itself Bedlam-wards. One of my friends had a mania and swore 'By my halidom.'" Another had an image of Gánpati over his door, which he never passed without the prayer, "Shri ganeshayá Hamahá" ("I bow to auspicious Janus"). A third, of whom I heard, had studied Aristotle in Arabic, and when shown the "Novum Organon," asked, indignantly, "who the fellow might be that talked such stuff." And in matters of honesty the social idea was somewhat lax; to sell a spavined horse to a friend was considered a good joke, and to pass off plated wares for real silver was looked upon as only a trifle too "smart." The Press faithfully reflected these nuances with a little extra violence and virulence of its own. By-the-by, I must not forget making the acquaintance of a typical Scot, Dr. Buist (afterwards Sir Charles Napier's "blatant beast of the *Bombay Times*"). He wrote much (so badly that only one clerk could read it) and washed little; and as age advanced he married a young wife.

After a month or so at Bombay, chiefly spent in mugging "Hindo-stani," and in providing myself with the necessaries of life—servants, headed by Salvador Soares, a handsome Goanese; a horse, in the shape of a dun-coloured Kattywár nag; also a "horsekeeper," a dog, a tent, and so forth—I received my marching orders and set out to "join" my own corps. The simple way of travelling in those days before steam and rail was by palanquin or *pattymar*. I have described the latter article in "Goa," and I may add that it had its advantages. True it was a "slow coach," creeping on seventy or eighty miles a day, and some days almost stationary; it had few comforts and no

luxuries. I began by actually missing "pudding," and have often smiled at the remembrance of my stomach's comical disappointment. *En revanche*, the study of the little world within was most valuable to the "young Anglo-Indian," and the slow devious course allowed landing at places rarely visited by Europeans. During my repeated trips I saw Diu, once so famous in Portuguese story, Holy Dwarká, guarded outside by sharks and filled with fierce and fanatic mercenaries, and a dozen less interesting spots.

The end of this trip was Tankária-Bunder, a small landing in the Bay of Cambay, a most primitive locale to be called a port, where a mud-bank, adapted for a mooring-stake, was about the only convenience. It showed me, however, a fine specimen of the *Ghora*, or bore, known to our Severn and other rivers—an exaggerated high tide, when the water comes rushing up the shallows like a charge of cavalry. Native carts were also to be procured at Tankária-Bunder for the three days' short march to Baroda, and a mattress spread below made the rude article comfortable enough for young limbs and strong nerves.

Gujarat, the classical Gujaráhtra, a land of the Gujar clan, which remained the Syrastrena Regio of Arian, surprised me by its tranquil beauty and its vast natural wealth. Green as a card-table, flat as a prairie, it grew a marvellous growth of trees, which stunted our English oaks and elm trees—

"to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and flood"—

and a succession of fields breaking the glades, of townlets and villages walled by luxuriant barriers of caustic milk-bush (euphorbia), teemed with sights and sounds and smells peculiarly Indian. The sharp bark of Hanu the Monkey and the bray of the *Shankh* or conch near the bowery pagoda were surprises to the ear, and less to the nose was the blue vapour which settled over the hamlets morning and evening, a semi-transparent veil, the result of *Gobar* smoke from "cow-chips." A stale trick upon travellers approaching India by sea was to rub a little sandal oil upon the gunwale and invite them to "smell India," yet many a time for miles off shore I have noted that faint spicy odour, as if there were curry in the air, which about the abodes of man seems to be crossed with an aroma of drugs, as though proceeding from an apothecary's store. Wondrous peaceful and quiet lay those little Indian villages, outlaid by glorious banyan and pipal trees, topes or clumps of giant figs which rain a most grateful shade, and sometimes provided by the piety of some long-departed Chief with a tank of cut stone, a *baurá* or draw-well of fine masonry and large dimensions. But what "exercised" not

a little my "Griffin" thoughts was to note the unpleasant difference between villages under English rule and those belonging to "His Highness the Gaikwar" or cowkeeper; the penury of the former and the prosperity of the latter. Mr. Boyd, the then Resident at the local court, soon enlightened me upon the evils of our unelastic rule of "smart Collectors," who cannot and dare not make any allowance for deficient rainfall or injured crops, and it is better to have something to lose, and to lose it even to the extent "of being ousted of possessions and disseized of freehold," with the likely hope of gaining it again, than to own nothing worth plundering.

The end of the march introduced me to my corps, the 18th Regiment, Bombay Native Infantry, whose head-quarters were in Gujarat, one wing being stationed at Mhow, on the Bengal frontier.

The officer commanding, Captain James (C.V.), called upon me at the Travellers' bungalow, the rudimentary Inn which must satisfy the stranger in India, suggesting the while such sad contrast, and bore me off to his bungalow, formally presented me at Mess—then reduced to eight members besides myself—and the Assistant-Surgeon Arnott put me in the way of lodging myself. The regimental Mess, with its large cool Hall and punkahs, its clean napery and bright silver, its servants each standing behind his master's chair, and the cheroots and hookahs which appeared with the disappearance of the "table"-cloth, was a pleasant surprise, the first sight of comfortable home-life I had seen since landing at Bombay. Not so the Subalterns' bungalow, which gave the idea of a dog-hole at which British Ponto would turn up his civilized nose. The business of the day was mainly goose-step and studying the drill book, and listening to such equivocal words of command as "Tandelees" (stand at ease) and "Fiz-bagnat" (fix bayonets). Long practice with the sword, which I had begun seriously at the age of twelve, sometimes taking three lessons a day, soon eased my difficulties, and led to the study of native swordsmanship, whose grotesqueness and buffoonery can be rivalled only by its insufficiency.*

The wrestling, however, was another matter, and not a few natives in my Company had at first the advantage of me, and this induced a trial of Indian training, which consisted mainly of washing down balls of *Gur* (unrefined sugar) with bowls of hot milk hotly spiced. The result was that in a week I was blind with bile. Another set of lessons suggested by common sense, was instruction by a *chábuh-*

* Those curious upon the subject will consult my "Book of the Sword," vol. i. p. 163. Remember, young swordsman, these people never give point and never parry it.

sawar, or native jockey. All nations seem to despise one another's riding, and none seem to know how much they have to learn. The Indian style was the merit of holding the horse well in hand, making him bound off at a touch of the heel, stopping him dead at a hand gallop, and wheeling him round as on a pivot. The Hindú will canter over a figure-of-eight, gradually diminishing the dimensions till the animal leans over at an angle of 45° , and throwing himself over the off side and hanging by the heel to the earth, will pick up sword or pistol from the ground. Our lumbering chargers brought us to notable grief more than once in the great Sikh War. And as I was somewhat nervous about snakes, I took lessons of a "Charmer," and could soon handle them with coolness.

The *Bibi* (white woman) was at that time rare in India; the result was the triumph of the *Bíbú* (coloured sister). I found every officer in the corps more or less provided with one of these helpmates.

We boys naturally followed suit; but I had to suffer the protestations of the Portuguese *padre*, who had taken upon himself the cure and charge of my soul, and was like a hen who had hatched a duckling. I had a fine opportunity of studying the *pros* and *cons* of the *Bíbú* system.

Pros: The "walking dictionary" is all but indispensable to the Student, and she teaches him not only Hindostani grammar, but the syntaxes of native Life. She keeps house for him, never allowing him to save money, or, if possible, to waste it. She keeps the servants in order. She has an infallible recipe to prevent maternity, especially if her tenure of office depends on such compact. She looks after him in sickness, and is one of the best of nurses, and, as it is not good for man to live alone, she makes him a manner of home.

The *disadvantages* are as manifest as the advantages. Presently, as overland passages became cheaper and commoner, the *Bibi* won and the *Bíbú* lost ground. Even during *my* day, married men began, doubtless at the instance of their wives, to look coldly upon the half-married, thereby showing mighty little common sense. For India was the classic land of Cicisbeism, where husbands are occupied between ten a.m. and five p.m. at their offices and counting-houses, leaving a fair field and much favour to the sub unattached, and whose duty often keeps the man sweltering upon the plains, when the wife is enjoying the *somer-frisch* upon "the Hills." Moreover, the confirmed hypocrite and the respectable-ist, when in power, established a kind of inquisitorial inquiry into the officer's house, and affixed a black mark to the name of the half-married. At last the *Bíbú* made her exit and left a void. The greatest danger in

British India is the ever-growing gulf that yawns between the governors and the governed; they lose touch of one another, and such racial estrangement leads directly to racial hostility.

The day in Cantonment-way is lively. It began before sunrise on the parade-ground, an open space, which any other people but English would have converted into a stronghold. Followed, the baths and the *choti-hazri*, or little breakfast, the *munshi* (language-master), and literary matters till nine o'clock meal. The hours were detestable, compared with the French system—the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which abolished the necessity of lunch; but throughout the Anglo-American world, even in the places worst adapted, "business" lays out the day. After breakfast, most men went to the billiard-room; some, but very few, preferred "peacocking," which meant robing in white-grass clothes and riding under a roasting sun, as near the meridian as possible, to call upon "regimental ladies," who were gruff as corporals when the function was neglected too long. The dull and tedious afternoon again belonged to *munshi*, and ended with a constitutional ride, or a rare glance at the band; Mess about seven p.m., possibly a game of whist, and a stroll home under the marvellous Gujarat skies, through a scene of perfect loveliness, a paradise bounded by the whity-black line.

There was little variety in such days. At times we rode to Baroda City, which seemed like a Mansion, to which the Cantonment acted as porter's Lodge. "Good Water" (as the Sanskritists translate it) was a walled City, lying on the north bank of the Vishwamitra river, and containing some 150,000 souls, mostly hostile, who eyed us with hateful eyes, and who seemed to have taught even their animals to abhor us. The City is a *mélange* of low huts and tall houses, grotesquely painted, with a shabby palace, and a *Chauk*, or Bazar, where four streets meet. At times H.M. the Gaikwar would show us what was called sport—a fight between two elephants with cut tusks, or a caged tiger and a buffalo—the last being generally the winner—or a wrangle between two fierce stallions, which bit like camels. The cock-fighting was, however, of a superior kind, the birds being of first-class blood, and so well trained, that they never hesitated to attack a stranger. An occasional picnic, for hunting, not society, was a most pleasant treat. The native Prince would always lend us his cheetahs or hunting leopards, or his elephants; the jungles inland of the city swarmed with game, from a snipe to a tiger, and the broad plains to the north were packs of *nilghai* and the glorious black buck. About twenty-eight miles due east, rises high above the sea of verdure the picturesque hill known as Pávangarh, the Fort of Eolus, and the centre of an old Civilization. Tanks and Jain temples were

scattered around it, and the ruins of Champenr City cumbered the base. In a more progressive society, this place, 2500 feet high, and cooler by 18° to 20° F., would have become a kind of sanitarium. But men, apparently, could not agree. When the Baroda races came round, Major C. Crawley, commanding the 4th Bombay Rifles, used, in consequence of some fancied slight, to openly ride out of cantonment; and Brigadier Gibbons, the commander, did nothing for society. But the crowning excitement of the season was the report of Sir Charles Napier's battle of Miani (February 21st), followed by the affair of Dubba (March 25th), the "tail of the Afghan War." The account seemed to act as an electric shock upon the English frame, followed by a deep depression and a sense of mortal injury at the hands of Fate in keeping us out of the fray.

At length, in April, 1843, I obtained two months' leave of absence to the Presidency, for the purpose of passing an examination in Hindostani. The function was held at the Town Hall. Major-General Vans-Kennedy presided, a queer old man as queerly dressed, who had given his life to Orientalism, and who had printed some very respectable studies of Hinduism. The examining *munshi*, Mohammed "Mucklá," was no friend to me, because I was coached by a rival, old Dosabhai, yet he could not prevent my distancing a field of eleven. This happened on May 5th, and on May 12th I had laid in a full supply of Gujarati books, and set out by the old road to rejoin.

If Baroda was dull and dreary during the dries, it was mortal during the rains. I had been compelled to change my quarters for a bigger bungalow, close to the bank of the *nullah* which bounded the camp to the east and fed the Vishwamitra. It was an ill-omened place; an English officer had been wounded in it, and the lintel still bore the mark of a sabre which some native ruffian had left, intending to split a serjeant's head. Other quarters in the cantonment were obliged to keep one *ramosi*, *alias* Paggi, a tracker, a temporarily reformed thief who keeps off other thieves; my bungalow required two. An ignoble position for a dominant race, this openly paying blackmail and compounding felony. The rule of the good Company was, however, not a rule of honour, but of expediency, and the safety of its officers was little regarded; they were stabbed in their tents, or cut down by dacoits, even when travelling on the highways of Gujarat. Long and loudly the survivors hoped that some fine day a bishop or a Director's son would come to grief, and *when this happened at last* the process was summarily stopped. Indeed, nothing was easier to find than a remedy. A heavy fine was imposed upon the district in which the outrage was committed. By such means, Mohammed Ali of Egypt made the Suez Desert safer than

a London street, and Sir Charles Napier pacified Sind, and made deeds of violence unknown—by means not such as Earl Russell virtually encouraged the robber-shepherds of Greece to plunder and murder English travellers.

The monsoon,* as it is most incorrectly termed, completely changes the tenor of Anglo-Indian life. It is ushered in by a display of "insect youth" which would have astonished Egypt in the age of the plagues, "flying bugs," and so forth. At Mess every tumbler was protected by a silver lid. And when the downfall begins it suggests that the "fountains of the great deep" have been opened up. I have seen tropical rains in many a region near the Line, but never anything that rivals Gujarati. Without exaggeration, the steady discharge of water buckets lasted literally, on one occasion, through seven days and nights without intermission, and to reach Mess we had to send our clothes on, and to wear a single waterproof, and to gallop through water above, around, and below at full speed. This third of the year was a terribly dull suicidal time, worse even than the gloomy month of November. It amply accounted for the card-table surface and the glorious tree-clump of the Gujarat—

"The mighty growth of sun and torrent-rains."

Working some twelve hours a day, and doing nothing but work, I found myself ready in later August for a second trip to the Presidency, and obtained leave from September 10th to October 30th (afterwards made to include November 10th) for proceeding to Bombay, and being examined in the Guzerattee language.

This time I resolved to try another route, and, despite the warning of abominable roads, to ride down coast *viâ* Baroch and Surat. I had not been deceived; the deep and rich black soil, which is so good for the growth of cotton, makes a mud truly terrible to travellers. Baroch, the Hindu Brighu-Khatia, or Field of Brighú, son of Brahma, is generally made the modern successor of Ptolemy and Arrian's "Barygaza," but there are no classic remains to support the identification of the spot, nor indeed did any one in the place seem to care a fig about the matter. A truly Hindú town of some twelve thousand souls on the banks of the Nerbudda, it boasted of only one sight, the *Kabir-bar*, which the English translated "Big

* The word is a Portuguese "corruption" of *mausim*, in Arabia a season, and *per excellentiam* the sailing season. Thence it was transferred to the dry season, when the north-eastern trade-winds blow upon the Indian Ocean. But popular use transferred the name to the south-western rainy winds, which last from June to September.

On June 26th, 1843, "Ensign Burton" appeared in orders as "Regimental Interpreter."

Banyan," and which meant, "Banyan-tree of (the famous ascetic and poet, Das Kabir)." I remember only two of his lines—

"Máyá mare na man mare, mar mar gaya sarir"
("Illusion dies; dies not the mind, though body die and die")—

Máyá (illusion) being sensuous matter, and old Fakirs express the idea of the modern Hylozoist, "All things are thinks." The old tree is hardly worth a visit, although it may have sheltered five thousand horsemen and inspired Milton, for which see the guide-books.

Surat (Surashtra = good region), long time the "Gate of Meccah," where pilgrims embarked instead of at Bombay, shows nothing of its olden splendour.

This was the nucleus of British power on the western coast of India in the seventeenth century, and as early as May, 1609, Captain Hawkins, of the *Hector*, obtained permission at Agra here to found a factory for his half-piratical countrymen, who are briefly described as "Molossis suis ferociore." They soon managed to turn out the Portuguese, and they left a Graveyard which is not devoid of some barbaric interest—Tom Croyate of the Crudities, however, is absent from it. At Surat I met Lieutenant Manson, R.A. He was going down to "go up" in Maharátta, and we agreed to take a *pattymar* together. We cruised down the foul Tapti river—all Indian, like West African, streams seem to be made of dirty water—and were shown the abandoned sites of the Dutch garden and French factory, Vaux's Tomb, and Dormus Island. We escaped an *Elephanta* storm, one of those pleasant September visitations which denote the break up of the "monsoon," and which not unfrequently bestrews the whole coast of Western India with wreckage. This time I found lodging in the Town Barracks, Bombay, and passed an examination in the Town Hall before General Vans-Kennedy, with the normal success, being placed first. The process consisted of reading from print (two books), and handwriting, generally some "native letter," and of conversing and of writing an "address" or some paper of the kind.

Returning Baroda-wards, whence my regiment was transferred to our immense satisfaction to Sind, I assisted in the farewell revelries, dinners and *Naches*, or native dances—the most melancholy form in which Terpsichore ever manifested herself.

By far the most agreeable and wholesome part of regimental life in India is the march; the hours are reasonable, the work not too

severe, and the results, in appetite and sleep, admirable. At Bombay we encamped on the Esplanade, and on January 1st, 1844, we embarked for Karáchi on board the H.E.I.C.'s steamer *Semiramis*, whose uneventful cruise is told in "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley," chap. 1, "The Shippe of Helle." Yet not wholly uneventual to me.

On board of the *Semiramis* was Captain Walter Scott, Bombay Engineers, who had lately been transferred from commanding in Candeish to the superintendence of the Sind Canals, a department newly organized by the old Conqueror of "Young Egypt," and our chance meeting influenced my life for the next six years. I have before described him. With short intervals I was one of his assistants till 1849. We never had a diverging thought, much less an unpleasant word; and when he died, at Berlin, in 1875, I felt his loss as that of a near relation.

Karáchi, which I have twice described, was in 1844 a mere stretch of a Cantonment, and nothing if not military; the garrison consisting of some five thousand men of all arms, European and native. The discomfort of camp life in this Sahara,* which represented the Libyan Desert, after Gujarat, the Nile Valley, was excessive, the dust-storms were atrocious,† and the brackish water produced the most unpleasant symptoms. Parades of all kinds, regimental and brigade, were the rule, and Sir Charles Napier was rarely absent from anything on a large scale.

The Conqueror of Scinde was a noted and remarkable figure at that time, and there is still a semi-heroic ring about the name. In appearance he was ultra-Jewish, a wondrous contrast to his grand brother, Sir William; his countrymen called him Fagan, after Dickens, and his subjects, Shaytan-á-Bháí, Satan's brother, from his masterful spirit and reckless energy. There is an idealized portrait of him in Mr. W. H. Bruce's "Life" (London, Murray, 1885), but I much prefer the caricature by Lieutenant Beresford, printed in my wife's volume, "A.E.I." Yet there was nothing mean in the Conqueror's diminutive form; the hawk's eye, and eagle's beak, and powerful chin would redeem any face from vulgarity.

Sir Charles, during his long years of Peninsular and European service, cultivated the habit of jotting down all events in his diary, with a *naïveté*, a vivacity, and a fulness which echoed his spirit, and which, with advancing years, degenerated into intemperance of language and extravagance of statement. He was hard, as were most men in those days, upon the great Company he termed the

* "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley," 2 vols.; and "Sind Revisited," 1877.

† "Scinde," chapter iv.

“Twenty-four Kings of Leadenhall Street”—“ephemeral sovereigns;” he quoted Lord Wellesley about the “ignominious tyrants of the East.”

In his sixtieth year he was appointed to the command of Poonah (December 28th, 1841), and he was so lacking in the goods of this world that a Bombay house refused to advance him £500. He began at once to study Hindostani, but it was too late; the lesson induced irresistible drowsiness, and the *munshi* was too polite to awaken the aged scholar, who always said he would give Rs. 10,000 to be able to address the Sepoys. On September 3rd, 1842, he set off to assume his new command in Upper and Lower Sind, and he at once saw his opportunity. Major Outram had blackened the faces of the Amirs, but he wanted to keep the work of conquest for himself, and he did not relish its being done by another. He, however, assisted Sir Charles Napier, and it was not till his return to England in 1843 that he ranged himself on the side of the Directors, whose hatred of the Conqueror grew with his success, and two factions, Outramists and Napierists, divided the little world of Western India.

The battles of Miani and Dubba were much criticized by military experts, who found that the “butcher’s bill” did not justify the magnificent periods of Sir William Napier. This noble old soldier’s “Conquest of Scinde” was a work of *fantaisie*; the story was admirably told, the picture was perfect, but the details were so incorrect, that it became the subject of endless “chaff” even in Government House, Karáchi. The corrective was an official report by Major (afterwards General) Waddington, B.O. Eng., which gave the shady, rather than the sunlit side of the picture. And there is still a third to be written. Neither of our authorities tell us, nor can we expect a public document to do so, how the mulatto who had charge of the Amir’s guns had been persuaded to fire high, and how the Talpur traitor who commanded the cavalry, openly drew off his men and showed the shameless example of flight. When the day shall come to publish details concerning disbursement of “Secret service money in India,” the public will learn strange things. Meanwhile those of us who have lived long enough to see how history is written, can regard it as but little better than a poor romance.

However exaggerated, little Miani taught the world one lesson which should not be forgotten—the sole plan to win a fight from barbarians, be they Belochis, Kafirs, or Burmese. It is simplicity itself; a sharp cannonade to shake the enemy, an advance in line or *échelon* as the ground demands, and a dash of cavalry to expedite the runaways. And presently the victory led to organizing the

“Land Transport Corps” and the “Baggage Corps,” two prime wants of the Indian army. Here Sir Charles Napier’s skill as an inventor evolved order out of disorder, and efficiency from the most cumbrous of abuses. The pacification of the new Province was marvellously brought about by the enlightened despotism of the Conqueror. Outram had predicted ten years of guerilla warfare before peace could be restored ; Sir Charles made it safer than any part of India within a year, and in 1844, when levelling down the canals, I was loudly blessed by the peasants, who cried out, “ These men are indeed worthy to govern us, as they work for our good.”

But Sir Charles Napier began India somewhat too late in life, and had to pay the penalty. His mistakes were manifold, and some of them miserable. When preparing for the “Truhkee campaign,” he proposed to content himself with a “*Numero-cent*” tent for a Commander-in-Chief! When marching upon Multan, his idea was to quarter the Sepoys in the villages, which would have been destroyed at once ; and it was some time before his Staff dared put it in this light.

From over-deference to English opinion, he liberated all the African slaves in Sind and turned them out to starve ; it would have been wiser to “free the womb,” and forbid importation. He never could understand the “Badli system,” where a rich native buys a poor man to be hanged for him who committed the crime, and terribly scandalized Captain Young, the civilian Judge Advocate-General, by hanging the wrong man. Finding that the offended husband in Sind was justified by public opinion for cutting down his wife, he sent the unfortunate to the gallows, and the result was a peculiar condition of society. On one occasion, the anonymas of Hyderabad sent him a deputation to complain “that the married women were taking the bread out of their mouths.”

Sir Charles was a favourite among the juniors, in fact, amongst all who did not thwart or oppose him. He delighted in Rabelaisian, *bon-mots*, and the *Conte grivois*, as was the wont of field-officers in his day ; his comment upon a newspaper’s “peace and plenty at Karáchi” was long quoted.

After a month of discomfort at Karáchi, rendered more uncomfortable by the compulsory joining of six unfortunate Staff-officers who lost their snug appointments in India,* we were moved to Gharra—“out of the frying-pan into the fire”—a melancholy hole some forty miles by road north of Head-quarters, and within hearing of the evening gun. I have already described its horror.† Our

* “Scinde,” vol. i. p. 252.

† *Ibid.*, p. 89.

predecessors had not built the barracks or bungalows, and we found only a parallelogram of rock and sand, girt by a tall dense hedge of bright green milk-bush, and surrounded by a flat of stone and gravel, near a filthy village whose timorous inhabitants shunned us as walking pestilences.

This, with an occasional temperature of 125° F., was to be our "house" for some years. As I had no money wherewith to build, I was compelled to endure a hot season in a single-poled tent, pitched outside the milk-bush hedge; and after, to escape suffocation, I was obliged to cover my table with a wet cloth and pass the hot hours under it. However, energy was not wanting, and the regimental *pandit* proving a good school-master, I threw away Sindi for Maráthá; and in October, 1844, I was able to pass my examination in Maráthá at the Presidency, I coming first of half a dozen. About this time Southern Bombay was agitated by a small mutiny in Sáwantwádi, and the papers contained a long service-correspondence about Colonels Outram and Wallace, the capture of Amanghar, and Lieutenant Brassy's descent on Shiva Drug. I at once laid in a store of Persian books, and began seriously to work at that richest and most charming of Eastern languages.

On return to Karáchi, I found myself, by the favour of my friend Scott, gazetted as one of his four assistants in the Sind "Survey," with especial reference to the Canal Department; my being able to read and translate the valuable Italian works on hydro-dynamics being a point in my favour. A few days taught me the use of compass, theodolite, and spirit-level, and on December 10th, 1844, I was sent with a surveying party and six camels to work at Fulayli (Phuleli) and its continuation, the Guni river. The labour was not small; after a frosty night using instruments in the sole of a canal where the sun's rays seemed to pour as through a funnel, was decidedly trying to the constitution. However, I managed to pull through, and my surveying books were honoured with official approbation. During this winter I enjoyed some sport, especially hawking, and collected material for "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus." * I had begun the noble art as a boy at Blois, but the poor kestrel upon which I tried my "'prentice hand" had died soon, worn out like an Eastern ascetic by the severities of training, especially in the fasting line. Returning northwards, I found my Corps at Hyderabad, and

* It was brought out in 1852, by my friend John Van Voorst, of Paternoster Row, who, after a long and honourable career, retired at the ripe age of eighty-four to take well-merited rest. He has proved himself to me a phoenix amongst publishers. "Half profits are no profits to the author," is the common saying, and yet for the last thirty years I have continually received from him small sums which represented my gains. Oh that all were so scrupulous!

passing through the deserted Gharra, joined the Head-quarters of the Survey at Karáchi in April.

Here I made acquaintance with Mirza Ali Akhbar, who owed his rank (Khan Bahádur) to his gallant conduct as Sir Charles Napier's *munshi* at Miani and Dubba, where he did his best to save as many unfortunate Beloch braves as possible. He lived outside the camp in a bungalow which he built for himself, and lodged a friend, Mirza Dáud, a first-rate Persian scholar. My life became much mixed up with these gentlemen, and my brother officers fell to calling me the "White Nigger." I had also invested in a Persian *munshi*, Mirza Mohammad Musayn, of Shiraz; poor fellow, after passing through the fires of Scinde unscathed, he returned to die of cholera in his native land. With his assistance I opened on the sly three shops at Karáchi,* where cloth, tobacco, and other small matters were sold exceedingly cheap to those who deserved them, and where I laid in a stock of native experience, especially regarding such matters as I have treated upon in my "Terminal Essay" to the "Thousand Nights and a Night," † but I soon lost my *munshi* friends. Mirza Dáud died of indigestion and patent pills at Karáchi; I last saw Mirza Ali Akhbar at Bombay, in 1876, and he deceased shortly afterwards. He had been unjustly and cruelly treated. Despite the high praises of Outram and Napier for the honesty and efficiency of Ali Akhbar, ‡ the new commission had brought against the doomed man a number of trumped-up charges, proving bribery and corruption, and managed to effect his dismissal from the service. The unfortunate Mirza, in the course of time, disproved them all, but the only answer to his application for being reinstated was that what had been done could not now be undone. I greatly regretted his loss. He had promised me to write out from his Persian notes a diary of his proceedings during the conquest of Scinde; he was more "behind the curtain" than any man I knew, and the truths he might have told would have been exceedingly valuable.

Karáchi was, for India, not a dull place in those days. Besides our daily work of planning and mapping the surveys of the cold season, and practising latitudes and longitudes till my right eye became comparatively short-sighted, we organized a "Survey Mess" in a bungalow belonging to the office "Compound." There were six of us—Blagrove, Maclagan, Vanrenin, and afterwards Price and Lambert—and local society pronounced us all mad, although I cannot see that we were more whimsical than our neighbours. I

* "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus," pp. 100, 101.

† Vol. x. p. 205, *et seqq.*

‡ See, in vol. i. p. 53 of "Sind Revisited," Sir Charles's outspoken opinion.

also built a bungalow, which got the title of the "Inquisition," and there I buried my favourite game-cock Bhujang (the dragon), who had won me many a victory—people declared that it was the grave of a small human. I saw much of Mirza Husayn, a brother of Agha Khan Mahallati, a scion of the Isma'iliyah, or "Old Man of the Mountain," who, having fled his country, Persia, after a rebellion, ridiculous even in that land of eternal ridiculous rebellions, turned *condottiere*, and with his troop of one hundred and thirty ruffians took service with us and was placed to garrison Jarak (Jerruch). Here the Belochis came down upon him, and killed or wounded about a hundred of his troop, after which he passed on to Bombay and enlightened the Presidency about his having conquered Scinde. His brother, my acquaintance, also determined to attack Persia *viâ* Makran, and managed so well that he found himself travelling to Teheran, lashed to a gun carriage. The Lodge "Hope" kindly made me an "entered apprentice," but I had read Carlisle, "The Atheistical Publisher," and the whole affair appeared to me a gigantic humbug, dating from the days of the Crusades, and as Cardinal Newman expressed it, "meaning a goose club." But I think better of it now, as it still serves political purposes in the East, and gives us a point against our French rivals and enemies. As the "Scinde Association" was formed, I was made honorary secretary, and had no little correspondence with Mr. E. Blyth, the curator of the Zoological Department, Calcutta. Sir Charles Napier's friends also determined to start a newspaper, in order to answer the Enemy in the Gate, and reply to the "base and sordid Bombay faction," headed by the "Rampant Buist," with a strong backing of anonymous officials.

The *Karrachee Advertiser* presently appeared in the modest shape of a lithographed sheet on Government foolscap, and, through Sir William Napier, its most spicy articles had the honour of a reprint in London. Of these, the best were "the letters of Omega," by my late friend Rathborne, then Collector at Hyderabad, and they described the vices of the Sind Amirs in language the reverse of ambiguous. I did not keep copies, nor, unfortunately, did the clever and genial author.

This pleasant, careless life broke up in November, 1845, when I started with my friend Scott for a long tour to the north of Sind. We rode by the high-road through Gharra and Jarak to Kotri, the station of the Sind flotilla, and then crossed to Hyderabad, where I found my Corps flourishing. After a very jolly week, we resumed our way up the right bank of the Indus and on the extreme western frontier, where we found the Beloch herdsmen in their wildest

state. About that time began to prevail the wildest reports about the lost tribes of Israel (who were never lost), and with the aid of Gesenius and Lynch I dressed up a very pretty grammar and vocabulary, which proved to sundry scientists that the lost was found at last. But my mentor would not allow the joke to appear *in print*. On Christmas Day we entered "Schwán," absurdly styled "Alexander's Camp." Here again the spirit of mischief was too strong for me. I buried a broken and hocussed jar of "*Athenæum* sauce," red pottery with black Etruscan figures, right in the way of an ardent amateur antiquary; and the results were comical. At Larkhána we made acquaintance with "fighting FitzGerald," who commanded there, a magnificent figure, who could cut a donkey in two; and who, although a man of property, preferred the hardships of India to the pleasures of home. He had, however, a mania of blowing himself up in a little steamer mainly of his own construction, and after his last accident he was invalided home to England, and died within sight of her shores.

At Larkhána the following letter was received:—

"Karáchi, January 3, 1846.

"MY DEAR SCOTT,

"The General says you may allow as many of your assistants as you can spare to join their regiments, if going on service, with the understanding that they must resign their appointments and will not be reappointed, etc.

(Signed)

"JOHN NAPIER."

This, beyond bazar reports, was our first notice of the great Sikh War, which added the Punjab to Anglo-India. This news made me wild to go. A carpet-soldier was a horror to me, and I was miserable that anything should take place in India without my being in the thick of the fight. So, after a visit to Sahkar Shikarpúr and the neighbourhood, I applied myself with all my might to prepare for the Campaign. After sundry small surveyings and levelings about Sahkar (Sukhur), I persuaded Scott, greatly against the grain, to send in my resignation, and called upon General James Simpson, who was supposed to be in his dotage, and was qualifying for the Chief Command in the Crimea.

My application was refused. Happily for me, however, suddenly appeared an order from Bengal to the purport that all we assistant-surveyors must give sureties. This was enough for me. I wrote officially, saying that no man would be bail for me, and was told to be off to my corps; and on February 23rd, I marched with the 18th from Rohri.

Needless to repeat the sad story of our disappointment.* It was a model army of thirteen thousand men, Europeans and natives, and under "Old Charley" it would have walked into Multan as into a mutton-pie. We had also heard that Náo Mall was wasting his two millions of gold, and we were willing to save him the trouble. Merrily we trudged through Sabzalcode and Khanpur, and we entered Baháwalpur, where we found the heart-chilling order to retire and to march home, and consequently we marched and returned to Rohri on April 2nd; and after a few days' halt there, tired and miserable, we marched south, *viâ* Khayrpur, and, after seventeen marches, reached the old regimental quarters in Mohamad Khan Ká Tándá, on the Fulayli river.†

But our physical trials and mental disappointments had soured our tempers, and domestic disturbances began. Our colonel was one Henry Corsellis, the son of a Bencoolen civilian, and neither his colour nor his temper were in his favour. The wars began in a small matter.

I had been making doggrel rhymes on men's names at Mess, and knowing something of the commanding officer's touchiness, passed him over. Hereupon he took offence, and seeing well that I was "in for a row," I said, "Very well, Colonel, I will write your Epitaph," which was as follows—

"Here lieth the body of Colonel Corsellis;
The rest of the fellow, I fancy, in hell is."

After which we went at it "hammer and tongs."

I shall say no more upon the subject; it is, perhaps, the part of my life upon which my mind dwells with least satisfaction. In addition to regimental troubles, there were not a few domestic disagreeables, especially complications, with a young person named Núr Jan. To make matters worse, after a dreadful wet night my mud bungalow came down upon me, wounding my foot.‡ The only pleasant reminiscences of the time are the days spent in the quarters of an old native friend § on the banks of the beautiful Phuleli, seated upon a felt rug, spread beneath a shadowy tamarind tree, with beds of sweet-smelling *rayhan* (basil) around, and eyes looking over the broad smooth stream and the gaily dressed groups gathered at the frequent ferries. I need hardly say that these visits were paid in native costume, and so correct was it, that I, on camel's back, frequently passed my Commanding Officer in the Gateway of Fort

* "Scinde," vol. ii. p. 258, etc.

† "Sind Revisited," vol. i. p. 256, shows how I found my old home in 1876.

‡ "Scinde," vol. i. p. 151.

§ "Falconry," pp. 103-105.

Hyderabad, without his recognizing me. I had also a host of good friends, especially Dr. J. J. Steinhäuser, who, in after years, was to have accompanied me, but for an accident, to Lake Tanganyika, and who afterwards became my collaborateur in the "Thousand Nights and a Night."

The hot season of 1846 was unusually sickly, and the white regiments at Karáchi, notably the 78th Highlanders, suffered terribly. Hyderabad was also threatened, but escaped better than she deserved. In early July I went into "sick quarters," and left my regiment in early September, with a strong case. At Bombay my friend Henry J. Carter assisted me, and enabled me to obtain two years' leave of absence to the Neilgherries.

My *munshi*, Mohammed Husayn, had sailed for Persia, and I at once engaged an Arab "coach." This was one Haji Jauhur, a young Abyssinian, who, with his wife, of the same breed, spoke a curious Semitic dialect, and was useful in conversational matters. Accompanied by my servants and horse, I engaged the usual *pattymar*, the *Daryá Prashád* ("Joy of the Ocean"), and set sail for Goa on February 20th, 1847. In three days' trip we landed in the once splendid capital, whose ruins I have described in "Goa and the Blue Mountains" (1851). Dom Pestanha was the Governor-General, Senhor Gomez Secretary to Government, and Major St. Maurice chief aide-de-camp, and all treated me with uncommon kindness. On my third visit to the place in 1876, all my old friends and acquaintances had disappeared, whilst the other surroundings had not changed in the least degree.

From Goa to Punány was a trip of five days, and from the little Malabar Port, a terrible dull ride of ten days, halts and excursions included, with the only excitement of being nearly drowned in a torrent, placed me at Conoor, on the western edge of the "Blue Mountains." At Ootacamund, the capital of the sanitarium, I found a friend, Lieutenant Dyett, who offered to share with me his quarters. Poor fellow! he suffered sadly in the Multan campaign, where most of the wounded came to grief, some said owing to the salt in the silt, which made so many operations fatal; after three amputations his arm was taken out of the socket. I have noted the humours of "Ooty" in the book before mentioned, and I made myself independent of society by beginning the study of Telugu in addition to Arabic.

But the sudden change from dry Scinde to the damp cold mountains induced in me an attack of rheumatic ophthalmia, which began at the end of May, 1847, and lasted nearly two years, and would not be shaken off till I left India in March, 1849. In vain I tried diet

and dark rooms, change of place, blisters of sorts, and the whole contents of the Pharmacopœia; it was a thorn in the flesh which determined to make itself felt. At intervals I was able to work hard and to visit the adjacent places, such as Kotagherry, the Orange Valley, and St. Catherine's Falls.* Meanwhile I wrote letters to the *Bombay Times*, and studied Telugu and Toda as well as Persian and Arabic, and worked at the ethnology of Hylobius the Hillman, whose country showed mysterious remains of civilized life, gold mining included.

"Ooty" may be a pleasant place, like a water-cure establishment to an invalid in rude health; but to me nothing could be duller or more disagreeable, and my two years of sick leave was consequently reduced to four months. On September 1st, 1847, glad as a partridge-shooter, I rode down the Ghát, and a dozen days later made Calicut, the old capital of Camoens' "Jamorim," the Samriry Rajah. Here I was kindly received, and sent to visit old Calicut and other sights, by Mr. Collector Conolly, whom a Madras civilianship could not defend from Fate. A short time after my departure he was set upon and barbarously murdered in his own verandah, by a band of villain *Moplahs*,† a bastard race got by Arab sires on Hindú dams. He was thus the third of the gallant brothers who came to violent end.

This visit gave me a good opportunity of studying on the spot the most remarkable scene of "The Lusiads," and it afterwards served me in good stead. The *Seaforth*, Captain Biggs, carried me to Bombay, after passing visits to Mangalore and Goa, in three days of ugly monsoon weather. On October 15th I passed in Persian at the Town Hall, coming out first of some thirty, with a compliment from the examiners; and this was succeeded by something more substantial, in the shape of an "honorarium" of Rs. 1000 from the Court of Directors.

This bright side of the medal had its reverse. A friend, an Irish medico, volunteered to prescribe for me, and strongly recommended frictions of citric ointment (calomel in disguise) round the orbit of the eye, and my perseverance in his prescription developed ugly symptoms of mercurialism, which eventually drove me from India.

My return to Scinde was in the s.s. *Dwárká*, the little vessel which, in 1853, carried me from Jeddah to Suez, and which, in 1862, foundered at the mouth of the Tapti or Surat river. She belonged to the Steam Navigation Company, Bombay, and she had been

* "Goa," etc., p. 355.

† See *Ibid.*, p. 339.

brought safely round the Cape by the skipper, a man named Tribe. That "climate" had demoralized him. He set out from Kárách without even an able seaman who knew the Coast; the Captain and his Mate were drunk and incapable the whole way. As we were about to enter the dangerous port, my fellow-passengers insisted upon my taking Command as Senior Officer, and I ordered the *Dwárká's* head to be turned westward under the easiest steam, so that next morning we landed safely.

My return to head-quarters of the Survey was a misfortune to my comrades; my eyes forbade regular work, and my friends had to bear my share of the burden. However, there were painless intervals when I found myself able to work at Sindí under Munshi Nandú, and at Arabic under Shaykh Háshim, a small half-Bedawin, who had been imported by me from Bombay. Under him also I began the systematic study of practical Moslem divinity, learned about a quarter of the Korán by heart, and became a proficient at prayer. It was always my desire to visit Meccah during the pilgrimage season; written descriptions by hearsay of its rites and ceremonies were common enough in all languages, European as well as native, but none satisfied me, because none seemed practically to know anything about the matter. So to this preparation I devoted all my time and energy; not forgetting a sympathetic study of Sufi-ism, the *Gnosticism* of Al-Islam, which would raise me high above the rank of a mere Moslem. I conscientiously went through the *chillá*, or quarantine of fasting and other exercises, which, by-the-by, proved rather over-exciting to the brain. At times, when overstrung, I relieved my nerves with a course of Sikh religion and literature: the good old priest solemnly initiated me in presence of the swinging *Granth*, or Naná Shah's Scripture. As I had already been duly invested by a strict Hindú with the *Janeo*, or "Brahminical thread," my experience of Eastern faiths became phenomenal, and I became a Master-Sufi.

The spring of 1848, that most eventful year in Europe, brought us two most exciting items of intelligence. The proclamation of the French Republic reached us on April 8th, and on May 2nd came the news of the murder of Anderson and his companion by Náo Mall of Multan.

Richard wrote a little bit of autobiography about himself in 1852. In case all may not have seen it, and many may not remember it, I here insert it.

RICHARD BURTON'S LITTLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"The only scrap of autobiography we have from Richard Burton's pen," said Alfred Richard Bates, "was written very early in life, whilst

in India, and dates thirty years ago. It is so characteristic it deserves to be perpetuated:—

“In India two roads lead to preferment. The direct highway is ‘service;’—getting a flesh wound, cutting down a few of the enemy, and doing something eccentric, so that your name may creep into a despatch. The other path, study of the languages, is a rugged and tortuous one, still you have only to plod steadily along its length, and, sooner or later, you must come to a ‘staff appointment.’ *Bien entendu*, I suppose you to be destitute of or deficient in Interest whose magic influence sets you down at once a heaven-born Staff Officer, at the goal which others must toil to reach.

A dozen lessons from Professor Forbes and a native servant on board the *John Knox* enabled me to land with *éclat* as a griff, and to astonish the throng of palanquin bearers that jostled, pushed, and pulled me at the pier head, with the vivacity and nervousness of my phraseology. And I spent the first evening in company with one Dosabhai Sohrabji, a white-bearded Parsee, who, in his quality of language-master, had vernacularized the tongues of Hormuzd knows how many generations of Anglo-Indian subalterns.

“The corps to which I was appointed was then in country quarters at Baroda, in the land of Gujerat; the journey was a long one, the difficulty of finding good instructors there was great, so was the expense, moreover fevers abounded; and, lastly, it was not so easy to obtain leave of absence to visit the Presidency, where candidates for the honours of language are examined. These were serious obstacles to success; they were surmounted, however, in six months, at the end of which time I found myself in the novel position of ‘passed interpreter in Hindostani.’

“My success—for I had distanced a field of eleven—encouraged me to a second attempt, and though I had to front all the difficulties over again, in four months my name appeared in orders as qualified to interpret in the Guzerattee tongue.

“Meanwhile the Ameers of Sind had exchanged their palaces at Haydarábád for other quarters not quite so comfortable at Hazareebagh, and we were ordered up to the Indus for the pleasant purpose of acting police there. Knowing the Conqueror’s chief want, a man who could speak a word of his pet conquest’s vernacular dialect, I had not been a week at Karáchee before I found a language-master and a book. But the study was undertaken *invitâ minervâ*. We were quartered in tents, dust-storms howled over us daily, drills and brigade parades were never ending, and, as I was acting interpreter to my regiment, courts-martial of dreary length occupied the best part of my time. Besides, it was impossible to work in such an atmosphere of discontent. The seniors abhorred the barren desolate spot, with all its inglorious perils of fever, spleen, dysentery, and congestion of the brain, the juniors grumbled in sympathy, and the Staff officers, ordered up to rejoin the corps—it was on field service—complained bitterly of having to quit their comfortable appointments in more favoured lands without even a campaign in prospect. So when, a month or two after landing in the country, we were

transferred from Karáchee to Ghárrá—purgatory to the other locale—I threw aside Sindí for Maharattee, hoping, by dint of reiterated examinations, to escape the place of torment as soon as possible. It was very like studying Russian in an English country-town; however, with the assistance of Molesworth's excellent dictionary, and the regimental *pundit*, or schoolmaster, I gained some knowledge of the dialect, and proved myself duly qualified in it at Bombay. At the same time a brother subaltern and I had jointly leased a Persian *moon-shee*, one Mirza Mohammed Hosayn, of Shiraz. Poor fellow, after passing through the fires of Sind unscathed, he returned to his delightful land for a few weeks, to die there!—and we laid the foundation of a lengthened course of reading in that most elegant of Oriental languages.

“Now it is a known fact that a good Staff appointment has the general effect of doing away with one's bad opinion of any place whatever. So when, by the kindness of a friend whose name *his* modesty prevents my mentioning, the Governor of Sind was persuaded to give me the temporary appointment of Assistant in the Survey, I began to look with interest upon the desolation around me. The country was a new one, so was its population, so was their language. After reading all the works published upon the subject, I felt convinced that none but Mr. Crow and Captain J. MacMurdo had dipped beneath the superficialities of things. My new duties compelled me to spend the cold season in wandering over the districts, levelling the beds of canals, and making preparatory sketches for a grand survey. I was thrown so entirely amongst the people as to depend upon them for society, and the ‘dignity,’ not to mention the increased allowances of a Staff officer, enabled me to collect a fair stock of books, and to gather around me those who could make them of any use. So, after the first year, when I had Persian at my fingers'-ends, sufficient Arabic to read, write, and converse fluently, and a superficial knowledge of that dialect of Punjaabee which is spoken in the wilder parts of the province, I began the systematic study of the Sindian people, their manners and their tongue.

“The first difficulty was to pass for an Oriental, and this was as necessary as it was difficult. The European official in India seldom, if ever, sees anything in its real light, so dense is the veil which the fearfulness, the duplicity, the prejudice, and the superstitions of the natives hang before his eyes. And the white man lives a life so distinct from the black, that hundreds of the former serve through what they call their ‘term of exile’ without once being present at a circumcision feast, a wedding, or a funeral. More especially the present generation, whom the habit and the means of taking furloughs, the increased facility for enjoying ladies' society, and, if truth be spoken, a greater regard for appearances, if not a stricter code of morality, estrange from their dusky fellow-subjects every day more and more. After trying several characters, the easiest to be assumed was, I found, that of a half-Arab, half-Iranian, such as may be met with in thousands along the northern shore of the Persian

Gulf. The Sindians would have detected in a moment the difference between my articulation and their own, had I attempted to speak their vernacular dialect, but they attributed the accent to my strange country, as naturally as a home-bred Englishman would account for the bad pronunciation of a foreigner calling himself partly Spanish, partly Portuguese. Besides, I knew the countries along the Gulf by heart from books, I had a fair knowledge of the Shiah form of worship prevalent in Persia, and my poor *moonshee* was generally at hand to support me in times of difficulty, so that the danger of being detected—even by a ‘real Simon Pure’—was a very inconsiderable one.

“With hair falling upon his shoulders, a long beard, face and hands, arms and feet, stained with a thin coat of henna, Mirza Abdullah of Bushire—your humble servant—set out upon many and many a trip. He was a *bazzaz*, a vendor of fine linen, calicoes, and muslins—such chapmen are sometimes admitted to display their wares, even in the sacred harem, by ‘fast’ and fashionable dames—and he had a little pack of *bijouterie* and *virtù* reserved for emergencies. It was only, however, when absolutely necessary that he displayed his stock-in-trade; generally, he contented himself with alluding to it on all possible occasions, boasting largely of his traffic, and asking a thousand questions concerning the state of the market. Thus he could walk into most men’s houses, quite without ceremony; even if the master dreamed of kicking him out, the mistress was sure to oppose such measure with might and main. He secured numberless invitations, was proposed to by several papas, and won, or had to think he won, a few hearts; for he came as a rich man and he stayed with dignity, and he departed exacting all the honours. When wending his ways he usually urged a return of visit in the morning, but he was seldom to be found at the caravanserai he specified—was Mirza Abdullah the Bushiri.

“The timid villagers collected in crowds to see the rich merchant in Oriental dress, riding spear in hand, and pistols in holsters, towards the little encampment pitched near their settlements. But regularly every evening on the line of march the Mirza issued from his tent and wandered amongst them, collecting much information and dealing out more concerning an ideal master—the Feringhee supposed to be sitting in State amongst the *moonshees*, the Scribes, the servants, the wheels, the chains, the telescopes, and the other magical implements in which the camp abounded. When travelling, the Mirza became this mysterious person’s factotum, and often had he to answer the question how much his perquisites and illicit gains amounted to in the course of the year.

“When the Mirza arrived at a strange town, his first step was to secure a house in or near the bazar, for the purpose of evening *conversazioni*. Now and then he rented a shop, and furnished it with clammy dates, viscid molasses, tobacco, ginger, rancid oil, and strong-smelling sweetmeats; and wonderful tales Fame told about these establishments. Yet somehow or other, though they were more crowded than a first-rate milliner’s rooms in town, they throve

not in a pecuniary point of view ; the cause of which was, I believe, that the polite Mirza was in the habit of giving the heaviest possible weight for their money to all the ladies, particularly the pretty ones, that honoured him by patronizing his concern.

“Sometimes the Mirza passed the evening in a mosque listening to the ragged students who, stretched at full length with their stomachs on the dusty floor, and their arms supporting their heads, mumbled out Arabic from the thumbed, soiled, and tattered pages of theology upon which a dim oil light shed its scanty ray, or he sat debating the niceties of faith with the long-bearded, shaven-pated, blear-eyed, and stolid-faced *genus loci*, the *Mullah*. At other times, when in merrier mood, he entered uninvited the first door whence issued the sounds of music and the dance ;—a clean turban and a polite bow are the best ‘tickets for soup’ the East knows. Or he played chess with some native friend, or he consorted with the hemp-drinkers and opium-eaters in the *estaminets*, or he visited the Mrs. Gadabouts and Go-betweens who make matches amongst the Faithful, and gathered from them a precious budget of private history and domestic scandal.

“What scenes he saw ! what adventures he went through ! But who would believe, even if he ventured to detail them ? *

“The Mirza’s favourite school for study was the house of an elderly matron on the banks of the Fulailee River, about a mile from the Fort of Haydarábád. Khanum Jan had been a beauty in her youth, and the tender passion had been hard upon her—at least judging from the fact that she had fled her home, her husband, and her native town, Candahar, in company with Mohammed Bakhsh, a purblind old tailor, the object of her warmest affections.

“‘Ah, he is a regular old hyæna now,’ would the Joan exclaim in her outlandish Persian, pointing to the venerable Darby as he sat in the cool shade, nodding his head and winking his eyes over a pair of pantaloons which took him a month to sew, ‘but you should have seen him fifteen years ago, what a wonderful youth he was !’

“The knowledge of one mind is that of a million—after a fashion. I addressed myself particularly to that of ‘Darby ;’ and many an hour of tough thought it took me before I had mastered its truly Oriental peculiarities, its regular irregularities of deduction, and its strange monotonous one-idea’dness.

“Khanum Jan’s house was a mud edifice, occupying one side of a square formed by tall, thin, crumbling mud walls. The respectable matron’s peculiar vanity was to lend a helping hand in all manner of *affaires du cœur*. So it often happened that Mirza Abdullah was turned out of the house to pass a few hours in the garden. There he sat upon his felt rug spread beneath a shadowy tamarind, with beds of sweet-smelling basil around him, his eyes roving over the broad river that coursed rapidly between its wooded banks and the groups gathered at the frequent ferries, whilst the soft strains of mysterious, philosophical, transcendental Hafiz were sounded in his ears by the other Mirza, his companion ; Mohammed Hosayn—peace be upon him !

“Of all economical studies this course was the cheapest. For tobacco daily, for frequent draughts of milk, for hemp occasionally, for four months’ lectures from Mohammed Bakhsh, and for sundry other little indulgences, the Mirza paid, it is calculated, the sum of six shillings. When he left Haydarábád, he gave a silver talisman to the dame, and a cloth coat to her protector: long may they live to wear them!

* * * * *

“Thus it was I formed my estimate of the native character. I am as ready to reform it when a man of more extensive experience and greater knowledge of the subject will kindly show me how far it transgresses the well-established limits of moderation. As yet I hold, by way of general rule, that the Eastern mind—I talk of the nations known to me by personal experience—is always in extremes; that it ignores what is meant by ‘golden mean,’ and that it delights to range in flights limited only by the *ne plus ultra* of Nature herself. Under which conviction I am open to correction.

“RICHARD F. BURTON.”

During those first seven years in India, Richard passed in Hindostani, Guzaratee, Persian, Maharattee, Sindhee, Punjaubee, Arabic, Telugu, Pushtû (Afghan tongue), with Turkish and Armenian. In 1844 he went to Scinde with the 18th Native Infantry, and Colonel Walter Scott put him on Sir Charles Napier’s staff, who soon found out what he was worth, and turned his merits to account, but he accompanied his regiment to Mooltan to attack the Sikhs. He became much attached to his Chief; they quite understood each other, and remained together for five years. Richard’s training was of the uncommon sort, and glorious as it was, dangerous as it was, and romantic as it will ever be to posterity, he did not get from dense and narrow-minded Governments those rewards which men who risk their lives deserve, and which would have been given to the man who took care of “number one,” and who, with average stupidity, worked on red-tape lines. He was sent out amongst the wild tribes of the hills and plains to collect information for Sir Charles. He did not go as a British officer or Commissioner, because he knew he would see nothing but what the natives chose him to see; he let down a curtain between himself and Civilization, and a tattered, dirty-looking dervish would wander on foot, lodge in mosques, where he was venerated as a saintly man, mix with the strangest company, join the Beloch and the Brahui tribes (Indo-Scythians), about whom there was nothing then known. Sometimes he appeared in the towns; as a merchant he opened a shop, sold stuffs or sweatmeats in the bazaar. Sometimes he worked with the men in native dress, “Játs” and Camel men, at levelling canals.

When Richard was in India he at one time got rather tired of the daily Mess, and living with men, and he thought he should like to

learn the manners, customs, and habits of monkeys, so he collected forty monkeys of all kinds of ages, races, species, and he lived with them, and he used to call them by different offices. He had his doctor, his chaplain, his secretary, his aide-de-camp, his agent, and one tiny one, a very pretty, small, silky-looking monkey, he used to call his wife, and put pearls in her ears. His great amusement was to keep a kind of refectory for them, where they all sat down on chairs at meals, and the servants waited on them, and each had its bowl and plate, with the food and drinks proper for them. He sat at the head of the table, and the pretty little monkey sat by him in a high baby's chair, with a little bar before it. He had a little whip on the table, with which he used to keep them in order when they had bad manners, which did sometimes occur, as they frequently used to get jealous of the little monkey, and try to claw her. He did this for the sake of doing what Mr. Garner is now doing, that of ascertaining and studying the language of monkeys, so that he used regularly to talk to them, and pronounce their sounds afterwards, till he and the monkeys at last got quite to understand each other. He obtained as many as sixty words, I think twenty more than Mr. Garner—that is, leading words—and he wrote them down and formed a vocabulary, meaning to pursue his studies at some future time. Mr. Garner has now the advantage of phonographs, and all sorts of appliances. Had Richard been alive, he could have helped him greatly. Unfortunately his monkey vocabulary was burnt in Grindlay's fire. He also writes—but this was with his regiment—

“Amongst other remarkable experiments made by me, a Sányasi, whom I knew, talked to me about their manner of burying themselves alive. I said I would not believe it unless I saw it. The native therefore told me that he would prove it, by letting me try it; but that he should require three days for preparation, and hoped for a reward. Accordingly for three days he made his preparations by swallowing immense draughts of milk. I refused to put him in a coffin, or to bury him in the earth, lest he should die; but he lay down in a hammock, rolled his tongue up in his throat, and appeared to be dead. My brother officers and I then slung him up to the ceiling by four large hooks and ropes, lying comfortably in the hammock, and, to avoid trickery, one of us was always on guard day and night, each taking two hours' watch at a time. After three weeks we began to get frightened, because if the man died there would be such a scandal. So we lowered him down, and tried to awake him. We opened his mouth and tried to unroll his tongue into its natural position. He then, after some time, woke perfectly well. We gave him food, paid him a handsome reward, and he went away quite delighted, offering to do it for *three months*, if it pleased us.”

Richard would be in a dozen different capacities on his travels, but when he returned, he was rich with news and information for Sir Charles, for he arrived at secrets quite out of the reach of the British Army. He knew all that the natives knew, which was more than British officers and surveyors did. General MacMurdo consulted his journals and Survey books, which were highly praised by the Surveyor-General. He was frequently in the presence of and speaking before his own Colonel without his having the slightest idea that it was Richard.

Sir Charles Napier liked decision; he hated a man who had not an answer ready for him. For instance, a young man would go and ask him for an appointment. Sir Charles would say, "What do you want?" The youth of firm mind would answer, "An Adjutancy, Sir." "All right," said Sir Charles, and he probably got it. But "Anything you please, Sir Charles," would be sure to be contemptuously dismissed. On returning from his native researches, Sir Charles would ask Richard such questions as: "Is it true that native high-class landowners, who monopolize the fiefs about the heads of the canals, neglect to clear out the tails, and allow Government ground and the peasants' fields to lie barren for want of water?"

"Perfectly true, Sir."

"What would be my best course then?"

"Simply to confiscate the whole or part of those estates, Sir."

"H'm! You don't mince matters, Burton."

He once asked Richard how many bricks there were in a newly built bridge (an impossible question, such as are put to lads whom the examiner intends to pluck). Richard, knowing his foible, answered, "229,010, Sir Charles." He turned away and smiled. Another time he ordered a review on a grand scale to impress certain Chiefs—

"Lieutenant Burton, be pleased to inform these gentlemen that I propose to form these men in line, then to break into *échelon* by the right, and to form square on the centre battalion," and so on, for about five minutes in military technical terms, for which there were no equivalents in these men's dialects.

"Yes, Sir," said Richard, saluting.

Turning to the Chiefs, Richard said, "Oh, Chiefs! our Great Man is going to show you the way we fight, and you must be attentive to the rules." He then touched his cap to Sir Charles.

"Have you explained all?" he asked.

"Everything, Sir," answered Richard.

“A most concentrated language that must be,” said Sir Charles, riding off with his nose in the air.

After seven years of this kind of life, overwork, overstudy, combined with the hot season, and the march up the Indus Valley, told on Richard's health, and at the end of the campaign he was attacked by severe ophthalmia, the result of mental and physical fatigue, and he was ordered to take a short rest. He utilized that leave in going to Goa, and especially to Old Goa, where, as he said himself, he made a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, and explored the scenes of the Inquisition. At last news reached him that another campaign was imminent in Mooltan, that Sir Charles Napier would take command; Colonel Scott and a host of friends were ordered up. He writes as follows:—

“I applied in almost suppliant terms to accompany the force as interpreter. I had passed examinations in six native languages, besides studying others, Multani included, and yet General Auchmuty's secretary wrote to me that this could not be, as he had chosen for the post Lieutenant X. Y. Z., who had passed in Hindustani.

“This last misfortune broke my heart. I had been seven years in India, working like a horse, volunteering for every bit of service, and qualifying myself for all contingencies. Rheumatic ophthalmia, which had almost left me when in hopes of marching northward, came on with redoubled force, and no longer had I any hope of curing it except by a change to Europe. Sick, sorry, and almost in tears of rage, I bade adieu to my friends and comrades in Sind. At Bombay there was no difficulty in passing the Medical Board, and I embarked at Bombay for a passage round the Cape, as the Austral winter was approaching, in a sixty-year-old teak-built craft, the brig *Eliza*, Captain Cory.

“My career in India had been in my eyes a failure, and by no fault of my own; the dwarfish demon called ‘Interest’ had fought against me, and as usual had won the fight.”

CHAPTER VII.

MECCA.

WHEN Richard came home, he first ran down full of joy to visit all his relations and friends. He then went to Oxford with half a mind to take his degree. He was between twenty-eight and twenty-nine years of age. In 1850 he went back to France, and devoted himself to fencing. To this day "the Burton *une-deux*," and notably the *manchette* (the upward slash, disabling the swordarm, and saving life in affairs of honour), earned him his *brevet de pointe* for the



LUNGE AND CUT IN CARTE (INSIDE).

excellence of his swordsmanship, and he became a *Maître d'armes*. Indeed, as horseman, swordsman, and marksman, no soldier of his day surpassed him, and very few equalled him. His family, that is his father, mother and sister, with her two children—her husband

being in India, and his brother Edward in the 37th Regiment (Queen's)—went to Boulogne, like all the rest of us, for change, quiet, and economy, and there he joined them.

We did exactly the same, the object being to put me and my sisters into the Sacré Cœur to learn French. Boulogne, in those days, was a very different town to what it is now. It was "the home of the stranger who had done something wrong." The natives were of the usual merchant, or rich *bourgeoisie* class; there was a sprinkling of local *noblesse* in the Haute-Ville; the gem of the natives in the lower class were the Poissardes, who hold themselves entirely distinct from the town, are a cross between Spanish and Flemish, and in *those* days were headed by a handsome "Queen" called Caroline, long since dead. The English colony was very large. The *crème*, who did not mix with the general "smart people," were the Seymours, Dundases, Chichesters, Jerninghams, Bedingfelds, Cliffords, Molyneux-Seels, and ourselves. Maybe I have forgotten many others.

The rest of the colony, instead of living like the colonies that Richard describes at Tours, used to walk a great deal up and down the Grand Rue, which was the fashionable lounge, the Rue de l'Écu, the Quai, and the Pier. The men were handsome and smart, and beautifully dressed, with generally an immense amount of white shirt-front, as in the Park, and the girls were pretty and well dressed. So were the young married women in those days. The Établissement was a sort of Casino, where everybody passed their evening, except the *crème*; they had music, dancing, cards, old ladies knitting, and refreshments, and it was the hotbed, like a club, of all the gossip and flirtation, with an occasional roaring scandal.

The hardship of *my* life and that of my sisters, was, that our mother would never let us set foot inside of it, which was naturally the only thing we longed to do, so that we had terribly dull, slow lives. Here Richard brought out his "Goa," his two books on Scinde, and his "Falconry," and prepared a book that came out in 1853, "A Complete System of Bayonet Exercise," of which, I regret to say, the only copy I possessed has been lost with the manuscript at David Bogue's. People were *now* beginning to say that "Burton was an awfully clever young fellow, a man of great mark, in fact the coming man." Whilst I am speaking of that system of bayonet exercise, I may say that it was, as all he did, undervalued *at the time*, but still it has long been the one used by the Horseguards. Colonel Sykes, who was Richard's friend, sent for him, and sharply rebuked him with printing a book that would do far more harm than good.

It was thought that bayonet exercise would make the men unsteady in the ranks. The importance of bayonet exercise was recognized everywhere *except* in England. Richard detected our weak point in military system, and he knew that it would be the British soldier's forte when properly used. Richard was not "in the ring," but when that was proved, his pamphlet was taken down from the dusty pigeon-hole, and a few modifications—not improvements—were added, so as to enable a just and enlightened War Office, not to send him a word of thanks, a compliment, an expression of official recognition, which was all his soul craved for, but a huge letter from the Treasury, with a seal the size of a baby's fist, with a gracious permission to draw upon the Treasury for the sum of one shilling.

Richard always appreciated humour. He went to the War Office at once, was sent to half a dozen different rooms, and, to the intense astonishment of all the clerks, after three-quarters of an hour's very hard work he drew his shilling, and instead of framing it, he gave it to the first hungry beggar that he saw as soon as he came out of the War Office.

"Lord love yer, sir," said the beggar.

"No, my man, I don't exactly expect Him to do *that*. But I dare say you want a drink?"

He did not lead the life that was led by the general colony at Boulogne. He had a little set of men friends, knew some of the French, had a great many flirtations, one very serious one. He passed his days in literature and fencing: at home he was most domestic; his devotion to his parents, especially to his sick mother, was beautiful.

My sisters and I were kept at French all day, music and other studies, but were frequently turned into the Ramparts, which would give one a mile's walk around, to do our reading; then we had a turn down the Grande Rue, the Rue de l'Écu, the Quai, and the Pier at the fashionable hour, for a treat, or else we were taken a long country walk, or a long row up the river Liane in the summer time, where we occasionally saw a Guingette; but we were religiously marched home at half-past eight to supper and bed, unless one of the *crème* gave a dull tea-party.

One day, when we were on the Ramparts, the vision of my awakening brain came towards us. He was five feet eleven inches in height, very broad, thin, and muscular; * he had very dark hair,

* He was so broad and muscular that he did not look more than five feet nine—but he really was two inches taller, and the one complaint of his life was not to be able to grow another inch to make six feet.

black, clearly defined, sagacious eyebrows, a brown weather-beaten complexion, straight Arab features, a determined-looking mouth and chin, nearly covered by an enormous black moustache. I have since heard a clever friend say "that he had the brow of a God, the jaw of a Devil." But the most remarkable part of his appearance was, two large black flashing eyes with long lashes, that pierced you through and through. He had a fierce, proud, melancholy expression, and when he smiled, he smiled as though it hurt him, and looked with impatient contempt at things generally. He was dressed in a black, short, shaggy coat, and shouldered a short thick stick as if he was on guard.

He looked at me as though he read me through and through in a moment, and started a little. I was completely magnetized, and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister, and whispered to her, "That man will marry *me*." The next day he was there again, and he followed us, and chalked up, "May I speak to you?" leaving the chalk on the wall, so I took up the chalk and wrote back, "No, mother will be angry;" and mother found it,—and *was* angry; and after that we were stricter prisoners than ever. However, "destiny is stronger than custom." A mother and a pretty daughter came to Boulogne, who happened to be a cousin of my father's; they joined the majority in the Society sense, and one day we were allowed to walk on the Ramparts with them. There I met Richard, who—agony!—was flirting with the daughter; we were formally introduced, and the name Burton made me start.

I did not try to attract his attention; but whenever he came to the usual promenade I would invent any excuse that came, to take another turn to watch him, if he was not looking. If I could catch the sound of his deep voice, it seemed to me so soft and sweet, that I remained spell-bound, as when I hear gypsy-music. I never lost an opportunity of seeing him, when I could not be seen, and as I used to turn red and pale, hot and cold, dizzy and faint, sick and trembling, and my knees used to nearly give way under me, my mother sent for the doctor, to complain that my digestion was out of order, and that I got migraines in the street, and he prescribed me a pill which I put in the fire. All girls will sympathize with me. I was struck with the shaft of Destiny, but I had no hopes (being nothing but an ugly schoolgirl) of taking the wind out of the sails of the dashing creature, with whom he was carrying on a very serious flirtation.

In early days Richard had got into a rather strong flirtation with a very handsome and very fast girl, who had a vulgar, middle-class

sort of mother. One day he was rather alarmed at getting a polite but somewhat imperious note from the mother, asking him to call upon her. He obeyed, but he took with him his friend Dr. Steinhäuser, a charming man, who looked as if his face was carved out of wood. After the preliminaries of a rather formal reception, in a very prim-looking drawing-room, the lady began, looking severely at him, "I sent for you, Captain Burton, because I think it my dooty to ask what your intentions are with regard to my daughter?" Richard put on his most infantile face of perplexity as he said, "Your dooty, madam——" and, then, as if he was trying to recall things, and after awhile suddenly seizing the facts of the case, he got up and said, "Alas! madam, strictly dishonourable," and shaking his head as if he was going to burst into tears at his own iniquities, "I regret to say, strictly dishonourable;" and bowed himself out with Dr. Steinhäuser, who never moved a muscle of his face. Richard had never done the young lady a scrap of harm, beyond talking to her a little more than the others, because she was so "awfully jolly," but the next time he met her he said, "Look here, young woman, if I talk to you, you must arrange that I do not have 'mamma's dooty' flung at my head any more." "The old fool!" said the girl, "how like her!"

The only luxury I indulged in was a short but heartfelt prayer for him every morning. I read all his books, and was seriously struck as before by the name when I came to the Játs in Scinde—but this I will explain later on. My cousin asked him to write something for me, which I used to wear next to my heart. One night an exception was made to our dull rule of life. My cousins gave a tea-party and dance, and "the great majority" flocked in, and there was Richard like a star amongst rushlights. That was a Night of nights; he waltzed with me once, and spoke to me several times, and I kept my sash where he put his arm round my waist to waltz, and my gloves. I never wore them again. I did not know it then, but the "little cherub who sits up aloft" is not *only* occupied in taking care of poor Jack, for I came in also for a share of it.

MECCA.

Whilst leading this sort of life, on a long furlough, Richard determined to carry out a project he had long had in his head, to study thoroughly the "inner life of the Moslem." He had long felt within himself the qualifications, both mental and physical, which are needed for the exploration of dangerous regions, impossible of access, and of disguises difficult to sustain. His career as a dervish

in Scinde greatly helped him. His mind was both practical and imaginative; he set himself to imagine and note down every contingency that *might* arise, and one by one he studied each separate thing until he was master of it. As a small sample he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith; he learned to make horseshoes and shoe his horse.

To accomplish a journey to Mecca and Medinah quite safely in those days (1853) was almost an impossibility, for the discovery that he was *not* a Mussulman would have been avenged by a hundred Khanjars. It meant living with his life in his hand, and amongst the strangest and wildest companions, adopting their unfamiliar manners, and living for perhaps nine months in the hottest and most unhealthy climate, upon repulsive food, complete and absolute isolation from all that makes life tolerable, from all civilization, from all his natural habits—the brain at high tension, never to depart from the *rôle* he had adopted.

He obtained a year's leave on purpose, and left London as a Persian, for, during the time, he had to assume and sustain *several* Oriental characters. Captain Grindlay, who was in the secret, travelled to Southampton and Alexandria as his English interpreter. John Thurburn, who, curiously to say, was also the host of Burckhardt till he died, and was buried in Cairo, received Richard at Alexandria. He and his son-in-law, John Larking, of the Firs, Lee, Kent, were the only persons throughout the perilous expedition who knew of his secret. He went to Cairo as a dervish, and he lived there as a native, till (as he told me) he actually believed himself to be what he represented himself to be, and then he felt he was safe, and he practised on his own country-people the finding out that he was unrecognizable. He had wished to cross the whole length of Arabia, but the Russian War had caused disturbances, which might have delayed him over his year's leave.

In those days it was almost impossible to visit the Holy City as one of the Faithful. First, there was the pilgrim-ship to embark on; then there were long desert caravan marches, with their privations and their dangers; then there was the holy shrine, the Ka'abah, to be visited, and all the ceremonies to be gone through, like a Roman Catholic Holy Week at Rome. Burckhardt, the Swiss traveller, did get in, but he never could see the Ka'abah, and he confessed afterwards that he was so nervous that he was unable to take notes, and unable to write or sketch for fear of being detected, whereas Richard was sketching and writing in his white *burnous* the whole time he was prostrating and kissing the holy Stone. He did not go in mockery, but reverentially. He had brought his brain to believe

himself one of them. Europeans, converted Moslems, have of late gone there, but they have been received with the utmost civility, consistent with coldness, have been admitted to outward friendship, but have been carefully kept out of what they most wished to know and see, so that Richard was thus the only European who had beheld the inner and religious life of the Moslems as one of themselves.

Amongst the various Oriental characters that Richard assumed, the one that suited best was half-Arab, half-Iranian, such as throng the northern shores of the Persian Gulf. With long hair falling on his shoulders, long beard, face and hands, arms and legs browned and stained with a thin coat of henna, Oriental dress, spear in hand, and pistols in belt, Richard became Mirza Abdullah, el Bushiri. Here he commenced his most adventurous and romantic life, explored from North to South, from East to West, mixed with all sorts of people and tribes without betraying himself in manners, customs, or speech, when death must often have ensued, had he created either dislike or suspicion.

I here give a slight sketch from his private notes, and for fuller details refer the reader to his "Pilgrimage to Mecca and El Medinah," 3 vols., with coloured illustrations, published in 1855, and which made a great sensation. Although he has been the author of some eighty books and pamphlets, I think that this original edition of three volumes is the one that his name should live by, and it will be the first of the Uniform Library with the Meccan Press. The Uniform Library means a reproduction of all his hitherto published works, and eventually his unpublished ones, so that the world may lose nothing of what he has ever written.

As I have said, on the night of the 3rd of April, 1853, a Persian Mirza, accompanied by an English interpreter, Captain Henry Grindlay, of the Bengal Cavalry, left London for Southampton, and embarked on the P. and O. steamer *Bengal*. The voyage was profitable but tedious; Richard passed it in resuming his Oriental character, with such success, that when he landed at Alexandria, he was recognized and blessed as a true Moslem by the native population.

John Thurburn and his son-in-law, John Larking, received him at their villa on the Mahmudíyah Canal, but he was lodged in an outhouse, the better to deceive the servants. Here he practised the Korán and prayer, and all the ceremonies of the Faith, with a neighbouring Shaykh. He also became a *hakím*, or doctor, and called himself Shaykh Abdullah, preparing to be a dervish. The dervish is a chartered vagabond; nobody asks why he comes, where he goes; he may go on foot, or on horseback, or alone, or with a large retinue,

and he is as much respected without arms, as though he were armed to the teeth. "I only wanted," he said, "a little knowledge of medicine, which I *had*, moderate skill in magic, a studious reputation, and enough to keep me from starving." He provided himself with a few necessaries for the journey.

When he had to leave Alexandria he wrote—

"Not without a feeling of regret, I left my little room among the white myrtle blossoms and the rosy oleander flowers with the almond scent. I kissed with humble ostentation my good host's hand, in the presence of his servants. I bade adieu to my patients, who now amounted to about fifty, shaking hands with all meekly, and with religious equality of attention; and mounted in a 'trap' which looked like a cross between a wheelbarrow and a dog-cart, drawn by a kicking, jibbing, and biting mule, I set out for the steamer, the *Little Asthmatic*."

"The journey from Alexandria to Cairo lasted three days and nights. We saw nothing but muddy water, dusty banks, sand, mist, milky sky, glaring sun, breezes like the blasts of a furnace, and the only variation was that the steamer grounded four or five times a day, and I passed my time telling my beads with a huge rosary. I was a deck passenger. The sun burnt us all day, and the night dews were raw and thick. Our diet was bread and garlic, moistened with muddy water from the canal. At Cairo I went to a caravanserai. Here I became a Pathán. I was born in India of Afghan parents, who had settled there, and I was educated at Rangoon, and sent out, as is often the custom, to wander. I knew all the languages that I required to pass me, Persian, Hindostani, and Arabic. It is customary at the shop, on the camel, in the Mosque, to ask, 'What is thy name? Whence comest thou?' and you must be prepared. I had to do the fast of the Ramazan, which is far stricter than the Catholics' Lent, and in Cairo I studied the Moslem faith in every detail. I had great difficulty in getting a passport without betraying myself, but the chief of the Afghan college at the Azhar Mosque contrived it for me. I hired a couple of camels, and put my Meccan boy and baggage on one, and I took the other. I had an eighty-four mile ride in midsummer, on a bad wooden saddle, on a bad dromedary, across the Suez Desert.

"Above, through a sky terrible in its stainless beauty, and the splendours of a pitiless blinding glare, the simoom caresses you like a lion with flaming breath. Around lie drifted sand-heaps, upon which each puff of wind leaves its trace in solid waves, frayed rocks, the very skeletons of mountains, and hard unbroken plains, over which he who rides is spurred by the idea that the bursting of a waterskin, or the pricking of a camel's hoof, would be a certain death of torture; a haggard land infested with wild beasts and wilder men; a region whose very fountains murmur the warning words, 'Drink and away!'

"In the desert, even more than upon the ocean, there is present

Death, and this sense of danger, never absent, invests the scene of travel with a peculiar interest.

“Let the traveller who suspects exaggeration leave the Suez road, and gallop northwards over the sands for an hour or two; in the drear silence, the solitude, and the fantastic desolation of the place, he will feel what the desert *may* be. And then the oases, and little lines of fertility—how soft and how beautiful!—even though the Wady-el-Ward (‘the Vale of Flowers’) be the name of some stern flat in which a handful of wild shrubs blossom, while struggling through a cold season’s ephemeral existence.

“In such circumstances the mind is influenced through the body. Though your mouth glows, and your skin is parched, yet you feel no languor,—the effect of humid heat; your lungs are lightened, your sight brightens, your memory recovers its tone, and your spirits become exuberant. Your fancy and imagination are powerfully aroused, and the wildness and sublimity of the scenes around you, stir up all the energies of your soul, whether for exertion, danger, or strife. Your *morale* improves; you become frank and cordial, hospitable and single-minded; the hypocritical politeness and the slavery of Civilization are left behind you in the City. Your senses are quickened; they require no stimulants but air and exercise; in the desert spirituous liquors excite only disgust.

“There is a keen enjoyment in mere animal existence. The sharp appetite disposes of the most indigestible food; the sand is softer than a bed of down, and the purity of the air suddenly puts to flight a dire cohort of diseases.

“Here Nature returns to Man, however unworthily he has treated her, and, believe me, when once your tastes have conformed to the tranquillity of such travel, you will suffer real pain in returning to the turmoil of civilization. You will anticipate the bustle and the confusion of artificial life, its luxuries and its false pleasures, with repugnance. Depressed in spirits, you will for a time after your return feel incapable of mental or bodily exertion. The air of Cities will suffocate you, and the careworn and cadaverous countenances of citizens will haunt you like a vision of judgment.

“I was nearly undone by Mohammed, my Meccan boy, finding my sextant amongst my clothes, and it was only by Umar Effendi having read a letter of mine to Haji Wali that very morning on Theology, that he was able to certify that I was thoroughly orthodox.

“When I started my intention had been to cross the all but unknown Arabian Peninsula, and to map it out, either from El Medinah to Maskat, or from Mecca to Makallah on the Indian Ocean. I wanted to open a market for horses between Arabia and Central India, to go through the Rubá-el-Khali (‘the Empty Abode’), the great wilderness on our maps, to learn the hydrography of the Hejaz, and the ethnographical details of this race of Arabs I should have been very much at sea without my sextant. I managed to secrete a pocket compass.

“The journey would have been of fifteen or sixteen hundred miles,

and have occupied at least ten months longer than my leave. The quarrelling of the tribes prevented my carrying it out. I had arranged with the Beni Harb, the Bedawin tribe, to join them after the Pilgrimage like a true Bedawin, but it *meant* all this above-mentioned work; I found it useless to be killed in a petty tribe-quarrel, perhaps, about a mare, and once I joined them it would have been a point of honour to aid in all their quarrels and raids.

“At Suez we embarked on a *Sambúk*, an open boat of about fifty tons. She had no means of reefing, no compass, no log, no sounding-line, no chart. Ninety-seven pilgrims (fifteen women and children) came on deck. They were all barefoot, bare-headed, dirty, ferocious, and armed. The distance was doubled by detours; it would have been six hundred miles in a straight line. Even the hardened Arabs and Africans suffered most severely. After twelve days of purgatory, I sprang ashore at Yambú; and travelling a fortnight in this pilgrim-boat gave me the fullest possible knowledge of the inner life of El Islam. However, the heat of the sun, the heavy night dews, and the constant washing of the waves over me, had so affected one of my feet that I could hardly put it to the ground.

“Yambú is the port of El Medinah, as Jeddah is that of Mecca. The people are a good type, healthy, proud, and manly, and they have considerable trade. Here I arranged for camels, and our Caravan hired an escort of irregular cavalry—very necessary, for, as the tribes were out, we had to fight every day. They did not want to start till the tribes had finished fighting; but I was resolved, and we went. Here I brought a *shugduf*, or litter, and seven days' provisions for the journey, and here also I became an Arab, to avoid paying the capitation tax, the *Jizyát*.

“We eventually arrived at El Hamra, the ‘Red Village,’ but in a short while the Caravan arrived from Mecca, and in about four hours we joined it and went on our way. That evening we were attacked by Bedawi, and we had fighting pretty nearly the whole way. We lost twelve men, camels, and other beasts of burden; the Bedawi looted the baggage and ate the camels.

“One morning El Medinah was in sight. We were jaded and hungry; and we gloried in the gardens and orchards about the town. I was met at El Medinah by Shaykh Hamid, who received me into his family as one of the faithful, and where I led a quiet, peaceful, and pleasant life, during leisure hours; but of course, the pilgrimage being my object, I had a host of shrines to visit, ceremonies to perform, and prayers to recite, besides the usual prayers five times a day; for it must be remembered that El Medinah contains the tomb of Mahommad.” (For description see Burton's ‘Mecca and El Medinah,’ 3 vols.)

“The Damascus Caravan was to start on the 27th Zu'l Ka'adah (1st September). I had intended to stay at El Medinah till the last moment, and to accompany the *Kafilat el Tayyárah*, or the ‘Flying Caravan,’ which usually leaves on the 2nd Zu'l Hijjah, two days after that of Damascus.

"Suddenly arose the rumour that there would be no *Tayyárah*,* and that all pilgrims must proceed with the Damascus Caravan or await the *Rakb*.† The Sherif Zayd, Sa'ad, the robbers' only friend, paid Sa'ad an unsuccessful visit. Sa'ad demanded back his shaykhship, in return for a safe conduct through his country; 'otherwise,' said he, 'I will cut the throat of every hen that ventures into the passes.'

"The Sherif Zayd returned to El Medinah on the 25th Zu'l Ka'adah (30th August). Early on the morning of the next day, Shaykh Hamid returned hurriedly from the bazar, exclaiming, 'You must make ready at once, Effendi! There will be no *Tayyárah*. All Hajis start to-morrow. Allah will make it easy to you! Have you your water-skins in order? You are to travel down the Darb el Sharki, *where you will not see water for three days!*'

"Poor Hamid looked horror-struck as he concluded this fearful announcement, which filled me with joy. Burckhardt had visited and described the Darb el Sultani, the 'High' or 'Royal Road' along the coast; but *no* European had as yet travelled down by Harún el Rashíd's and the Lady Zubaydah's celebrated route through the Nejd Desert. And here was my chance!

"Whenever he was ineffably disgusted, I consoled him with singing the celebrated song of Maysúnah, the beautiful Bedawin wife of the Caliph Muawíyah." (Richard was immensely fond of this little song, and the Bedawin screams with joy when he hears it.)

"Oh, take these purple robes away,
Give back my cloak of camel's hair,
And bear me from this tow'ring pile
To where the black tents flap i' the air.
The camel's colt with falt'ring tread,
The dog that bays at all but me,
Delight me more than ambling mules,
Than every art of minstrelsy;
And any cousin, poor but free,
Might take me, fatted ass, from thee.' ‡

"The old man was delighted, clapped my shoulder, and exclaimed, 'Verily, O Father of Moustachios, I will show thee the black Tents of my Tribe this year.'

"So, after staying at Medinah about six weeks, I set out with the Damascus Caravan down the Darb el Sharki, under the care of a very venerable Bedawin, who nicknamed me 'Abú Shuwárib,' meaning, 'Father of Moustachios,' mine being very large. I found myself standing opposite the Egyptian gate of El Medinah, surrounded by my friends—those friends of a day, who cross the phantasmagoria of one's life. There were affectionate embraces and parting mementoes.

* "The *Tayyárah*, or 'Flying Caravan,' is lightly laden, and travels by forced marches."

† "The *Rakb* is a dromedary-caravan, in which each person carries only his saddle-bags. It usually descends by the road called El Khabt, and makes Mecca on the fifth day."

‡ "By the term 'fatted ass' the intellectual lady alluded to her royal husband."

The camels were mounted; I and the boy Mohammed in the litter or *shugduf*, and Shaykh Nur in his cot. The train of camels with the Caravan wended its way slowly in a direction from north to north-east, gradually changing to eastward. After an hour's travel, the Caravan halted to turn and take farewell of the Holy City.

"We dismounted to gaze at the venerable minarets and the green dome which covers the tomb of the Prophet. The heat was dreadful, the climate dangerous, and the beasts died in numbers. Fresh carcasses strewed our way, and were covered with foul vultures. The Caravan was most picturesque. We travelled principally at night, but the camels had to perform the work of goats, and step from block to block of basalt like mountaineers, which being unnatural to them, they kept up a continual piteous moan. The simoom and pillars of sand continually threw them over.

"Water is the great trouble of a Caravan journey, and the only remedy is to be patient and not to talk. The first two hours gives you the mastery, but if you drink you cannot stop. Forty-seven miles before we reached Mecca, at El Zaribah, we had to perform the ceremony of *El Ihram*, meaning 'to assume the pilgrim garb.' A barber shaved us, trimmed our moustachios; we bathed and perfumed, and then we put on two new cotton cloths, each six feet long by three and a half broad. It is white, with narrow red stripes and fringe, and worn something as you wear it in the baths. Our heads and feet, right shoulder and arm, are exposed.

"We had another fight before we got to Mecca, and a splendid camel in front of me was shot through the heart. Our Sherif Zayd was an Arab Chieftain of the purest blood, and very brave. He took two or three hundred men, and charged them. However, they shot many of our dromedaries, and camels, and boxes and baggage strewed the place; and when we were gone the Bedawi would come back, loot the baggage, and eat the camels. On Saturday, the 10th of September, at one in the morning, there was great excitement in the Caravan, and loud cries of 'Mecca! Mecca! Oh, the Sanctuary, the Sanctuary!' All burst into loud praises, and many wept. We reached it next morning, after ten days and nights from El Medinah. I became the guest of the boy Mohammed, in the house of his mother.

"First I did the circumambulation at the Haram. Early next morning I was admitted to the house of our Lord; and we went to the holy well Zemzem, the holy water of Mecca, and then the Ka'abah, in which is inserted the famous black stone, where they say a prayer for the Unity of Allah. Then I performed the seven circuits round the Ka'abah, called the *Tawaf*. I then managed to have a way pushed for me through the immense crowd to kiss it. While kissing it, and rubbing hands and forehead upon it, I narrowly

observed it, and came away persuaded that it is an aerolite. It is curious that almost all agree upon one point, namely, that the stone is volcanic. Ali Bey calls it mineralogically a 'block of volcanic basalt, whose circumference is sprinkled with little crystals, pointed and straw-like, with rhombs of tile-red felspath upon a dark ground like velvet or charcoal, except one of its protuberances, which is reddish.' It is also described as 'a lava containing several small extraneous particles of a whitish and of a yellowish substance.'

"All this time the pilgrims had scorched feet and burning heads, as they were always uncovered. I was much impressed with the strength and steadfastness of the Mohammedan religion. It was so touching to see them; one of them was clinging to the curtain, and sobbing as though his heart would break.* At night I and Shaykh Nur and the boy Mohammed issued forth with the lantern and praying-carpet.

"The moon, now approaching the full, tipped the brow of Abú

* N.B.—I found in later years he had recently copied into this part of his journal, from some paper, "The Meditations of a Hindu Prince and Sceptic," by the author of "The Old Pindaree"—

"All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and Northward ayont the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever? and what do the wisest know?"

"Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm,
Like the wild bees heard in the treetops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, 'Whence is the message? and what may the wonders mean?'"

"Shall I list to the word of the English, who came from the uttermost sea?
'The secret, hath it been told you? and what is your message to me?'
It is nought but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began;
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once a man.

"I had thought, 'Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main:'
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

"Is life, then, a dream and delusion? and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water? and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass, as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone,
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?"

"Is there nought in the heavens above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?—
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and the voices of women who
weep."

Kubáya, and lit up the spectacle with a more solemn light. In the midst stood the huge bier-like erection—

‘Black as the wings
Which some spirit of ill o’er a sepulchre flings!’

except where the moonbeams streaked it like jets of silver falling upon the darkest marble. It formed the point of rest for the eye; the little pagoda-like buildings and domes around it, with all their gilding and framework, faded to the sight. One object, unique in appearance, stood in view—the temple of the one Allah, the God of Abraham, of Ishmael, and of their posterity. Sublime it was, and expressing by all the eloquence of fancy the grandeur of the one idea which vitalized El Islam, and the strength and steadfastness of its votaries.

“One thing I remarked, and think worthy of notice, is that ever since Noah’s dove, every religion seems to consider the pigeon a sacred bird; for example, every Mosque swarms with pigeons; St. Mark’s, at Venice, and the same exists in most Italian market-places; the Hindoo pandits and the old Assyrian Empire also have them; whilst Catholics make it the emblem of the Holy Ghost.

“The day before I went to Arafat, I spent the night in the Mosque, where I saw many strange sights. One was a negro possessed by the devil. There, too, he prayed by the grave of Ishmael. After this we set out for Arafat, where is the tomb of Adam. (I have seen two since—one at Jerusalem, and one in the mountains behind Damascus.)

“It was a very weary journey, and, with the sun raining fire on our heads and feet, we suffered tortures. The camels threw themselves on the ground, and I myself saw five men fall out and die. On the Mount there were numerous consecrated shrines to see, and we had to listen to an immensely long sermon. On the great festival day we stoned the Devil, each man with seven stones washed in seven waters, and we said, while throwing each stone, ‘In the name of Allah—and Allah is Almighty—I do this in hatred of the Devil, and to his shame.’ There is then an immense slaughter of victims (five or six thousand), which slaughter, with the intense heat, swarms of flies, and the whole space reeking with blood, produces the most noisome vapours, and probably is the birthplace of that cholera and small-pox which generally devastate the World after the Haj. *Now* we were allowed to doff the pilgrim’s garb.

“We all went to barbers’ booths, where we were shaved, had our beards trimmed and our nails cut, saying prayers the while; and, though we had no clothes, we might put our clothes over our heads, and wear our slippers, which were a little protection from the heat. We might then twirl our moustachios, stroke our beards, and return to Mecca. At the last moment I was sent for. I thought, ‘Now something is going to happen to me; now I am suspected.’

“A crowd had gathered round the Ka’abah, and I had no wish to stand bare-headed and bare-footed in the midday September sun.

At the cry of 'Open a path for the Haji who would enter the House!' the gazers made way. Two stout Meccans, who stood below the door, raised me in their arms, whilst a third drew me from above into the building. At the entrance I was accosted by several officials, dark-looking Meccans, of whom the blackest and plainest was a youth of the Benu Shaybah family, the true blood of the El Hejaz. He held in his hand the huge silver-gilt padlock of the Ka'abah, and presently, taking his seat upon a kind of wooden press in the left corner of the hall, he officially inquired my name, nation, and other particulars. The replies were satisfactory, and the boy Mohammed was authoritatively ordered to conduct me round the building, and to recite the prayers. I will not deny that, looking at the windowless walls, the officials at the door, and a crowd of excited fanatics below—

'And the place death, considering who I was,'

my feelings were of the trapped-rat description, acknowledged by the immortal nephew of his uncle Perez. A blunder, a hasty action, a misjudged word, a prayer or bow, not strictly the right shibboleth, and my bones would have whitened the desert sand. This did not, however, prevent my carefully observing the scene during our long prayer, and making a rough plan with a pencil upon my white *ihram*.

"I returned home after this *quite* exhausted, performed an elaborate toilet, washing with henna and warm water, to mitigate the pain the sun had caused on my arms, shoulders, and breast, head and feet, and put on my gayest clothes in honour of the festival. When the moon rose, there was a second stoning, or lapidation, to be performed, and then we strolled round the coffee-houses. There was also a little pilgrimage to undertake, which is in honour of Hagar seeking water for her son Ishmael.

"I now began to long to leave Mecca; I had done everything, seen everything; the heat was simply unendurable, and the little room where I could enjoy privacy for about six hours a day, and jot my notes down, was a perfect little oven.*

"I slowly wended my way with a Caravan to Jeddah, with donkeys and Mohammed; I must say that the sight of the sea and the British flag was a pleasant tonic. I went to the British Consulate, but the Dragomans were not very civil to the unfortunate Afghan.

"So I was left kicking my heels at the Great Man's Gate for a long time, and heard somebody say, 'Let the dirty nigger wait.' Long inured to patience, however, I did wait, and when the Consul consented to see me, I presented him with a bit of paper, as if it were a money order. On it was written, 'Don't recognize me; I am

* I have only given the barest outlines of what took place, referring my readers to the original, because, as there were between fifty and fifty-five mosques, besides other places, and various interesting ceremonies to be performed in each one, there would be no room for anything else; and the same may be said of El Medinah.—I. B.

Dick Burton, but I am not safe yet. Give me some money' (naming the sum), 'which will be returned from London, and don't take any notice of me.' He, however, frequently afterwards, when it was dark, sent for me, and, once safe in his private rooms, showed me abundance of hospitality. Necessity compelled me living with Shayk Nur in a room (to myself), swept, sprinkled with water, and spread with mats.

"When I went out in gay attire, I was generally mistaken for the Pasha of El Medinah. After about ten days' suspense, an English ship was sent by the Bombay Steam Navigation Company to convey pilgrims from El Hejaz to India, so one day the Afghan disappeared—was supposed to have departed with other dirty pilgrims, but in reality, had got on board the *Dwárká*,* an English ship, with a first-class passage; he had emerged from his cabin, after washing all his colouring off, in the garb of an English gentleman; experienced the greatest kindness from the Commander and Officers, which he much needed, being worn out with fatigue and the fatal fiery heat, and felt the great relief to his mind and body from being able to take his first complete rest in safety on board an English ship; but was so changed that the Turkish pilgrims, who crowded the deck, never recognized their late companion pilgrim."

He ends his personal narrative of his sojourn in El Hejaz thus:—

"I have been exposed to perils, and I have escaped from them; I have traversed the sea, and have not succumbed under the severest fatigues; but they with fatal fiery heat have worn me out, and my heart is moved with emotions of gratitude that I have been permitted to effect the objects I had in view."

I can remember, at a reception at Lady Salisbury's, the Persian Ambassador and his suite following Richard about the whole evening, and when I joked them about it, they said, "It is such an extraordinary thing to us, to see any foreigner, especially an Englishman, speaking our language like ourselves. He might have never been out of Teheran; he even knows all the slang of the market-place as well as we do." When he arrived in Damascus, his record was perfectly clean with the Mohammedans, and the only bitter, unreasoning prejudice was in the breast of

* On the *Dwárká*, before he had time to go down to the cabin and change his clothes, one of his English brother officers, who was on board the ship, gave him a sly kick, and said, "Get out of the way, you dirty nigger." He often told me how he longed to hit him, but did not dare to betray himself. He was also part of the way in the Red Sea with my cousin William Strickland, a priest, and he used to tease him by sitting opposite to him, reciting his Korán out loud, while William was saying his breviary also out loud. At last one day Strickland got up, saying, "Oh, my God, I can't stand this much more," and afterwards these two became great friends.—I. B.

Christian missionaries, and Christian Foreign Office employés, whose friends wanted the post. Burton and Palgrave were quite two different men, as silver and nickel. I know exactly the *sort* of Arabic Palgrave spoke.

In the days that Richard went to Mecca, *no* converted Englishman would have been received as *now*. As to his Arabic, Abd el Kadir told me—and, mind, he was *the* highest cultivated and the most religious Moslem in Damascus; the only Sufi, I believe—that there were only two men in Damascus whose Arabic was worth listening to; one was my husband, and the other was Shaykh Mijwal El Mezrab, Lady Ellenborough's Bedawin husband. We may remember that at Jeddah his life was saved by being mistaken for the Pasha of El Medinah, and when he went to the departure of the Haj at Damascus, as he rode down the lines in frock-coat and fez, he was accosted by more than one as the Pasha of the Haj; and when the mistake was explained, and he told them who he was, they only laughed and said, "Why don't you come along with us again to Mecca, as you did before?" He was looked upon by *all* as a friend to the Moslem. He *never* profaned the sanctuaries of Mecca and Medina, and so far from being unpopular with the Moslems, he received almost yearly an invitation to go back with the Haj, and no opposition would have been made to him had he made another pilgrimage to the jealously guarded Haramayn or the holy Cities of the Moslems. Even *I* am always admitted to the Mosques with the women for *his* sake.

There was no tinsel and gingerbread about anything Richard did; it was always true and real.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARAR—THE MOSLEM ABYSSINIA.

RICHARD returned up the Red Sea to Egypt, and much enjoyed the rest and safety for a short time, and then returned to Bombay, his leave being up; but the wandering fever was still upon him, and as the most difficult place for a white man to enter was Harar, in Somali-land, Abyssinia, he determined that that should be his object. It is inhabited by a very dangerous race to deal with, and no white man had ever penetrated to Harar. The first white man who went to Abyssinia was kept prisoner till he died. The East India Company had long wished to explore it, because Berberah, the chief port of Somali-land, is the safest and best harbour on the western side of the Indian Ocean—far better than Aden. They went to work with that strange mixture of caution and generosity with which they treated those of their servants who stepped out of what Richard calls their “quarter-deck” routine, that is, to let him go as a private traveller, and the Government to give him no protection, but would allow him to retain the same pay that he would enjoy whilst on leave. Dr. Carter and others refused to do more than to coast along in a cruiser.

Richard applied for Lieutenant Herne, of the 1st Bombay Fusileers, Lieutenant Stroyan, Indian Navy, and Lieutenant Speke, 46th Bengal Native Infantry. Herne was distinguished by his surveys, photography, and mechanics on the west coast of India, in Scinde, and on the Punjaub rivers; Stroyan as amateur surveyor; and Speke, collector of the Fauna of Tibet and the Himalayas and sportsman. Assistant-Surgeon Ellerton Stocks, botanist, traveller, and a first-rate man in all ways, died before the expedition started.

Jealousy, as usual, immediately rose up in opposition. First, Sir James Outram, Political Resident at Aden, called it a tempting of

Providence, and Dr. Buist, the editor of the *Bombay Times*, was told to run down the Somali Expedition, in which task he was assisted by the unpopular chaplain. This was not very gratifying to four high-spirited men; so, instead of using Berberah as a base of operations, then westward to Harar, and then south-east to Zanzibar, the Resident changed the whole scheme and made it fail. Herne was to go to Berberah, where he was joined later by Stroyan. Speke was to land in a small harbour called Bunder Guray, and to trace the watershed of the Wady Nogal, to buy horses and camels, and collect red earth with gold in it; but his little expedition failed through his guide's treachery. Herne and Stroyan succeeded. Richard reserved for himself the post of danger. Harar was as difficult to enter as Mecca. It is the southernmost masonry-built settlement in North Equatorial Africa. He would go as an Arab merchant. Harar had never been visited, has its own language, its own unique history and traditions. The language was unwritten, but he wrote a grammar, and a vocabulary in which the etymology is given, and there he had enough savage anthropology to interest him.

He writes—

“In the first place, Berberah is the true key of the Red Sea, the centre of East African traffic, and the only safe place for shipping upon the Western Erythræan shore, from Suez to Guardafui, backed by lands capable of cultivation, and by hills covered with pine and other valuable trees, enjoying a comparatively temperate climate, with a regular, though thin monsoon. This harbour has been coveted by many a foreign conqueror. Circumstances have thrown it into our arms, and if we refuse a chance, another and a rival nation will not be so blind. [We have since given it away, and kept the far inferior Aden.] We are bound to protect the lives of subjects on this coast. In 1825 the crew of the *Mary Ann* brig was treacherously murdered by the Somal. They continued in that state, and if to-morrow a Peninsular and Oriental Company steamer by any chance fell into their power, it would be the same history. Harar, scarcely three hundred miles distance from Aden, is a counterpart of the ill-famed Timbuctoo. A tradition exists that with the entrance of the first Christian, Harar will fall. All therefore who have attempted it were murdered. It was therefore a point of honour with me to utilize my title of Haji, by entering this City, visiting its Ruler, and returning in safety, after breaking the Guardian's spell.”

This exploration of Harar was one of Richard's most splendid and dangerous expeditions, and, for some reason or other, the least known; the reason being, as I think, that his pilgrimage to Mecca was still making a great noise, and that the Crimean War had

cropped up, deadening the interest in all *personal* adventure. He therefore thought himself fortunate in being able to persuade Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, to patronize an expedition into Somali-land.

He was away four months. The journey was useful; at least, it has proved so to the Egyptians, to the English, and now to the Italians. He sailed away, leaving Herne, Stroyan, and Speke, each engaged on his respective work, and arrived at Zayla.

“My ship companions,” he writes, “were the wildest of the wild, and as we came into port Zayla a barque came up to give us the bad news. Friendship between the Amir of Harar and the Governor of Zayla had been broken; the road through the Eesa Somal had been closed by the murder of Masúd, a favourite slave and adopted son of Sharmarkay; all strangers had been expelled the City for some misconduct by the Harar chief; moreover, small-pox was raging there with such violence that the Galla peasantry would allow neither ingress nor egress. The tide was out, and we waded a quarter of a mile amongst giant crabs, who showed gristly claws, sharp coralline, and seaweed so thick as to become almost like a mat. In the shallower parts the sun was painfully hot even to my well-trying feet. I was taken immediately to the Governor at Zayla, a fellow Haji, who gave me hospitality.

“The well-known sounds of El Islam returned from memory. Again the melodious chant of the *muezzin*—no evening bell can compare with it for solemnity and beauty—and in the neighbouring Mosque, the loudly intoned ‘Amin’ and ‘Allaho Akbar,’ far superior to any organ, rang in my ear. The evening gun of camp was represented by the *nakkarah*, or kettle-drum, which sounded about seven p.m. at the southern Gate; and at ten a second drumming warned the paterfamilias that it was time for home, and thieves and lovers, that it was the hour for bastinado. Nightfall was ushered in by the song, the dance, and the marriage festival—here no permission is required for ‘native music in the lines’—and muffled figures flitted mysteriously through the dark alleys.

* * * * *

“After a peep through the open window, I fell asleep, feeling once more at home.

“I was too much of an Arab to weary of the endless preparations for forming a caravan. I used to provide myself with a Korán and sit receiving visitors, and would occasionally go into the Mosque, my servant carrying the prayer carpet, three hundred pair of eyes staring at me, and after reciting the customary two-bow prayer, in honour of the Mosque, I would place a sword and rosary before me, and, taking the Korán, read the cow-chapter, No. 18, in a loud and twanging voice. This is the character I adopted. You will bear in mind, if you please, that I am a Moslem merchant, a character not to be confounded with the notable

individuals seen on 'Change.' Mercator, in the East, is a compound of tradesmen, divine, and T.G. Usually of gentle birth, he is everywhere welcomed and respected; and he bears in his mind and manner that, if Allah please, he may become Prime Minister a month after he has sold you a yard of cloth. Commerce appears to be an accident, not an essential, with him, yet he is by no means deficient in acumen. He is a grave and reverend seignior, with rosary in hand and Korán on lip; is generally a pilgrim; talks at dreary length about Holy Places; writes a pretty hand; has read and can recite much poetry; is master of his religion; demeans himself with respectability; is perfect in all points of ceremony and politeness, and feels equally at home whether Sultan or slave sit upon his counter. He has a wife and children in his own country, where he intends to spend the remnant of his days; but 'the world is uncertain'—'Fate descends, and man's eyes seeth it not'—'the earth is a charnel-house;' briefly, his many old saws give him a kind of theoretical consciousness that his bones may moulder in other places but his fatherland.

"For half a generation we have been masters of Aden, filling Southern Arabia with our calicos and rupees—what is the present state of affairs there? We are dared by the Bedouins to come forth from behind our stone walls and fight like men in the plain,—British *protégés* are slaughtered within the range of our guns,—our allies' villages have been burned in sight of Aden,—our deserters are welcomed and our fugitive felons protected,—our supplies are cut off, and the garrison is reduced to extreme distress, at the word of a half-naked bandit,—the miscreant Bhagi, who murdered Captain Mylne in cold blood, still roams the hills unpunished,—gross insults are the sole acknowledgements of our peaceful overtures,—the British flag has been fired upon without return, our cruisers being ordered to act only on the defensive,—and our forbearance to attack is universally asserted and believed to arise from mere cowardice. Such is, and such will be, the opinion and the character of the Arab!

"I stayed here for twenty-six days, rising at dawn; then went to the Terrace to perform my devotions, and make observation of my neighbours; breakfast at six, then coffee, pipe, and a nap; then receive visitors, who come by dozens with nothing to do or say. When they were only Somal, I wrote Arabic, or extracted from some useful book. When Arabs were there, I would recite tales from the 'Arabian Nights,' to their great delight. At eleven, dinner, more coffee and pipes; then the natives would go to sleep, and I wrote my journals and studies. At about two p.m. more visitors would come, and at sunset again to the Terrace, or walk to a mosque, where games are going on, or stroll to a camp of Bedawi. The Gates are locked at sunset, and the keys are carried to the Haji. It is not safe to be without the City later. Then comes supper.

"After it we repair to the roof to enjoy the prospect of the far Tajarrah Hills and the white moonbeams sleeping upon the nearer sea. The evening star hangs like a diamond upon the still horizon; around the moon a pink zone of light mist, shading off into turquoise

blue and a delicate green-like chrysopraz, invests the heavens with a peculiar charm. The scene is truly suggestive; behind us, purpling in the night air and silvered by the radiance from above, lie the wolds and mountains tenanted by the fiercest of savages, their shadowy mysterious forms exciting vague alarms in the traveller's breast. Sweet as the harp of David, the night-breeze and the music of the water comes up from the sea; but the ripple and the rustling sound alternate with the hyæna's laugh, and the jackal's cry, and the wild dog's lengthened howl.

"This journey, which occupied nearly four months, was to be through a savage, treacherous, ferocious, and bloodthirsty people, whose tribes were in a constant state of blood-feud. The party consisted of nine, an *abban* or guide, three Arab matchlock men, two women cooks, who were called Shehrazade and Deenarzade after the 'Arabian Nights,' a fourth servant, and a Bedawin woman to drive a donkey, which camels will follow and which is the custom. We had four or five mules, saddled and bridled, and camels for the baggage. Every one wept over us, and considered us dead men. The *abban* objected to some routes on account of avoiding tribes with which he had a blood-feud."

This was, as I have said, far the most dangerous of Richard's explorations, quite as difficult as Mecca, and far more difficult than anything Stanley has ever done, with his advantages of men, money, and luxuries. The women seemed to be much hardier than the men; they carried the pipe and tobacco, led the camels, adjusted the burdens, at the halt unloaded the cattle, disposed the baggage, covered them with a mat tent, cooked the food, made tea and coffee, and bivouacked outside the tent.

He writes—

"The air was fresh and clear; and the night breeze was delicious after the stormy breath of day. The weary confinement of walls made the weary expanse a luxury to the sight, whilst the tumbling of the surf upon the near shore, and the music of the jackal, predisposed to sweet sleep. We now felt that at length the die was cast. Placing my pistols by my side, with my rifle butt for a pillow, and its barrel as a bed-fellow, I sought repose with none of the apprehension which even the most stout-hearted traveller knows before the start. It is the difference between fancy and reality, between anxiety and certainty; to men gifted with any imaginative powers the anticipation must ever be worse than the event. Thus it happens, that he who feels a thrill of fear before engaging in a peril, exchanges it for a throb of exultation when he finds himself hand to hand with the danger."

The description of the journey is filled in his notes by being hindered and almost captured by Bedawi, lamed with thorns, the

camels casting themselves down from fatigue, famishing from hunger, and, worse, from thirst—the only water being sulphurous, which affected both man and beast—and attacks from lions, sleep being disturbed by large ants, three-quarters of an inch long, with venomous stings. Everywhere they went, everybody wept over them, as dead men. He finds time, nevertheless, to remark, that at the height of 3350 feet he found a buttercup and heard a woodpecker tapping, that reminded him of home. He describes a sham attack of twelve Bedawi, who, when they saw what his revolver could do, said they were only in fun.

At one of the kraals he gives an account of how, being surrounded by Somals, they were boasting of their shooting, and of the skill with which they used the shield, but they seemed not to understand the proper use of the sword.

“Thinking it was well to impress them with the superiority of arms, I requested them to put up one of their shields as a mark. They laughed very much, but would not comply. The Somal hate a vulture, because it eats the dead and dying; so, seeing a large brown bare-necked vulture at twenty paces distance, I shot it with my revolver; then I loaded a gun with swan-shot, which they had never seen, and, aiming at a bird that they considered far out of gunshot distance, I knocked it over flying. Fresh screams followed this marvellous feat, and they said, ‘Lo! he bringeth down the birds from heaven.’ Their Chief, putting his forefinger in his mouth, praised Allah, and prayed to be defended from such a calamity; and always after, when they saw me approach, they said, ‘Here comes the Shaykh who knows knowledge.’ I then gave a stick to the best man; I provided myself in the same way, and allowed him to cut at me as much as ever he liked, easily warding off the blows with a parry. After repeated failures, and tiring himself enormously, he received a sounding blow from me upon the least bony part of his person. The crowd laughed long and loud, and the knight-at-arms retired in confusion.

“Every now and then we got into difficulties with the Bedawi, who would not allow us to proceed, declaring the land was theirs. We did not deny the claim, but I threatened sorcery, death, and wild beasts, and foraging parties to their camels, children, and women. It generally brought them to their senses. They would spit on us for good luck, and let us depart. Once a Chief was smitten by Shehrazade’s bulky charms, and wanted to carry her off. Once in the evening we came upon the fresh trail of a large Habr Awal cavalcade, which frightened my companions dreadfully. We were only nine men and two women, to contend against two hundred horsemen, and all, except the Hammal and Long Guled, would have run away at the first charge. The worst of the ride was over rough and stony road, the thorns tearing their feet and naked legs, and the camels slipping over the rounded pebbles.

“The joy of coming to a kraal was great, where the Chiefs of the village appeared, bringing soft speech, sweet water, new milk, fat sheep and goats, for a *tobe* of Cutch canvas. We passed a quiet, luxurious day of coffee and pipes, fresh cream and roasted mutton. After the great heats and dangers from horsemen on the plain, we enjoyed the cool breeze of the hills, cloudy skies, and the verdure of the glades which refreshed our beasts. Here I shot a few hawks, and was rewarded with loud exclamations of ‘Allah preserve thy hand! may thy skill never fail thee before the foe.’ A woman ran away from my steam kettle, thinking it was a weapon. They looked upon my sunburnt skin with a favour they denied to the lime-white face. The Somali Bedawi gradually affiliated me to their tribes.

“At one village the people rushed out, exclaiming, ‘Lo! let us look at the Kings;’ at others, ‘Come and see the white man; he is the Governor of Zayla.’ My fairness (for, brown as I am, I am fair to them) and the Arab dress made me sometimes the ruler of Aden, the Chief of Zayla, the Haji’s son, a boy, an old woman, a man painted white, a warrior in silver armour, a merchant, a pilgrim, a head priest, Ahmed the Indian, a Turk, an Egyptian, a Frenchman, a Banyan, a Sherif, and, lastly, a calamity sent down from heaven to weary out the lives of the Somal. Every kraal had its own conjecture.

“On December 9th, I rode a little off my way to visit some ruins, Darbíyah Kola, or Kola’s Fort, so called on account of its Galla queen. There were once two cities, Aububah, and they fought like the Kilkenny cats till both were eaten up. This was about three hundred years ago, and the substantial ruins have fought a stern fight with Time.

“Remnants of houses cumber the soil, and the carefully built wells are filled with rubbish. The palace was pointed out to me, with its walls of stone and clay, intersected by layers of woodwork. The Mosque is a large, roofless building, containing twelve square pillars of rude masonry, and the *mihrab*, or prayer niche, is denoted by a circular arch of tolerable construction. But the voice of the *muezzin* is hushed for ever, and creepers now twine around the ruined fane. The scene was still and dreary as the grave; for a mile and a half in length all was ruins—ruins—ruins.

“Leaving this Dead City, we rode towards the south-west between two rugged hills. Topping the ridge, we stood for a few minutes to observe the view before us. Beneath our feet lay a long grassy plain—the sight must have gladdened the hearts of our starving mules—and for the first time in Africa horses appeared grazing free amongst the bushes. A little further off lay the Aylonda Valley, studded with graves and dark with verdure. Beyond it stretched the Wady Haráwwah, a long gloomy hollow in the general level. The background was a bold sweep of blue hill, the second gradient of the Harar line, and on its summit, closing the western horizon, lay a golden streak, the Marar Prairie. Already I felt at the end of my journey.

“It was not an unusual thing in the dusk to see a large animal

following us with quick stealthy strides, and that I, sending a rifle ball as correctly as I could in the direction, put to flight a large lion.

“The nearer I got to Harar, the more I was stopped by parties of Gallas, and some went on to report evil of me, and many threats were uttered. The ‘End of Time’ in the last march turned tail. ‘Dost thou believe me to be a coward, O Pilgrim?’ ‘Of a truth I do,’ I answered. Nothing abashed, and with joy at his heart, he hammered his mule with his heel, and rode off, saying, ‘What hath man but a single life, and he who throweth it away, what is he but a fool?’”

He gives a good account of elephant-hunting, but they did not get near any. The water was in some places so hard it raised lumps like nettle-stings, and they had to butter themselves. At one place the inhabitants flocked out to stare at them. He fired his rifle by way of salute over the head of the prettiest girl. The people, delighted, exclaimed, “Mod! Mod! honour to thee!” and he replied with shouts of “Kulliban! may Heaven aid thee!”

“When there is any danger a Somali watchman sings and addresses himself in dialogue, with different voices, to persuade thieves that several men are watching. Ours was a spectacle of wildness as he sat before the blazing fire. The ‘End of Time’ conceived the jocose idea of crowning me King of the country, with loud cries of ‘Buh! Buh! Buh!’ while showering leaves from a gum tree and water from a prayer-bottle over my head, and then with all solemnity bound on my turban. I was hindered and threatened in no end of places, and my companions threatened to desert me, saying, ‘They will spoil that white skin of thine at Harar.’ Still I pushed on. The Guda Birsi Bedawi number ten thousand spears.

“One night we came upon a sheet of bright blaze, a fire threatening the whole prairie.

“At last came the sign of leaving the Desert. The scene lifted, and we came to the second step of the Ethiopian highlands. In the midst of the valley beneath ran a serpentine of shining waters, the gladdest spectacle we had yet witnessed. Further in front, masses of hill rose abruptly from shady valleys, encircled on the far horizon by a straight blue line of ground resembling a distant sea. Behind us glared the desert. We had now reached the outskirts of civilization, where man, abandoning his flocks and herds, settles, cultivates, and attends to the comforts of life.

“We saw fields, with lanes between, the daisy, the thistle, and the sweet-briar, settled villages, surrounded by strong *abatis* of thorns, which stud the hills everywhere, clumps of trees, to which the beehives are hung, and yellow crops of holcus, or grain. The Harvest-Home-song sounded pleasant to my ears, and, contrasting with the silent desert, the hum of man’s habitation was music.

They flocked out to gaze upon us, unarmed, and welcomed us. We bathed in the waters, on whose banks were a multitude of huge *Mantidæ*, pink and tender green. I now had ample time to see the manners and customs of the settled Somali, as I was conducted to the cottage of the Gerad's pretty wife, and learned the home, and the day, and the food. They spoke Harari, Somali, Galla, Arabic, and dialects. My kettle seems to have created surprise everywhere.

"Here the last preparations were made for entering this dreadful City. All my people, and my camels, and most of my goods, had to be left here for the return journey, and it was the duty of this Chief (Gerad) to accompany me. I happened to hear one of them say, 'Of what use is his gun? Before he could fetch fire I should put this arrow through him.' I wheeled round, and discharged a barrel over their heads, which threw them into convulsions of terror. The man I had now to depend upon was Adan bin Kaushan, a strong wiry Bedawin. He was tricky, ambitious, greedy of gain, fickle, restless, and treacherous, a cunning idiot, always so difficult to deal with. His sister was married to the father of the Amir of Harar, but he said, 'He would as soon walk into a crocodile's mouth as go into the walls of Harar.' He received a sword, a Korán, a turban, an Arab waistcoat of gaudy satin, about seventy *tobes*, and a similar proportion of indigo-dyed stuff—he privily complained to me that the Hammal had given him but twelve cloths. A list of his wants will best explain the man. He begged me to bring him from Berberah a silver-hilted sword and some soap, one thousand dollars, two sets of silver bracelets, twenty guns with powder and shot, snuff, a scarlet cloth coat embroidered with gold, some poison that would not fail, and any other little article of luxury which might be supposed to suit him. In return he was to present me with horses, mules, slaves, ivory, and other valuables: he forgot, however, to do so before he departed.

"Whilst we were discussing the project, and getting on satisfactorily, five strangers well mounted rode in. Two were citizens, and three were Habr Awal Bedawi, high in the Amir's confidence; they had been sent to settle blood-money with Adan. They then told him that I, the Arab, was not one who bought and sold, but a spy; that I and my party should be sent prisoners to Harar. Adan would not give us up, falsely promising to present our salaams to the Amir. When they were gone he told me how afraid he was, and that it was impossible for him to conduct me to the City. I then relied upon what has made many a small man Great, my good star and audacity.

"Driven to bay, I wrote an English letter from the Political Agent at Aden, to the Amir of Harar, intending to deliver it in person; it was 'neck or nothing.' I only took what was necessary, Sherwa the son of Adan, the Bedawi Actidon and Mad Said, and left everything behind me, excepting some presents for the Amir, a change of clothes, an Arab book or two, a few biscuits, ammunition, and a little tobacco. I passed through a lovely country, was stopped by the Gallas, and by the Habr Awal Bedawi, who offered, if we could

wait till sunrise, to take us into the City; so I returned a polite answer, leading them to expect that I should wait till eight a.m. for them. I left my journals, sketches, and books in charge of Adan.

“The journey was hard, and I encountered a Harar Grandee, mounted upon a handsomely comparisoned mule, and attended by servants. He was very courteous, and, seeing me thirsty, ordered me a cup of water. Finally arriving, at the crest of a hill, stood the City—the end of my present travel—a long, sombre line, strikingly contrasting with the white-washed towns of the East. The spectacle, materially speaking, was a disappointment; nothing conspicuous appeared but two grey minarets of rude shape; many would have grudged exposing three lives to win so paltry a prize. But of all that have attempted it, none ever succeeded in entering that pile of stones; the thoroughbred traveller will understand my exultation, although my two companions exchanged glances of wonder. Stopping while my companions bathed, I retired to the wayside and sketched the town. We arrived at three p.m., and advancing to the gate, Mad Said accosted a warder whom he knew, sent our salaams to the Amir, saying we came from Aden, and requested the honour of audience. The Habr Awal collected round me *inside* the town, and scowling, inquired why we had not apprised them of our intention of entering the City; but it was ‘war to the knife,’ and I did not deign to answer.

TEN DAYS AT HARAR—THE MOST EXCITING TRIAL OF ALL.

“We were kept waiting half an hour, and were told by the warder to pass the threshold. Long Guled gave his animal to the two Bedawi, every one advising my attendants to escape with the beasts, as we were going to be killed, on the road to this African St. James. We were ordered to run, but we leisurely led our mules in spite of the guide’s wrath, entered the gate, and strolled down the yard, which was full of Gallas with spears, and the waiting gave me an opportunity to inspect the place. I walked into a vast hall, a hundred feet long, between two long rows of Galla spearmen, between whose lines I had to pass. They were large half-naked savages, standing like statues, with fierce movable eyes, each one holding, with its butt end on the ground, a huge spear, with a head the size of a shovel. I purposely sauntered down them coolly with a swagger, with my eyes fixed upon their dangerous-looking faces. I had a six-shooter concealed in my waist-belt, and determined, at the first show of excitement, to run up to the Amir, and put it to his head, if it were necessary, to save my own life.

“The Amir was like a little Indian Rajah, an etiolated youth about twenty-four or twenty-five years old, plain, thin bearded, with a yellow complexion, wrinkled brows, and protruding eyes. His dress was a flowing robe of crimson cloth, edged with snowy fur, and a narrow white turban tightly twisted round a tall conical cap of red velvet, like the old Turkish headgear of our painters. His throne

was a common Indian *kursi*, or raised cot, about five feet long, with back and sides supported by a dwarf railing; being an invalid, he rested his elbow upon a pillow, under which appeared the hilt of a Cutch sabre. Ranged in double line, perpendicular to the Amir, stood the 'Court,' his cousins and nearest relations, with right arms bared after the fashion of Abyssinia.

"I entered this second avenue of Galla spearsmen with a loud 'Peace be upon ye!' to which H.H. replying graciously, and extending a hand, bony and yellow as a kite's claw, snapped his thumb and middle finger. Two chamberlains stepping forward, held my forearms, and assisted me to bend low over the fingers, which, however, I did not kiss, being naturally averse to performing that operation upon any but a woman's hand. My two servants then took their turn: in this case, after the back was saluted, the palm was presented for a repetition.* These preliminaries concluded, we were led to, and seated upon a mat in front of the Amir, who directed towards us a frowning brow and an inquisitive eye.

"I made some inquiries about the Amir's health: he shook his head captiously, and inquired our errand. I drew from my pocket my own letter: it was carried by a chamberlain, with hands veiled in his *tobe*, to the Amir, who, after a brief glance, laid it upon the couch, and demanded further explanation. I then represented in Arabic that we had come from Aden, bearing the compliments of our *Daulah*, or Governor, and that we had entered Harar to see the light of H.H.'s countenance: this information concluded with a little speech describing the changes of Political Agents in Arabia, and alluding to the friendship formerly existing between the English and the deceased Chief Abubakr.

"The Amir smiled graciously.

"This smile, I must own, was a relief. We had been prepared for the worst, and the aspect of affairs in the Palace was by no means reassuring.

"Whispering to his Treasurer, a little ugly man with a baldly shaven head, coarse features, pug nose, angry eyes, and stubbly beard, the Amir made a sign for us to retire. The *baisé main* was repeated, and we backed out of the audience-shed in high favour. According to grandiloquent Bruce, 'the Court of London and that of Abyssinia are, in their principles, one;' the loiterers in the Harar palace-yard, who had before regarded us with cut-throat looks, now smiled as though they loved us. Marshalled by the guard, we issued from the precincts, and, after walking a hundred yards, entered the Amir's second palace, which we were told to consider our home. There we found the Bedawi, who, scarcely believing that we had escaped alive, grinned in the joy of their hearts, and we were at once provided from the Chief's kitchen with a dish of *shabta*, holcus cakes soaked in sour milk, and thickly powdered with red pepper, the salt of this inland region.

* In Abyssinia, according to the Lord of Geesh, this is a mark of royal familiarity and confidence.

“When we had eaten, the Treasurer reappeared, bearing the Amir’s command that we should call upon his Wazir, the Gerad Mohammad. We found a venerable old man, whose benevolent countenance belied the reports current about him in Somali-land. Half rising, although his wrinkled brow showed suffering, he seated me by his side upon the carpeted masonry-bench, where lay the implements of his craft—reeds, inkstands, and whitewashed boards for paper—politely welcomed me, and, gravely stroking his cotton-coloured beard, desired to know my object in good Arabic.

“I replied almost in the words used to the Amir, adding, however, some details, how in the old day one Madar Farih had been charged by the late Sultan Abubakr with a present to the Governor of Aden, and that it was the wish of our people to re-establish friendly relations and commercial intercourse with Harar.

“‘Khayr Inshallah! it is well, if Allah please!’ ejaculated the Gerad. I then bent over his hand, and took leave.

“Returning, we inquired anxiously of the Treasurer about my servants’ arms, which had not been returned, and were assured that they had been placed in the safest of storehouses, the Palace. I then sent a common six-barrelled revolver as a present to the Amir, explaining its use to the bearer, and we prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The interior of our new house was a clean room, with plain walls, and a floor of tamped earth; opposite the entrance were two broad steps of masonry, raised about two feet, and a yard above the ground, and covered with hard matting. I contrived to make upon the higher ledge a bed with the cushions which my companions used as *shabracques*, and after seeing the mules fed and tethered, lay down to rest, worn out by fatigue and profoundly impressed with the *poésie* of our position. I was under the roof of a bigoted prince whose least word was death; amongst a people who detest foreigners; the only European that had ever passed over their inhospitable threshold; and, more than that, I was *the fated instrument of their future downfall.*”

He gives a very detailed account of the City of Harar, its inhabitants, and all he saw during his ten days there, for which I refer people to “First Footsteps in East Africa,” one large volume, 1856. He says—

“The explorer must frequently rest satisfied with despoiling from his Pisgah, the knowledge which another more fortunate is destined to acquire. *Inside* Harar, I was so closely watched, that it was impossible to put pen to paper. It was only when I got back to Wilensi that I hastily collected the grammatical forms, and a vocabulary which proves that the language is not Arabic; that it *has* an affinity with the Amharic. Harar has its own tongue, unintelligible to any save the citizens. Its little population of eight thousand souls is a distinct race. A common proverb is, ‘Hard as the heart of Harar.’ They are extremely bigoted, especially against

Christians, and are fond of a religious war, or *jehád*, with the Gallas. They hold foreigners in hate and contempt, and divide them into two classes, Arabs and Somal.

The Somals say that the State dungeon is beneath the palace, and that he who once enters it lives with unkempt beard and untrimmed nails till the day when death sets him free. There is nothing more terrible; the captive is heavily ironed, lies in a filthy dungeon, and receives no food, except what he can obtain from his own family, or buy or beg from his guards. The Amir has bad health; I considered him consumptive. It is something in my favour that, as soon as I departed, he wrote to the acting Political Resident at Aden, earnestly begging to be supplied with a Frank physician, and offering protection to any European who might be persuaded to visit his dominions. His rule was severe, if not just, and it has all the prestige of secrecy. Even the Gerad Mohammad, even the Queen Dowager, are threatened with fetters if they offer uncalled-for advice. His principal occupation is spying on his many stalwart cousins, indulging in vain fears of the English and the Turks, amassing treasure by commerce and cheating.

“The Amir Ahmed is alive to the fact that some State should hedge in a Prince. Neither weapons nor rosaries are allowed in his presence; a chamberlain’s robe acts as spittoon; whenever anything is given to or taken from him his hand must be kissed; even on horseback two attendants fan him with the hems of their garments. Except when engaged on the Haronic visits, which he, like his father, pays to the streets and byways at night, he is always surrounded by a strong body-guard. He rides to Mosque escorted by a dozen horsemen, and a score of footmen with guns and whips precede him; by his side walks an officer, shading him with a huge and heavily fringed red-satin umbrella—from India to Abyssinia the sign of princely dignity. Even at his prayers, two or three chosen matchlockmen stand over him with lighted fuses. When he rides forth in public, he is escorted by a party of fifty men; the running footmen crack their whips and shout, ‘Let! Let!’ (Go! go!), and the citizens avoid stripes by retreating into the nearest house, or running into another street.

“Immediately on our arrival we were called upon by all sorts of Arabs; they were very civil to me at first, but when the Amir ceased to send for me, just as at civilized Courts, they prudently cut me. The moment the Amir sent for me, my Habr Awal enemies, seeing the tide of fortune setting in my favour, changed their tactics, and proposed themselves as my escort to return to Berberah, which I politely refused. They did me all the harm they could, but my good star triumphed. After one day’s rest, I was summoned to wait upon the Gerad Mohammad, who was Prime Minister. Sword in hand, and, followed by my two attendants, I walked to the Palace, and found him surrounded by six counsellors; they were eating *jat*, which has somewhat the effect of hashish.

He sat me by his right hand on the dais, where I ate *jat*, being, fortunately, used to these things, and fingered the rosary. Then

followed prayer, and then a theological discussion, in which, fortunately, I was able to distinguish myself. My theology won general approbation and kind glances from the elders. In a very short time I was sent for by the Amir, and this time was allowed to approach the outer door with covered feet. I entered as ceremoniously as before, and the prince motioned me to sit near the Gerad, on a Persian rug to the right of the throne; my attendants on humble mats at a greater distance. After sundry inquiries of what was going on at Aden, the Resident's letter was suddenly produced by the Amir, who bade me explain its contents, and wished to know if it was my intention to buy and sell at Harar. I replied, 'We are neither buyers nor sellers; we have become your guests to pay our respects to the Amir, who may Allah preserve, and that the friendship between the two Powers may endure.' The Amir was pleased, and I therefore ventured to hope that the Prince would soon permit me to return, as the air of Harar was too dry for me, and that we were in danger of small-pox, then raging in the town, and through the Gerad, the Amir said, 'The reply will be vouchsafed,' and the interview was over.

"I sent my salaam to one of the Ulema, Shaykh Jámi; he accepted the excuse of health and came to see me. He was remarkably well read in the religious sciences, and a great man at Mecca, with much influence with the Sultan, and employed on political Missions amongst the Chiefs. He started with the intention of winning the Crown of Glory by murdering the British Resident at Aden, but he was so struck with the order of justice of our rule, he offered El Islam to that officer, who received it so urbanely, that the simple Eastern, instead of cutting the Kaffir's throat, began to pray fervently for his conversion. We were kindly looked upon by a sick and decrepid eunuch, named Sultán. I used to spend my evenings preaching to the Gallas.

The Gerad Mohammad was now worked upon by the Habr Awal, my enemies, to make inquiries about me, and one of the Ayyal Gedíd clan came up and reported that three brothers* had landed in the Somal country, that two of them were anxiously waiting at Berberah the return of the fourth from Harar, and that, though dressed like Moslems, they were really English spies in Government employ, and orders were issued for cutting off Caravans. We, however, were summoned to the Gerad's, where, fortunately for me, I found him suffering badly from bronchitis. I saw my chance. I related to him all its symptoms, and told him that if I could only get down to Aden, I could send him all the right remedies, with directions. He clung to the hope of escaping his sufferings, and begged me to lose no time. Presently the Amir sent for him, and in a few minutes I was sent for alone. A long conversation ensued about the state of Aden, of Zayla, of Berberah, and of Stamboul. The Chief put a variety of questions about Arabia, and every object there; the answer was that the necessity of commerce, confined us

* "Speke, Herne, and Stroyan."

to the gloomy rock Aden. He used some obliging expressions about desiring our friendship, and having considerable respect for a people who built, he understood, large ships. I took the opportunity of praising Harar in cautious phrase, and especially of regretting that its coffee was not better known amongst the Franks. The small wizen-faced man smiled, as Moslems say, the smile of Umar; * seeing his brow relax for the first time, I told him that, being now restored to health, we requested his commands for Aden. He signified consent with a nod, and the Gerad, with many compliments, gave me a letter addressed to the Political Resident, and requested me to take charge of a mule as a present. I then arose, recited a short prayer, the gist of which was that the Amir's days and reign might be long in the land, and that the faces of his foes might be blackened here and hereafter, bent over his hand, and retired. Returning to the Gerad's levée-hut, I saw by the countenances of my two attendants that they were not a little anxious about the interview, and comforted them with the whispered word, 'Achha!' (all right!)

"Presently appeared the Gerad, accompanied by two men, who brought my servants' arms, and the revolver which I had sent to the prince. This was a *contretemps*. It was clearly impossible to take back the present; besides which, I suspected some *finesse* to discover my feelings towards him. The other course would ensure delay. I told the Gerad that the weapon was intended especially to preserve the Amir's life, and, for further effect, snapped caps in rapid succession, to the infinite terror of the august company. The Minister returned to his Master, and soon brought back the information that, after a day or two, another mule should be given to me. With suitable acknowledgments we arose, blessed the Gerad, bade adieu to the assembly, and departed joyful; the Hammal, in his glee, speaking broken English, even in the Amir's courtyard.

"Shaykh Jámi was rendered joyful by the news he told me when I arrived; he had been informed that in the Town was a man who had brought down the birds from heaven, and the citizens had been thrown into a great excitement by my probable intentions. One of the principal Ulema, and a distinguished Haji, had been dreaming dreams in my favour, and sent their salaams. My long residence in the East had made me grateful to the learned, whose influence over the people, when unbiased by bigotry, is for the good. On January 11th, I was sent for by the Gerad, and given the second mule; he begged me not to forget his remedies as soon as I reached Aden, and I told him that I would start on the morrow. I scarcely had got in, when there were heavy showers and thunder. When I got up to mount early on Friday morning, of course a mule had strayed; then Shaykh Jámi would not go till Monday. Now, as I had been absent from my goods and chattels a whole fortnight, as the people at Harar are immensely fickle, as you never know the moment that the Amir may change his mind, for all African Cities are prisons on a large scale—you enter by your own will, but you

* "Because it was reported that he had never smiled but once."

leave by another's—I longed to start; however, the storms warned me to be patient, and I deferred my departure till next morning.

“Long before dawn on Saturday, January 13th, the mules were saddled, bridled, and charged with our scanty luggage. After a hasty breakfast we shook hands with old Sultán, the eunuch, mounted and pricked through the desert streets. Suddenly my weakness and sickness left me—so potent a drug is joy—and, as we passed the Gates, loudly salaaming to the warders, who were crouching over the fire inside, a weight of care and anxiety fell from me like a cloak of lead.

“Yet I had time, on the top of my mule, for musing upon how melancholy a thing is Success. Whilst failure inspires a man, attainment reads the sad prosy lesson that all our glories

‘Are shadows, not substantial things.’

Truly said the *sayer*, ‘Disappointment is the salt of life’—a salutary bitter which strengthens the mind for fresh exertion, and gives a double value to the prize.

“This shade of melancholy soon passed away. We made in a direct line for Kondura. At one p.m. we safely threaded the Gallas’ pass, and about an hour afterwards we exclaimed, ‘Alhamdulillah,’ at the sight of Sagharrah and the distant Marar Prairie. Entering the village, we discharged our firearms. The men gave cordial *poignées de mains*—some danced with joy to see us return alive; they had heard of our being imprisoned, bastinadoed, slaughtered; they swore that the Gerad was raising an army to rescue or revenge us—in fact, had we been their kinsmen, more excitement could not have been displayed. Lastly, in true humility, crept forward the “End of Time,” who, as he kissed my hand, was upon the point of tears.

“A pleasant evening was spent in recounting our perils, as travellers will do, and complimenting one another upon the power of our star.

“At eight next morning we rode to Wilensi, and as we approached, all the villagers and wayfarers inquired if we were the party that had been put to death by the Amir of Harar.

“Loud congratulations and shouts of joy awaited our arrival. The Kalendar was in a paroxysm of delight; both Shehrazade and Deenarzade were affected with giggling and what might be blushing. We reviewed our property and found that the One-eyed had been a faithful steward, so faithful indeed that he had wellnigh starved the two women. Presently appeared the Gerad and his sons, bringing with them my books; the former was at once invested with a gaudy Abyssinian *tobe* of many colours, in which he sallied forth from the cottage the admired of all admirers. The pretty wife, Sudfyah, and the good Khayrah were made happy by sundry gifts of huge Birmingham ear-rings, brooches and bracelets, scissors, needles, and thread. The evening as usual ended in a feast.

“We were obliged to halt a week at Wilensi to feed, for both man and beast to lay in a stock of strength for the long desert

march before us, to buy onions, tobacco, spices, wooden platters, and a sort of bread called *karanji*. Here I made my grammar and vocabulary of the Harari tongue, under the supervision of Mad Said and Ali the poet, a Somali educated at Harar, who knew Arabic, Somali, Galla, and Harar languages.

On January 21st I wanted to start, but Shaykh Jami appeared with all the incurables of the country. Nobody can form an idea of the difficulties that an Eastern will put in your way when you want to start, and unfortunately in nine cases out of ten the ruses they have resort to, *do* prevent your starting. Now, in this case, I decided that talismans were the best and safest medicines in these mountains. The Shaykh doubted them, but when I exhibited my diploma as a Master-Sufi, a new light broke in upon him and his attendants. 'Verily he hath declared himself this day!' whispered each to his neighbour, sorely mystified. Shaykh Jami carefully inspected the document, raised it reverently to his forehead, muttered prayers, and owned himself my pupil.

Now, however, all my followers had got some reason why they could not go, so I sauntered out alone, attended only by the Hammal, and, in spite of the Chief summoning me to halt, I took an abrupt leave and went off, and entered the Marar Prairie with pleasure. The truants joined us later on, and we met a party whose Chief, a Somali, expressed astonishment at our escaping from Harar, told us that the Berberi were incensed with us for leaving the direct road, advised us to push on that night, to 'ware the bush, whence the Midjans would use their poisoned arrows. The Berberi had offered a hundred cows for our person dead or alive. Then my party sat down to debate; they palavered for three hours. They said that the camels could not walk, that the cold of the prairies was death to man, till darkness came on. Experience had taught me that it was waste of time to debate overnight about dangers to be faced next day, so I ate my dates, drank my milk, and lay down to enjoy sweet sleep in the tranquil silence of the desert. Although I did not know it till after my return from Berberah, Gerad Adan was my greatest danger. If his plotting had succeeded it would have cost him dear, but would also have proved fatal to me. The 23rd of January passed in the same manner, and the explanation I had with my men was, that on the morrow at dawn I would cross the Marar Prairie by myself; and we started at dawn on the 24th, giving a wide berth to the Berberis, whose camp-fires were quite visible at a distance. As we were about to enter the lands of the Habr Awal, our enemies, a week would elapse before we could get protection. We had resolved to reach the coast within the fortnight, instead of which a month's march was in prospect. Suddenly Beuh appeared, and I proposed to him that he should escort the Caravans to Zayla, and that I and the two others who had accompanied me to Harar would mount our mules, only carrying arms and provisions for four days. I pushed through the land of our enemies the Habr Awal. In the land we were to traverse every man's spear would be against us, so I chose the desert roads, and carefully avoided all the kraals.

It was with serious apprehension that I pocketed all my remaining provisions—five biscuits, a few limes, a few lumps of sugar. Any accident to our mules, any delay would starve us; we were traversing a desert where no one would sell us meat or milk, and only one water-bottle in the whole party.

We rode thirty-five miles over awful tracks. Our toil was rendered doubly dreadful by the Eastern traveller's dread—the demon of Thirst rode like Care behind us—for twenty-four hours we did not taste water, the sun parched our brains, the mirage mocked us at every turn, and the effect was a species of monomania. As I jogged along with eyes closed against the fiery air, no image unconnected with the want suggested itself. Water ever lay before me, water lying deep in the shady well, water in streams bubbling icy from the rock, water in pellucid lakes inviting me to plunge and revel in their treasures. Now an Indian cloud was showering upon me fluid more precious than molten pearl, then an invisible hand offered a bowl for which the mortal part would gladly have bartered years of life. Then—drear contrast!—I opened my eyes to a heat-reeking plain, and a sky of that eternal metallic blue so lovely to painter and poet, so blank and death-like to us, whose *χαλον* was tempest, rain-storm, and the huge purple nimbus. I tried to talk—it was in vain; to sing—in vain; vainly to think; every idea was bound up in one subject—water.*

“As a rule, twelve hours without water in the desert during hot weather kill a man. We had another frightful journey to the next water. I never suffered severely from thirst but on this expedition; probably it was in consequence of being at the time but in weak health so soon after Mecca. A few more hours and the little party would have been food for the desert beasts. We were saved by a bird. When we had been thirty-six hours without water we could go no further, and we were prepared to die the worst of all deaths. The short twilight of the tropics was drawing in, I looked up and saw a *katta*, or sand-grouse, with its pigeon-like flight, making for the nearer hills. These birds must drink at least once a day, and generally towards evening, when they are safe to carry water in their bills to their young. I cried out, ‘See, the *katta*! the *katta*!’ All revived at once, took heart, and followed the bird, which suddenly plunged down about a hundred yards away, showing us a charming spring, a little shaft of water, about two feet in diameter, in a margin of green. We jumped from our saddles, and men and beasts plunged their heads into the water and drank till they could drink no more. I have never since shot a *katta*.

“With unspeakable delight, after another thirty hours, we saw in the distance a patch of lively green: our animals scented the blessing from afar, they raised their drooping ears, and started with us at

* I often thought Grant Allen, in the third volume of “The Devil's Die,” drew his account of the journey of Mohammed Ali and Ivan Royle from Eagle City through the desert to Carthage on the edge of the desert from Richard's journey from Harar; it is so like it—but he told me he did not.—l. B.

a canter, till, turning a corner, we suddenly sighted sundry little wells. To spring from the saddle, to race with our mules, who now feared not the crumbling sides of the pits, to throw ourselves into the muddy pools, to drink a long slow draught, and to dash the water over our burning faces, took less time to do than to recount. A calmer inspection showed a necessity for caution; the surface was alive with tadpoles and insects: prudence, however, had little power at that time—we drank, and drank, and then drank again. As our mules had fallen with avidity upon the grass, I proposed to pass a few hours near the wells. My companions, however, pleading the old fear of lions, led the way before dark to a deserted kraal upon a neighbouring hill. We had marched this time about thirty hour, *eastward*, and had entered a safe country belonging to the Bahgobas our guide's clan.

“There is nothing so dreadful as crossing a country full of blocks and boulders piled upon one another in rugged steps, and it was such a ravine, the Splügen of Somali-land, that we had to dismount. To a laden camel it is almost impossible; the best-fed horses, mules, or asses, having to perform the work of goats instead of their own, are worn out by it after a few hours; and this was what I and my party had to do, and often the boulders were covered with thorns two inches long, tipped with wooden points as sharp as a needle. After three days of hard travelling in this way we saw the face of man—some shepherds, who fled at our approach. We then followed an undulating growth of parched grass, shaping our course for Jebel Almis, to sailors the chief landmark of this coast, and for a certain thin blue stripe on the far horizon,—the sea,—upon which we gazed with gladdened eyes. That night we arrived at a kraal, unsaddled, and began to make ourselves comfortable, when we found we had fallen upon the Ayyal Shirdon, our bitterest enemies. They asked, ‘What tribe be ye?’ I boldly answered, ‘Of Habr Gerhagis.’ Thereupon ensued a war of words; they rudely insisted on knowing what had taken us to Harar, when a warrior armed with two spears came forward, recognized the ‘End of Time,’ and they retired but spoke of fighting. So we made ready with our weapons and bade them come on; but while they were considering, we saddled our mules and rode off. We stopped at three villages, and the Hammal failed to obtain even a drop of water from his relations. It was most distressful, as men and beasts were faint from thirst, so I determined to push forward for water that night. Many times the animals stopped,—a mute hint that they could go no further;—but I pushed on, and the rest had learned to follow without a word. The moon arose, and still we tottered on. About midnight—delightful sound!—the murmur of the distant sea. Revived by the music, we pushed on more cheerily. At three in the morning we found some holes which supplied us with bitter water, truly delicious after fifteen hours’ thirst. Repeated draughts of this element, and coarse stubbly grass, saved us and our mules. Rain came on, but we slept like the dead. At six, we resumed our march, going slowly along the seacoast, and at noon

we were able to sit on the sands and bathe in the sea. Our beasts could hardly move, and slippery mud added to their troubles. At three p.m. we again got a patch of grass, and halted the animals to feed; and a mile further some wells, where we again rested them, watered them, finished our last mouthful of food, and prepared for a long night march.

"We managed to pass all our enemies in the dark, and they cursed the star that had enabled us to slip unhurt through their hands. I was obliged to call a halt within four miles of Berberah; the animals could not move, neither could the men, except the Hammal and I, and they all fell fast asleep on the stones. As soon as we could go on, a long dark line appeared upon the sandy horizon, the silhouettes of shipping showing against sea and sky. A cry of joy burst from every mouth. 'Cheer, boys, cheer! our toils here touch their end.' The 'End of Time' still whispered anxiously lest enemies might arise; we wound slowly and cautiously round the southern portion of the sleeping town, through bone-heaps, and jackals tearing their unsavoury prey, straight into the quarter of the Ayyal Gedid, our protectors. Anxiously I inquired if my comrades had left Berberah, and heard with delight that they were there. It was two o'clock in the morning, and we had marched forty miles.

"I dismounted at the huts where my comrades were living. A glad welcome, a dish of rice, and a glass of strong waters made amends for past privations and fatigue. The servants and the wretched mules were duly provided for, and I fell asleep, conscious of having performed a feat which, like a certain ride to York, will live in local annals for many and many a year.

"Great fatigue is seldom followed by long sleep. Soon after sunrise I woke, hearing loud voices, seeing masses of black faces, and tawny wigs. The Berberah people, who had been informed of our five-day ride, swore that the thing was impossible, that we *had* never, *could* never have been near Harar, but were astonished when they found it was true. I then proceeded to inspect my attendants and cattle. The former were delighted, having acquitted themselves of their trust; the poor mules were by no means so easily restored. Their backs were cut to the bone by the saddle, their heads drooped sadly, their hams showed dread marks of the spear-point. I directed them to be washed in the sea, to be dressed with cold-water bandages, and copiously fed. Through a broad gap, called Duss Malablay, appear in fine weather the granite walls of Wagar and Gulays, 5700 feet above the level of the sea. Lieutenant Herne found it would make an admirable sanitarium. The emporium of Eastern Africa has a salubrious climate, abundance of sweet water, a mild monsoon, a fine open country, an excellent harbour, a highly productive soil, is the meeting-place of commerce, has few rivals, and for half the money wasted on Aden, might have been covered with houses, gardens, and trees. My companions and I, after a day's rest, made some excursions. We had a few difficulties about our *Abans*, or protectors. We did not choose to be dictated to, so there was a general council of the elders. It took place upon the shore,

each Chief forming a semicircle with his followers, all squatting on the sand, with shield and spear planted upright in the ground. I entered the circle sword in hand, and sat down in their midst. After much murmuring had gone on the Chief asked, in a loud voice, 'Who is thy protector?' The reply was, 'Burhale Nuh,' followed by an Arabic speech as long as an average sermon, and then, shouldering my blade, I left the circle abruptly. It was a success; they held a peace conference, and the olive waved over the braves of Berberah. On the 5th of February, 1855, I left my comrades *pro tem.*, and went on board *El Kásab*, or the *Reed*, the ill-omened name of our cranky craft, and took with me the Hammal, Long Guled, and the 'End of Time,' who were in danger, and rejoiced at leaving Berberah with sound skins. I met with opposition at landing. I could not risk a quarrel so near Berberah, and was returning to moralize on the fate of Burckhardt—after a successful pilgrimage refused admittance to Aaron's tomb at Sinai—when a Bedawin ran to tell us that we might wander where we pleased.

"The captain of the *Reed* drew off a great deal further than I ordered, and when I went down to go on board, the vessel was a mere speck upon the sea horizon. He managed to cast anchor at last, after driving his crazy craft through a bad sea. I stood on the shore making signs for a canoe, but he did not choose to see me till about one p.m. As soon as I found myself on quarter-deck—

"'Dawwír el farmán!' (Shift the yard!) I shouted, with a voice of thunder.

"The answer was a general hubbub. 'He surely will not sail in a sea like this?' asked the trembling captain of my companions.

"'He will!' sententiously quoth the Hammal, with a Burleigh nod.

"'It blows wind,' remonstrated the *rais*.

"'And if it blew fire?' asked the Hammal, with the air *goguenard*, meaning that from the calamity of Frankish obstinacy there was no refuge.

"A kind of death-wail rose, during which, to hide untimely laughter, I retreated to a large drawer in the stern of the vessel, called a cabin. There my ears could distinguish the loud entreaties of the crew, vainly urging my attendants to propose a day's delay. Then one of the garrison, accompanied by the Captain, who shook as with fever, resolved to act forlorn hope, and bring a *feu d'enfer* of phrases to bear upon the Frank's hard brain. Scarcely, however, had the head of the sentence been delivered, before he was playfully upraised by his bushy hair and a handle somewhat more substantial, carried out of the cabin, and thrown, like a bag of biscuit, on the deck.

"The case was hopeless. All strangers plunged into the sea—the popular way of landing in East Africa—the anchor was weighed, the ton of sail shaken out, and the *Reed* began to dip and rise in the yeasty sea laboriously, as an alderman dancing a polka.

"For the first time in my life I had the satisfaction of seeing the Somal unable to eat—unable to eat mutton!! In sea-sickness and needless terror, the Captain, crew, and passengers abandoned to us

all the baked sheep, which we three, not being believers in the Evil Eye, ate from head to trotters with especial pleasure. That night the waves broke over us. The 'End of Time' occupied himself in roaring certain orisons which are reputed to calm stormy seas; he desisted only when Long Guled pointed out that a wilder gust seemed to follow, as in derision, each more emphatic period. The Captain, a noted reprobate, renowned on shore for his knowledge of erotic verse and admiration of the fair sex, prayed with fervour; he was joined by several of the crew, who apparently found the charm of novelty in the edifying exercise. About midnight a *sultán el bahr*, or sea-King—a species of whale—appeared close to our counter; and as these animals are famous for upsetting vessels in waggishness, the sight elicited a yell of terror, and a chorus of religious exclamations.

“On the morning of Friday, the 9th of February, 1855, we hove in sight of Jebel Shamsan, the loftiest peak on the Aden crater. And ere evening fell, I had the pleasure of seeing the faces of friends and comrades once more.

“If I had ‘let well alone,’ I should have done well; but I wanted to make a new expedition Nile-wards, *viâ* Harar, on a larger and more imposing scale. For that I went back to Aden. On April 7th, 1855, I returned successful. Lieutenant King, Indian Navy, commanded the gunboat *Mahi*, and entered the harbour of Berberah with us on board. I was in command of a party of forty-two men, armed, and we established an agency, and selected the site of our camp in a place where we could have the protection of the gunboat; but the Commander of the schooner had orders to relieve another ship, and so could not remain and superintend the departure of the Expedition. It was the time after the Fair, and one might say that Berberah was empty, and that there was scarcely any one but ourselves. Our tents were pitched in one line—Stroyan’s to the right, Herne and myself in the middle, and Speke on the left. The baggage was placed between our tents, the camels were in front, the horses and mules behind us. Two sentries all night were regularly relieved and visited by ourselves. We were very well received, and they listened with respectful attention to a letter, in which the Political Resident at Aden enjoined them to treat us with consideration and hospitality. We had purchased fifty-six camels; Ogadayn Caravan was anxious for our escort. If we had departed then, perhaps all would have been well; but we expected instruments and other necessaries by the mid-April mail from Europe. Three days afterwards, a craft from Aden came in with a dozen Somals, who wanted to accompany us, and fortunately I feasted the Commander and the crew, which caused them to remain. We little knew that our lives hung upon a thread, and that had the vessel departed, as she would otherwise have done, the night before the attack, nothing could have saved us. Between two and three a.m. of April 19th, there was a cry that the enemy was upon us, three hundred and fifty strong. Hearing a rush of men, like a

stormy wind, I sprang up, and called for my sabre, and sent Herne to ascertain the force of the foray. Armed with a 'Colt,' he went to the rear and left of the camp, the direction of danger, collecting some of the guards—others having already disappeared—and fired two shots into the assailants. Then finding himself alone, he turned hastily towards the tent; in so doing, he was tripped up by the ropes, and, as he arose, a Somali appeared in the act of striking at him with a club. Herne fired, felled the man, and, rejoining me, declared that the enemy was in great force and the guard nowhere. Meanwhile, I had aroused Stroyan and Speke, who were sleeping in the extreme right and left tents. The former, it is presumed, arose to defend himself, but, as the sequel shows, we never saw him alive. Speke, awakened by the report of firearms, but supposing it to be the normal false alarm—a warning to plunderers—remained where he was; presently, hearing clubs rattling upon his tent, and feet shuffling around, he ran to my *rowtie*, which we prepared to defend as long as possible.

"The enemy swarmed like hornets, with shouts and screams, intending to terrify, and proving that overwhelming odds were against us. It was by no means easy to avoid in the shades of night the jobbing of javelins, and the long, heavy daggers thrown at our legs from under and through the opening of the tent. We three remained together; Herne knelt by my right, on my left was Speke guarding the entrance, I stood in the centre, having nothing but a sabre. The revolvers were used by my companions with deadly effect; unfortunately there was but one pair. When the fire was exhausted, Herne went to search for his powder-horn, and, that failing, to find some spears usually tied to the tent-pole. Whilst thus engaged, he saw a man breaking into the rear of our *rowtie*, and came back to inform me of the circumstance.

"At this time, about five minutes after the beginning of the affray, the tent had been almost beaten down—an Arab custom, with which we were all familiar—and had we been entangled in its folds, like mice in a trap, we should have been speared with unpleasant facility. I gave the word for escape, and sallied out, closely followed by Herne, with Speke in the rear. The prospect was not agreeable. About twenty men were kneeling and crouching at the tent entrance, whilst many dusky figures stood further off, or ran about shouting the war-cry, or with shouts and blows drove away our camels. Among the enemy were many of our friends and attendants; the coast being open to them, they naturally ran away, firing a few useless shots, and receiving a modicum of flesh-wounds.

"After breaking through the mob at the tent entrance, imagining that I saw the form of Stroyan lying upon the sand, I cut my way with my sabre towards it amongst dozens of Somal, whose war-clubs worked without mercy, whilst the Balyuz, who was violently pushing me out of the fray, rendered the strokes of my sabre uncertain. This individual was cool and collected. Though incapacitated by a sore right thumb from using the spear, he did not shun danger, and passed unhurt through the midst of the enemy.

His efforts, however, only illustrated the venerable adage, 'Defend me from my friends.' I mistook him in the dark and turned to cut him down; he cried out in alarm. The well-known voice stopped me, and that instant's hesitation allowed a spearman to step forward, and leave his javelin in my mouth, and retire before he could be punished. Escaping as by a miracle, I sought some support. Many of our Somal and servants lurking in the darkness offered to advance, but 'tailed off' to a man as we approached the foe. Presently the Balyuz reappeared, and led me towards the place where he believed my three comrades had taken refuge. I followed him, sending the only man that showed presence of mind, one Golab of the Yusuf tribe, to bring back the *Aynterad* craft from the Spit into the centre of the harbour. Again losing the Balyuz in the darkness, I spent the interval before dawn wandering in search of my comrades, and lying down when overpowered with faintness and pain. As the day broke, with my remaining strength I reached the head of the creek, was carried into the vessel, and persuaded the crew to arm themselves and visit the scene of our disasters.

"Meanwhile, Herne, who had closely followed me, fell back, using the butt-end of his discharged six-shooter upon the hard heads around him. In so doing he came upon a dozen men, who, though they loudly vociferated, 'Kill the Franks who are killing the Somal!' allowed him to pass uninjured.

"He then sought his comrades in the empty huts of the town, and at early dawn was joined by the Balyuz, who was similarly employed. When day broke, he also sent a negro to stop the native craft, which was apparently sailing out of the harbour, and in due time he came on board. With the exception of sundry stiff blows with the war-club, Herne had the fortune to escape unhurt.

"On the other hand, Speke's escape was in every way wonderful. Sallying from the tent, he levelled his 'Dean and Adams' close to an assailant's breast. The pistol refused to revolve. A sharp blow of a war-club upon the chest felled our comrade, who was in the rear and unseen. When he fell, two or three men sprang upon him, pinioned his hands behind, felt him for concealed weapons—an operation to which he submitted in some alarm—and led him towards the rear, as he supposed, to be slaughtered. There, Speke, who could scarcely breathe from the pain of the blow, asked a captor to tie his hands before instead of behind, and begged a drop of water to relieve his excruciating thirst. The savage defended him against a number of the Somal who came up threatening and brandishing their spears. He brought a cloth for the wounded man to lie upon, and lost no time in procuring a draught of water.

"Speke remained upon the ground till dawn. During the interval he witnessed the war-dance of the savages—a scene striking in the extreme; the tallest and largest warriors marching with the deepest and most solemn tones, the song of thanksgiving. At a little distance the grey uncertain light disclosed four or five

men lying desperately hurt, whilst their kinsmen kneaded their limbs, pouring water upon their wounds, and placing lumps of dates in their stiffening hands.* As day broke, the division of plunder caused angry passions to rise. The dead and dying were abandoned. One party made a rush upon the cattle, and with shouts and yells drove them off towards the wilds. Some loaded themselves with goods; others fought over pieces of cloth, which they tore with hand and dagger; whilst the disappointed, vociferating with rage, struck at one another and brandished their spears. More than once during these scenes a panic seized them; they moved off in a body to some distance; and there is little doubt that, had our guard struck one blow, we might still have won the day.

“Speke’s captor went to seek his own portion of the spoil, when a Somal came up and asked in Hindostani what business the Frank had in their country, and added that he would kill him if a Christian, but spare the life of a brother Moslem. The wounded man replied that he was going to Zanzibar, that he was still a Nazarene, and therefore that the work had better be done at once. The savage laughed, and passed on. He was succeeded by a second, who, equally compassionate, whirled a sword round his head, twice pretending to strike, but returning to the plunder without doing damage. Presently came another manner of assailant. Speke, who had extricated his hands, caught the spear levelled at his breast, but received at the same moment a blow which, paralyzing his arm, caused him to lose his hold. In defending his heart from a succession of thrusts, he received severe wounds on the back of his hand, his right shoulder, and his left thigh. Pausing a little, the wretch crossed to the other side, and suddenly passed his spear clean through the right leg of the wounded man. The latter, ‘smelling death,’ then leapt up, and, taking advantage of his assailant’s terror, rushed headlong towards the sea. Looking behind, he avoided the javelin hurled at his back, and had the good fortune to run, without further accident, the gauntlet of a score of missiles. When pursuit was discontinued, he sat down, faint from loss of blood, upon a sandhill. Recovering strength by a few minutes’ rest, he staggered on to the town, where some old women directed him to us. Then, pursuing his way, he fell in with the party sent to seek him, and by their aid reached the craft, having walked and run at least three miles, after receiving eleven wounds, two of which had pierced his thighs. A touching lesson how difficult it is to kill a man in sound health!† My difficulty was, with my comrades’ aid, to extract the javelin which transfixed my jaws. It destroyed my palate and four good back teeth, and left wounds on my two cheeks.

* “The Somal place dates in the hands of the fallen to ascertain the extent of injury. He that cannot eat that delicacy is justly decided to be *in articulo*.”

† “In less than a month after receiving such injuries, Speke was on his way to England. He never felt the least inconvenience from the wounds, which closed up like indiarubber.”

“When we three survivors had reached the craft, Yusuf, the Captain, armed his men with muskets and spears, landed them near the camp, and ascertained that the enemy, expecting a fresh attack, had fled, carrying away our cloth, tobacco, swords, and other weapons. The corpse of Stroyan was then brought on board. Our lamented comrade was already stark and cold. A spear had traversed his heart, another had pierced his abdomen, and a frightful gash, apparently of a sword, had opened the upper part of his forehead. The body had been bruised with war-clubs, and the thighs showed marks of violence after death. This was the severest affliction that befell us. We had lived together like brothers. Stroyan was a universal favourite, and his sterling qualities of manly courage, physical endurance, and steady perseverance had augured for him a bright career, thus prematurely cut off. Truly melancholy to us was the contrast between the evening when he sat with us full of life and spirits, and the morning when we saw amongst us a livid corpse.

“We had hoped to preserve the remains of our friend for interment at Aden. But so rapid were the effects of exposure that we were compelled most reluctantly, on the morning of the 20th of April, to commit them to the deep, Herne reading the Funeral Service.

“Then, with heavy hearts, we set sail for the near Arabian shore, and, after a tedious two days, carried our friends the news of the unexpected disaster.

“RICHARD F. BURTON.”

When Speke wrote the manuscript of this affair, and in *Blackwood*, and also in his book on the “Sources of the Nile,” he said that *he* was the Head of the Expedition; *he* had given the order for the night, it was before *him* the spies were brought, *he* was the first to turn out, and no one but *he* had the courage to defend himself. It is hardly worth while to contradict it. It is obvious that this expedition could only be commanded by a man who knew Arabic and some of the other languages, of which he was perfectly ignorant.

So the results of this Expedition, to sum up in short, were, that they barely escaped being caught like mice in a trap, by having their tents thrown down upon them, the four fought bravely against three hundred and fifty Bedawi, poor Stroyan was killed, Herne was untouched, Richard and Speke were desperately wounded, though they all cut their way gallantly through the enemy. Poor Speke had eleven wounds, and Richard, with a lance transfixing his jaws, which carried away four back teeth and part of his palate, wandered up and down the coast suffering from his wounds, fever, hunger, and thirst consequent on the wounds; but they met, they carried off the dead body of their comrade, and were taken on board the native dhow or boat, which the fortunate accident of Richard’s hospitality had retained there just half an hour, long enough to save them, and the

natives sacked their property. They were so badly wounded, he had to return to England, and here his wounds soon healed and he picked up health. He rendered an account of his explorations before the Royal Geographical Society.* After a month's rest, he obtained leave to volunteer for the Crimea. Here I would rather give his own original manuscript word for word, because it is so fresh, and, in a few pages, gives a better insight into outspoken truth than many other large volumes.

* He began to prepare his public account of Harar in "First Footsteps in East Africa," one large volume, which, however, did not see the light till 1856. It might have been called "Harar," to distinguish it from the trial trip previous to the Great Lake Expedition.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CRIMEA WITH BEATSON'S HORSE

AFTER the disastrous skirmish with the Somali at Berberah, it is no wonder that I returned to England on sick certificate, wounded and sorely discomfited. The Crimean War seemed to me some opportunity of recovering my spirits, and as soon as my health permitted, I applied myself to the ungrateful task of volunteering. London then was in the liveliest state of excitement about the Crimean bungles, and the ladies pitilessly cut every officer who shirked his duty. So I read my paper about Harar before the Royal Geographical Society, and had the pleasure of being assured by an ancient gentleman, who had never *smelt* Africa, that when approaching the town Harar I had crossed a large and rapid river. It was in vain for me to reject this information. Everyone seemed to think he must be right.

Having obtained a few letters of introduction, and remembering that I had served under General James Simpson, at Sakhar, in Sind, I farewelled my friends, and my next step was to hurry through France, and to embark at Marseille on board one of the Messageries Impériales, bound for Constantinople.

It was a spring voyage on summer seas, and in due time we stared at the Golden Horn, and lodged ourselves at Missiri's Hôtel.

At Stamboul, I met Fred Wingfield, who was bound to Balaclava, as assistant under the unfortunate Mr Commissary-General Filder, and had to congratulate myself upon my good fortune. We steamed together over the inhospitable Euxine, which showed me the reason for its sombre name.

The waters are in parts abnormally sweet, and they appear veiled

in a dark vapour. Utterly unknown the blues, amethyst and turquoise, of that sea of beauty, the Mediterranean; the same is the case with the smaller Palus Meotis—Azoff. After the normal three days we sighted the Tauric Chersonese, the land of the Cimmerians and Scythians, the colony of the Greek, the conquest of Janghiz and the Khans of Turkey, and finally annexed by Russia after the wars, in which Charles XII. had taught the Slav to fight. We then made Balaclava (Balik-liwa, "Fish town"), with its dwarf fjord, dug out of dove-coloured limestones, and forming a little port stuffed to repletion with every manner of craft.

I passed a week with Wingfield and other friends, in and about Balaclava, in frequent visits to the front and camp. A favourite excursion from the latter was to the Monastery of St. George, classic ground where Iphigenia was saved from sacrifice. There was a noble view from this place, a foreground of goodly garden, a deep ravine clad with glorious trees, a system of cliffs and needles studding a sandy beach, and a lovely stretch of sparkling sea. No wonder that it had been chosen by a hermit, whose little hut of unhewn blocks lay hard by; he was a man upwards of sixty apparently, unknown to any one, and was fed by the black-robed monks. At Kadikeui also I made the acquaintance of good Mrs. Seacole, Jamaican by origin, who did so much for the comfort of invalids, and whom we afterwards met with lively pleasure at Panamá.

The British cavalry officers in the Crimea were still violently excited by reports that Lord Cardigan was about returning to command; and I heard more than one say, "We will not serve under him." And after a long experience of different opinions on the spot, I came to the following conclusion:—The unhappy charge of the "Six Hundred" was directly caused by my old friend, Captain Nolan of the 15th Hussars. An admirable officer and swordsman, bred in the gallant Austrian Cavalry of that day, he held, and advocated through life, the theory that mounted troops were an overmatch for infantry, and wanted only good leading to break squares and so forth. He was burning also to see the Lights outrival the Heavies, who, under General Scarlett, had charged down upon Russians said to be four times their number. Lord Lucan received an order to take a Russian 12-gun battery on the Causeway Heights, from General Liprandi, and he sent a verbal message by Nolan (General Airey's aide-de-camp) to his brother-in-law, Lord Cardigan, there being bad blood between the two.

Nolan, who was no friend to the hero of the Black Bottle, delivered the order disagreeably, and when Lord Cardigan showed some hesitation, roughly cut short the colloquy with, "You have your commands, my Lord," and prepared, as is the custom, to join in the charge. Hardly did it begin, than he was struck by a shot in the breast, and, as he did not fall at once, some asked Lord Cardigan where he was, and the reply came, "I saw him go off howling to the rear." During the fatal charge Lord Cardigan lost his head, and had that *moment de peur* to which the best soldiers are at times subject. He had been a fire-eater with the "Saw-handles," and the world expected too much of him; again, a man of ordinary pluck, he was placed in extraordinary circumstances, and how few there are who are *born* physically fearless. I can count those known to me on the fingers of my right hand. Believing that his force was literally mown down, he forgot his duty as a Commanding Officer, and instead of rallying the fugitives, he thought only of *sauve qui peut*. Galloping wildly to the rear, he rushed up to many a spectator, amongst others to my old Commander, General Beatson, nervously exclaiming, "You saw me at the guns?" and almost without awaiting a reply, rode on. Presently returning to England, he had not the sound sense and good taste to keep himself in the background; but received a kind of "ovation," as they call it, the ladies trying to secure hairs from his charger's tail by way of keepsake. Of course he never showed his face in the Crimea again. The tale of this ill-fated and unprofessional charge has now changed complexion. It is held up as a *beau fait d'armes*, despite the best bit of military criticism that ever fell from soldier's lips: "*c'est beau, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," the words of General Bosquet, who saved the poor remnants of the Lights.

At head-quarters I called upon the Commander-in-Chief, General Simpson, whom years before I had found in charge of Sakhar, Upper Sind, held by all as wellnigh superannuated. He was supposed to be one of Lever's heroes, the gigantic Englishman who, during the occupation of Paris, broke the jaw of the duelling French officer, and spat down his throat. But age had told upon him, mentally as well as bodily, and he became a mere plaything in the hands of the French, especially of General Pélissier, the typical Algerian officer, who well knew when to browbeat and when to cajole. "Jimmy Simpson," as the poor old incapable was called, could do nothing for me, so I wrote officially at once to General Beatson, whom I had met at Boulogne, volunteering for the Irregular Cavalry then known as "Beatson's Horse," and I was delighted when my name appeared in orders. Returning to Constantinople

I called upon the Embassy, then in summer quarters at Therapia, where they had spent an anxious time. The gallant Vukados, Russianized in Boutákoff, a Greek, who, in the nineteenth century, belonged to the heroic days of Thermopylæ and Marathon, and who was actually cheered by his enemies, with the little merchant-brig the *Wladimir*, alias *Arciduca Giovanni*, had shown himself a master-breaker-of-blockades, and might readily have taken into his head to pay the Ambassador a visit.

I looked forward to a welcome and found one; a man who had married my aunt, Robert Bagshaw, of Dovercourt, M.P., and quondam Calcutta merchant, who had saved from impending bankruptcy the house of Alexander and Co., to which Lady Stratford belonged.

Nothing quaintier than the contrast between that highly respectable middle-class British peer and the extreme wildness of his surroundings. There were but two exceptions to the general rule of eccentricity—one, Lord Napier and Ettrick with his charming wife, and the other, Odo (popularly called "O don't!") Russell, who died as Lord Amphill, Ambassador to Berlin. It was, by-the-by, no bad idea to appoint this high-bred and average talented English gentleman to the Court of Prince Bismarck, who disliked and despised nothing more thoroughly than the pert little political, the "Foreign Office pet" of modern days.

After seeing all that was to be seen at Therapia and Constantinople, I embarked on an Austrian Lloyd steamer, and ran down to the Dardanelles, then the head-quarters of the Bashi-Bazouks. The little town shared in the factitious importance of Gallipoli, and other places more or less useful during the war; it had two Pashas, Civil and Military, with a large body of Nizam or Regulars, whilst the hillsides to the north were dotted with the white tents of the Irregulars. General Beatson had secured fair quarters near the old windmills, and there had established himself with his wife and daughters. I at once recognized my old Boulogne friend, although slightly disguised by uniform. He looked like a man of fifty-five, with bluff face and burly figure, and probably grey hair became him better than black. He always rode English chargers of good blood, and altogether his presence was highly effective.

There had been much silly laughing at Constantinople, especially amongst the grinning idiot tribe, about his gold coat, which was said to stand upright by force of embroidery. But here he was perfectly right, and his critics perfectly wrong. He had learnt by many years' service to recognize the importance of show and splendour when dealing with Easterns. And no one had criticised

the splendid Skinner or General Jacob of the Sind Horse, for wearing a silver helmet and a diamond-studded sabretache. General Beatson had served thirty-five years in the Bengal army, and was one of the few amongst his contemporaries who had campaigned in Europe during the long peace which followed the long war. In his subaltern days he had volunteered into the Spanish Legion, under the Commander, General Sir de Lacy Evans. After some hard fighting there, and seeing not a few adventures, he had returned to India. When the Crimean War broke out he went to Head-quarters at once, and, for the mere fun of the thing, joined in the Heavy Cavalry charge.

In October, 1854, the Duke of Newcastle, then Minister of War, addressed him officially, directing him to organize a Corps of Bashi-Bazouks, not exceeding in number four thousand, who were to be independent of the Turkish Contingent, consisting of twenty-five thousand Regulars under General Vivian.

General Beatson wisely determined that his four thousand sabres should be wholly unconnected with the twenty-five thousand men of the Turkish Contingent. He wished to raise them in Syria, Asia Minor, Bulgaria, and other places, regiment them according to their nationalities, and to officer them, like Sepoy regiments, with Englishmen and Subalterns of their own races.

The idea was excellent, but it was badly carried out, mainly by default of the War Office, which had overmuch to do and could not be at the trouble of sending out officers. So the men, whose camps looked soldier-like enough, were left lying on the hillsides, and Satan found a very fair amount of work for them. This was, however, chiefly confined to duelling, and other such pastimes.

The exaggerated mutinies were mere sky-larking. After a few days' grumbling, a knot of "Rotten Heads" would mount their nags with immense noise and clatter, and, loudly proclaiming that they could stand the dulness of life no longer, would ride away, hoping only to be soon caught. But the worst was, I could see no business doing; there were no morning roll-calls or evening parades, no drilling or disciplining of men, and the General contented himself with riding twice a day through the camp, and listening to many grievances. However, as soon as I was made "Chief of the Staff," I persuaded him that this was not the thing, and induced him to establish all three, and to add thereto a riding school for sundry officers of infantry who were not very firm in the saddle, and also to open a School of Arms for the benefit of *all* (the last thing a British officer learns is, to use his "silly sword"); and the consequence was, that we soon had a fine body of well-trained sabres, ready to do anything or to go anywhere.

I now thought that I saw my way to a grand success, and my failure was proportionally absurd. This was nothing less than the relief of Kars, which was doomed to fall by famine, to the Russians.

It was reported that General Williams, who, with the Hungarian General Metz, was taking a prominent part in the defence, addressed upwards of eighty officials to Lord Stratford without receiving a single reply; in fact, as Mr. Skene's book shows, the great man only turned them into ridicule. However, the "Eltchi" feared ultimate consequences, and wrote to Lieut.-General (afterwards Sir) Robert J. Hussey-Vivian, to consult him concerning despatching on secret errand the Turkish Contingent, consisting, as it may be remembered, of twenty-five thousand Nizam or Regulars, commanded by a sufficiency of British officers.

The answer was that *no* carriage could be procured. Vivian, who was a natural son of Lord Vivian's, had seen some active service in his youth, but he was best known as an Adjutant-General of the Madras army, a man redolent of pipe-clay and red tape, and servilely subject to the Ambassador. So I felt that the game was in *my* hands, and proceeded in glorious elation of spirits to submit my project for the relief of Kars to his Excellency. We had already 2640 sabres in perfect readiness to march, and I could have procured *any quantities* of carriage. The scene which resulted passes description. He shouted at me in a rage, "You are the most impudent man in the Bombay Army, Sir!" But I knew him, and understood him like Alison, and did not mind. It ended with, "Of course you'll dine with us to-day?"

* * * * *

It was not until some months afterwards that I learnt what my unhappy plan proposed to do. Kars was doomed to fall as a make-weight for the capture of half of Sebastopol, and a Captain of Bashi-Bazouks (myself) had madly attempted to arrest the course of *haute politique*.

CHAPTER X.

RICHARD LOVES ME.

“Aye free, aff-hand your story tell,
When wi’ a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel’
Ye scarcely tell to ony.”

BURNS.

As soon as Richard was well home from the Crimea, and had attended Beatson’s trial, he began to turn his attention to the “Unveiling of Isis,” in other words, “Discovering the sources of the Nile, the Lake Regions of Central Africa,” on which his heart had long been set, and he passed most of his time in London working it up.

One summer day, in August, 1856, thirty-seven years ago, we had not gone out of town, and I was walking in the Botanical Gardens with my sister, Blanche Pigott, and a friend, and Richard was there, walking with the gorgeous creature of Boulogne—then married. We immediately stopped and shook hands, and asked each other a thousand questions of the four intervening years, and all the old Boulogne memories and feelings which had lain dormant, but not extinct, returned to me. He asked me before I left if I came very often to the Botanical Gardens, and I said, “Oh yes, we always come and read and study here from eleven to one, because it is so much nicer than staying in the hot rooms at this season.” “That is quite right,” he said. “What are you studying?” I had that day with me an old friend, Disraeli’s “Tancred,” the book of my heart and tastes, which he explained to me. We were there about an hour, and when I had to leave, as I moved off, I heard him say to his companion, “Do you know that your cousin has grown charming? I would not have believed that the little schoolgirl of Boulogne would have become such a sweet girl;” and I heard her say, “Ugh!” with a tone of disgust.

Next day, when we got there, he was also there—alone—composing poetry to show to Monckton-Milnes on some pet subject, and he came forward, saying laughingly, “You won’t chalk up ‘Mother will be angry’ now, will you, as you did when you were a little girl?” Again we walked and talked. This went on for a fortnight—I trod on air.

At the end of a fortnight he asked me "if I could dream of doing anything so sickly as to give up Civilization, and if he could obtain the Consulate at Damascus, to go and live there." He said, "Don't give me an answer *now*, because it will mean a very serious step for you—no less than giving up your people, and all that you are used to, and living the sort of life that Lady Hester Stanhope led. I see the capabilities in you, but you must think it over." I was so long silent from emotion—it was just as if the moon had tumbled down and said, "I thought you cried for me, so I came"—that he thought I was thinking worldly thoughts, and said, "Forgive me! I ought not to have asked so much." At last I found my voice, and said, "I don't *want* to 'think it over'—I have been 'thinking it over' for six years, ever since I first saw you at Boulogne on the Ramparts. I have prayed for you every day, morning and night. I have followed all your career minutely. I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust and a tent with *you* than be Queen of all the world. And so I say now, Yes! YES! YES!" I will pass over the next few minutes. Then he said, "Your people will not give you to me." I answered, "I know that, but I belong to myself—I give myself away." "That is all right," he answered; "be firm, and so shall I."

After that he came and visited a little at our house as an acquaintance, having been introduced at Boulogne, and he fascinated, amused, and pleasantly shocked my mother, but completely magnetized my father and all my brothers and sisters. My father used to say, "I don't know what it is about that man, but I can't get him out of my head, I dream about *him every night*."

Cardinal Wiseman and Richard had become friends in early days. Languages had brought them together, and the Cardinal now furnished him with a special passport, recommending him to all the Catholic Missions in wild places all over the World.

That last afternoon I had placed round his neck a medal of the Blessed Virgin upon a steel chain, which we Catholics commonly call "the miraculous medal." He promised me he would wear it throughout his journey, and show it me on his return. I had offered it to him on a gold chain, but he had said, "Take away the gold chain; they will cut my throat for it out there." He did show it me round his neck when he came back; he wore it all his life, and it is buried with him.

What made my position more painful was, that he knew that I should not be allowed to receive any letters from him, and therefore it was not safe to write often, and then only to say what others might read. He left to me, at my request, the task of breaking the fact of my engagement to my people, when, where, and how I pleased, as it would be impossible to marry me until he came back.

CHAPTER XI.

HIS EXPLORATION OF THE LAKE REGIONS, TAKING CAPTAIN SPEKE AS SECOND IN COMMAND.

MY FOREWORD.

IT was the Royal Geographical Society which induced Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to supply Richard with funds for an exploration of the then utterly unknown Lake Regions of Central Africa. In October, 1856, he set out for Bombay, applied for Captain Speke, and landed at Zanzibar on December 19th, 1856. Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, was very good to them; they made a tentative expedition from January 5th to March 6th, 1857, about the Mombas regions. They got a bad coast fever, and returned to Zanzibar. They then set out again into the far interior, into which only one European, Monsieur Maizan, a French naval officer, had attempted to penetrate; he was cruelly murdered at the outset of his journey.

It was the first successful attempt to penetrate that country, and laid the foundation for others. It was the base on which all subsequent journeys were founded; Livingstone, Cameron, Speke and Grant, Sir S. Baker, and Stanley carried it out. Where Richard found the rudest barbarians, Church missions have been established, and commerce, and now a railway is proposed to connect the coast with the Lake Regions. This expedition brought neither honour nor profit to Richard; but the world is not likely to forget it; the future will be more generous and juster than the past or present. During these African explorations, Richard was attacked by fever twenty-one times, by temporary paralysis and partial blindness. On his return he brought out "The Lake Regions of Equatorial Africa," 2 vols., 1860, and the Royal Geographical Society devoted the whole of their thirty-third volume to its recital (Clowes and Son). Richard's book was translated into French by Madame H. Loreau, and republished in New York by Fakir, 1861. It will shortly be added to the Uniform Library in preparation. In May, 1859, the

moment he returned to England, he immediately proposed another Expedition, which, however, the Royal Geographical Society gave to his disloyal companion, who completely and wilfully spoiled the first Expedition as far as lay in his power.

ZANZIBAR ; AND TWO MONTHS IN EAST AFRICA.

(From his own notes.)

Preliminary Canter.

“Of the gladdest moments, methinks, in human life, is the departing upon a distant journey into *unknown* lands. Shaking off with one effort the fetters of habit, the leaden weight of routine, the cloak of carking care, and the slavery of Civilization, Man feels once more happy. The blood flows with the fast circulation of youth, excitement gives a new vigour to the muscles, and a sense of sudden freedom adds an inch to the stature. Afresh dawns the morn of life, again the bright world is beautiful to the eye, and the glorious face of Nature gladdens the soul. A journey, in fact, appeals to Imagination, to Memory, to Hope—the sister Graces of our moral being.

“The shrill screaming of the boatswain’s whistle, and sundry shouts of, ‘Stand by yer booms!’ ‘All ready, for’ard?’ ‘Now make sail!’ sounded in mine ears with a sweet significance.

ZANZIBAR.

“Our captain decided, from the absence of Friday flags on the Consular Staffs, that some great man had gone to his long home. The *Elphinstone*, however, would not have the trouble of casting loose her guns for nothing; with H.H. the Sayyid of Zanzibar’s ensign—a plain red—at the fore, and the Union at the main, she cast anchor in Front Bay, about half a mile from shore, and fired a salute of twenty-one. A gay bunting thereupon flew up to every truck, and the brass cannon of the *Victoria* roared a response of twenty-two. We had arrived on the fortieth, or the last day of mourning.

“When ‘chivalry’ was explained to the late ruler, Said of Zanzibar (1856), as enlightened a prince as Arabia ever produced, and surrounded by intrigue, he was shrewd enough to remark ‘that only the *siflah* (low fellows) interfere between husband and wife.’

“Peace to his soul! he was a model of Arab princes, a firm friend to the English nation, and a great admirer of the ‘Malikat el Aazameh,’ our most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

“The unworthy merchants of Zanzibar, American and European, did their best to secure for us the fate of M. Maizan, both on this and on a subsequent occasion, by spreading all manner of reports amongst the Banyans, Arabs, and Sawahilis.

“Considering the unfitness of the season, we were strongly advised to defer exploration of the interior until we had learned something of the coast, and for that purpose we set out at once, for a two or three months’ cruise.

“ If we, travellers in transit, had reason to be proud of our countryman’s influence at Zanzibar, the European and American merchants should be truly thankful for it. Appointed in 1840 H.B.M.’s Consul and H.E.I. Co.’s agent at the court of H.H. Sayyid Said, and directed to make this island his Head-quarters, Colonel Hamerton found that for nine years not a British cruiser had visited it, and that report declared us to be no longer Masters of the Indian seas. Slavery was rampant. Wretches were thrown overboard, when sick, to prevent paying duty ; and the sea-beach before the town, as well as the plantations, presented horrible spectacles of dogs devouring human flesh. The Consul’s representations were accepted by Sayyid Said ; sundry floggings and confiscation of property instilled into slave-owners the semblance of humanity. The insolence of the negro was as summarily dealt with. The Arabs had persuaded the Sawahilis and blacks that a white man is a being below contempt, and the ‘ poor African ’ carries out the theory. Only seventeen years have elapsed since an American Trader-Consul, in consular cocked hat and sword, was horsed upon a slave’s back, and solemnly ‘ baked ’ in his own consular house, under his own consular flag. A Sawahili would at any time enter the merchant’s bureau, dispose his sandalled feet upon the table, call for a cognac, and if refused, draw his dagger. Negro fishermen would anchor their craft close to a window, and, clinging to the mast, enjoy the novel spectacle of Kafirs feeding.

“ *Now* an Englishman here is even more civilly treated than at one of our Presidencies. This change is the work of Colonel Hamerton, who, in the strenuous and unremitting discharge of his duties, has lost youth, strength, and health. The iron constitution of this valuable public servant—I have quoted merely a specimen of his worth—has been undermined by the terrible fever, and at fifty his head bears the ‘ blossoms of the grave,’ as though it had seen its seventieth summer.

“ The reader asks, What induced us to take a guide apparently so little fit for rough-and-ready work ? In the first place, the presence of Said bin Salim el Lamki was a pledge of respectability. And lastly, a bright exception to the rule of his unconscientious race, he *appears* truthful, honest, and honourable. I have never yet had reason to suspect him of a low action. ‘ Verily,’ was the reply, ‘ whoso benefiteth the beneficent becometh his Lord ; but the vile well-treated turneth and rendeth thee.’ I almost hope that he may not deceive us in the end.

“ The traveller in Eastern Africa must ever be prepared for three distinct departures—the little start, the great start, and the start.

“ On the 10th of January we ran through the paradise of verdant banks and plateaus, forming the approach to Pemba,* and halted a day to admire the Emerald Isle of these Eastern seas. In A.D. 1698 the bold buccaneer, Captain Kidd, buried there his blood-stained

* The distance between Bombay and Zanzibar is two thousand five hundred miles.

hoards of precious stones and metal, the plunder of India and the further Orient. The people of Pemba have found pots full of gold lumps, probably moulded from buttons that the pirate might wear his wealth.

“On the heights of Chhaga, an image or statue of a long-haired woman, seated in a chair and holding a child, is reported to remain. Iconolatry being here unknown, the savages must have derived them from some more civilized race—Catholic missionaries.

“The Mazrui, a noble Arab tribe, placed themselves under British protection in their rebellion against the late Sayyid. They were permitted to fly our flag—a favour for which, when danger disappeared, they proved themselves ungrateful; and a Mr. Reece was placed at Mombas to watch its interests. The travellers lamented that we abandoned Mombas: had England retained it, the whole interior would now be open to us. But such is the history of Britain the Great: hard won by blood and gold, her conquests are parted with for a song.

“The very Hindús required a lesson in civility. With the *Wali*, or Governor, Khalfan bin Ali, an Omani Arab of noble family, we were on the best of terms. But the manifest animus of the public made us feel light-hearted, when, our inquiries concluded, we bade adieu to Mombas.

“The people of Eastern Intertropical Africa are divided by their occupations into three orders. First is the fierce pastoral nomad, the Galla and Masai, the Somal and the Kafir, who lives upon the produce of his cattle, the chase, and foray. Secondly rank the semi-pastoral, as the Wakamba, who, though without fixed abodes, make their women cultivate the ground. And the last degree of civilization, agriculture, is peculiar to the Waníka, the Wasumbára, and the various tribes living between the coast and the interior lakes.

“The Waníka, or Desert race, is composed of a Negritic base, now intimately mixed with Semitic blood.

“When that enlightened Arab statesman, H.E. Ali bin Nasir, H.H. the Imaum of Muscat's Envoy Extraordinary to H.B. Majesty, was Governor of Mombas, he took advantage of a scarcity to feed the starving Waníka from the public granaries. He was careful, however, to secure as pledges of repayment, the wives and children of his debtors, and he lost no time in selling off the whole number. Such a feat was probably little suspected by our countrymen, when, to honour enlightened beneficence, they welcomed the Statesman with all the triumphs of Exeter Hall, presented him with costly specimens of Government, and sent him from Aden to Zanzibar in the H.E.I. Co.'s brig of war *Tigris*. This Oriental votary of free trade came to a merited end. Recognized by the enraged savages, he saw his sons expire in torments; he was terribly mutilated during life, and was put to death with all the refinements of cruelty.

“A report, prevalent in Mombas—even a Sawahili sometimes speaks the truth—and the march of an armed party from the town which denoted belief in their own words, induced my companions and myself to hasten up once more to the Rabai Hills, expecting to

find the mission-house invested by savages. The danger had been exaggerated, but the inmates were strongly advised to take temporary shelter in the town. Left Kisulodiny on the 22nd of January, 1857. Some nights afterwards, fires were observed upon the neighbouring hills, and Wanika scouts returned with a report that the Masai were in rapid advance. The wise few fled at once to the *kaza*, or hidden and barricaded stronghold, which these people prepare for extreme danger. The foolish many said, 'To-morrow morning we will drive our flocks and herds to safety.' But ere that morning dawned upon the world, a dense mass of wild spearmen, sweeping with shout and yell, and clashing arms, by the mission-house, which they either saw not or they feared to enter, dashed upon the scattered villages in the vale below, and left the ground strewed with the corpses of hapless fugitives. When driving off their cattle, the Masai, rallying, fell upon them, drove them away in ignominious flight, and slew twenty-five of their number.

"Jack* and I landed at Wásin, and found the shore crowded with a mob of unarmed gazers, who did not even return our salaams: we resolved in future to keep such greetings for those who deserved them. Abd-el-Karím led us to his house, seated us in chairs upon a terrace, and mixed a cooling drink in a vase not usually devoted to such purpose. There is no game on the island, or on the main. In the evening we quitted the squalid settlement without a single regret.

"Our *nakhoda* again showed symptoms of trickery; he had been allowed to ship cargo from Mombas to Wasin, and, Irish-like, he thereupon founded a right to ship cargo from Wasin to Tanga. Unable to disabuse his mind by mild proceedings, I threatened to cut the cable.

"At last, having threaded the *báb*, or narrow rock-bound passage which separates the bluff headland of Tanga Island from Ras Rashíd on the main, we glided into the bay, and anchored in three fathoms of water, opposite, and about half a mile from, the town.

"Tanga Bay extends six miles deep by five in breadth. The entrance is partially barred by a coralline bank, the ancient site of the Arab settlement.

"We landed on the morning of the 27th of January, and were met upon the sea-shore, in absence of the Arab Governor, by the *Diwans* or Sawahili Headmen, the *Jemadar* and his Belochies, the Collector of customs, Mizan Sahib, a daft old Indian, and other dignitaries. They conducted us to the hut formerly tenanted by M. Erhardt; brought coffee, fruit, and milk; and, in fine, treated us with peculiar civility. Here Sheddad built his City of brass, and encrusted the hill-top with a silver dome that shines with various and surpassing colours.

"The mountain recedes as the traveller advances, and the higher he ascends the higher rises the summit. At last blood bursts from the nostrils, the fingers bend backwards, and the most adventurous

* Jack was Speke's christian name.

is fain to stop. Amongst this Herodotian tissue of fact and fable, ran one fine thread of truth: all testified to the intense cold.

"They promised readily, however, to escort me to one of the ancient Cities of the coast.

"Setting out at eight a.m. with a small party of spearmen, I walked four or five miles south of Tanga, on the Tangata road, over a country strewed with the bodies of huge millepedes, and dry as Arabian sand.

"I assumed an Arab dress—a turban of portentous circumference, and a long henna-dyed shirt—and, accompanied by Said bin Salim, I went to inspect the scene.

"The wild people, Washenzy, Wasembára, Wadígo, and Waségeju, armed as usual, stalking about, whilst their women, each with baby on back, carried heavy loads of saleable stuff, or sat opposite their property, or chattered and gesticulated upon knotty questions of bargain.

"The heat of the ground made my barefooted companions run forward to the shade, from time to time, like the dogs in Tibet. Sundry excursions delayed us six days at Tanga.

"Five hours of lazy sailing ran us into Tangata, an open road between Tanga and Pangany. Here we delayed a day to inspect some ruins, where we had been promised Persian inscriptions and other wonders.

"We spent the remainder of the day and night at Tangata, fanned by the north-east breeze, and cradled by the rocking send of the Indian Ocean.

"At five a.m. on the 3rd of February we hoisted sail, and slipped down with the tepid morning breeze to Pangany, sighting Maziny Island, its outpost, after three hours' run. Soon after arrival I sent Said bin Salim, in all his bravery, on shore with the Sayyid of Zanzibar's circular letter to the *Wali* or Governor, to the *Jemadar*, to the Collector of customs, and the different *Diwans*. All this preparation for a mere trifle! We were received with high honour. The *Diwans* danced an ancient military dance before us with the pomp and circumstance of drawn swords, whilst bare-headed slave-girls, with hair *à la Brutus*, sang and flapped their skirts over the ground, with an affectedly modest and downcast demeanour. After half an hour's endurance, we were led into the upper-storied house of the *Wali* Meriko, a freedman of the late Sayyid Said, and spent the evening in a committee of ways and means.

"African villages are full of bleared misery by day, and animated filth by night, and of hunting adventures and hair-breadth escapes, lacking the interest of catastrophe.

"We arose early in the morning after arrival at Pangany, and repaired to the terrace for the better enjoyment of the view.

"If it had half-a-dozen white kiosks, minarets, and latticed summer-houses, it would almost rival that gem of creation, the Bosphorus.

"The settlement is surrounded by a thorny jungle, which at times harbours a host of leopards. One of these beasts lately scaled the high terrace of our house, and seized upon a slave-girl. Her

master, the burly black *Wali*, who was sleeping by her side, gallantly caught up his sword, ran into the house, and bolted the door, heedless of the miserable cry, 'B'ana, help me!' The wretch was carried to the jungle and devoured. The river is equally full of alligators, and whilst we were at Pangany a boy disappeared.

"Of course the two tribes, Wasumbara and Wazegura, are deadly foes. Moreover, about a year ago, a violent intestine feud broke out amongst the Wazegura, who, at the time of our visit, were burning and murdering, kidnapping, and slave-selling in all directions.

"The timid townsmen had also circulated a report that we were bound for Chhaga and Kilimanjaro: the Masai were 'out,' the rains were setting in, and they saw with us no armed escort. They resolved therefore not to accompany us.

"With abundance of money—say not less than £5000 per annum—an exploring party can trace its own line, pay the exactions of all Chiefs; it can study whatever is requisite; handle sextants in presence of negroes, who would cut every throat for one inch of brass; and, by travelling in comfort, can secure a very fair chance of return. Even from Mombas or from Pangany, with an escort of one hundred matchlock-men, we might have marched through the Masai plunderers to Chhaga and Kilimanjaro. But pay, portorage, and provisions for such a party would have amounted to at least £100 per week; a month and a half would have absorbed our means. Thus it was, gentle reader, that we were compelled to rest contented with a visit on foot to Fuga, for we had only one thousand pounds.

"Presently the plot thickened. Muigni Khatib, son of Sultan Kimwere, a black of most unprepossessing physiognomy, with a 'villanous trick of the eye, and a foolish hanging of the nether lip,' a prognathous jaw, garnished with cat-like moustaches and cobweb beard, a sour frown, and abundant surliness by way of dignity, dressed like an Arab, and raised by El Islam above his fellows, sent a message directing us to place in his hands what we intended for his father. This Chief was travelling to Zanzibar in fear and trembling. He had tried to establish at his village, Kirore, a Romulian asylum for runaway slaves, and, having partially succeeded, he dreaded the consequences. The Beloch *Jemadar* strongly urged us privily to cause his detention at the islands, a precaution somewhat too Oriental for our tastes. We refused, however, the *muigni's* demand in his own tone. Following their Prince, the dancing *Diwans* claimed a fee for permission to reside; as they worded it, '*el adah*'—the habit; based upon an ancient present from Colonel Hamerton; and were in manifest process of establishing a local custom which, in Africa, becomes law to remotest posterity. We flatly objected, showed our letters, and in the angriest of moods threatened reference to Zanzibar. Briefly, all began to beg bakhshish; but I cannot remember any one obtaining it.

"Weary of these importunities, we resolved to visit Chogway, a Beloch outpost, and thence, aided by the *Jemadar* who had preceded us from Pangany, to push for the capital village of Usumbara. We

made preparations secretly, dismissed the 'Riami,' rejected the *Diwans* who wished to accompany us as spies, left Said bin Salim and one Portuguese to watch our property in the house of Meriko, the Governor, who had accompanied his *muigni* to Zanzibar, and, under pretext of a short shooting excursion, hired a long canoe with four men, loaded it with the luggage required for a fortnight, and started with the tide at eleven a.m. on the 6th of January, 1857.

"First we grounded; then we were taken aback; then a puff of wind drove us forward with railway speed; then we grounded again.

"And now, while writing amid the soughing blasts, the rain, and the darkened air of a south-western monsoon, I remember with yearning the bright and beautiful spectacle of those African rivers, whose loveliness, like that of the dead, seems enhanced by proximity to decay. We had changed the agreeable and graceful sandstone scenery, on the sea-board, for a view novel and most characteristic. The hippopotamus now raised his head from the waters, snorted, gazed upon us, and sank into his native depths. Alligators, terrified by the splash of oars, waddled down with their horrid claws, dinting the slimy bank, and lay like yellow logs, measuring us with small, malignant, green eyes, deep set under warty brows. Monkeys rustled the tall trees. Below, jungle—men and woman—

'So withered, so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't.'

And all around reigned the eternal African silence, deep and saddening, broken only by the curlew's scream, or by the breeze rustling the tree-tops, whispering among the matted foliage, and swooning upon the tepid bosom of the wave.

"We sat under a tree till midnight, unsatiated with the charm of the hour. The moon rained molten silver over the dark foliage of the wild palms, the stars were as golden lamps suspended in the limpid air, and Venus glittered diamond-like upon the front of the firmament. The fireflies now sparkled simultaneously over the earth; then, as if by concerted impulse, their glow vanished in the glooms of the ground. At our feet lay the black creek; in the jungle beasts roared fitfully; and the night wind mingled melancholy sounds with the swelling murmuring of the stream.

"The tide flowing about midnight, we resumed our way. The river then became a sable streak between lofty rows of trees. The hippopotamus snorted close to our stern, and the crew begged me to fire, for the purpose of frightening 'Sultan Momba'—a pernicious rogue. At times we heard the splashing of the beasts as they scrambled over the shoals; at others, they struggled with loud grunts up the miry banks. Then again all was quiet. After a protracted interval of silence, the near voice of a man startled us in the deep drear stillness of the night, as though it had been some ghostly sound. At two a.m., reaching a clear tract on the river side—the Ghaut or landing-place of Chogway—we made fast the canoe, looked to our weapons, and, covering our faces against the heavy, clammy

dew, lay down to snatch an hour's sleep. The total distance rowed was about 13·5 miles.

"Fifty stout fellows, with an ambitious leader and a little money, might soon conquer the whole country, and establish there an absolute monarchy.

"These Beloch mercenaries merit some notice. They were preferred, as being somewhat disciplinable, by the late Sayyid Said, to his futile blacks and his unruly and self-willed Oman Arabs. He entertained from one thousand to fifteen hundred men, and scattered them over the country in charge of the forts. The others hate them—divisions even amongst his own children was the ruler's policy—and nickname them 'Kurara Kurara.' The *Jemadar* and the Governor are rarely on speaking terms. Calling themselves Belochies, they are mostly from the regions about Kech and Bampur. They are mixed up with a rabble rout of Afghans and Arabs, Indians and Sudies, and they speak half a dozen different languages. Many of these gentry have left their country for their country's good. A body of convicts, however, fights well. The Mekrani are first-rate behind walls; and if paid, drilled, and officered, they would make as 'varmint' light-bobs as Arnauts. They have a knightly fondness for arms. A 'young barrel and an old blade' are their delight. All use the matchlock, and many are skilful with sword and shield.

"Having communicated our project to the *Jemadar* of Chogway, he promised, for a consideration, all aid; told us that we should start the next day; and, curious to relate, kept his word.

"A start was effected at five p.m., every slave complaining of his load, snatching up the lightest, and hurrying on regardless of what was left behind. This nuisance endured till summarily stopped by an outward application easily divined. The evening belling of deer and the clock-clock of partridge struck our ears. In the open places were the leses of elephants, and footprints retained by the last year's mud. These animals descend to the plains during the monsoon, and in summer retire to the cool hills. The Belochies shoot, the wild people kill them with poisoned arrows. More than once during our wanderings we found the grave-like trap-pits, called in India, *ogi*.

"Tusks weighing 100 lbs. each are common, those of 175 lbs. are not rare, and I have heard of a pair whose joint weight was 560 lbs.

"At Makam Sayyid Sulayman—a half-cleared ring in the thorny jungle—we passed the night in a small babel of Belochies. One recited his Korán; another prayed; a third told funny stories; whilst a fourth trolled lays of love and war, long ago made familiar to my ear upon the rugged Asian hills. This was varied by slapping lank mosquitoes that flocked to the camp-fires; by rising to get rid of huge black pismires, whose bite burned like a red-hot needle; and by challenging two parties of savages, who, armed with bows and arrows, passed amongst us.

"Tongway is the first offset of the mountain-terrace composing the land of Usumbara. It rises abruptly from the plain, lies north-west of, and nine miles, as the crow flies, distant from, Chogway.

The summit, about two thousand feet above the sea-level, is clothed with jungle, through which, seeking compass-sights, we cut a way with our swords.

"The climate appeared delicious—even in the full blaze of an African and tropical summer; and whilst the hill was green, the land around was baked like bread-crust.

"The escort felt happy at Tongway, twice a day devouring our rice—an unknown luxury; and they were at infinite pains to defer the evil hour.

"Petty pilferers to the backbone, they steal, like magpies, by instinct. On the march they lag behind, and, not being professional porters, they are restive as camels when receiving their load. One of these youths, happening to be brother-in-law—after a fashion—to the *Jemadar*, requires incessant supervision to prevent him burdening the others with his own share. The guide, Muigni Wazira, is a huge broad-shouldered Sawahili, with a coal-black skin; his high, massive, and regular features look as if carved in ebony, and he frowns like a demon in the 'Arabian Nights.'

"A prayerless Sherif, he thoroughly despises the Makapry or Infidels; he has a hot temper, and, when provoked, roars like a wild beast. He began by refusing his load, but yielded, when it was gently placed upon his heavy shoulder, with a significant gesture in case of recusance.

"Rahewat, the Mekrani, calls himself a Beloch, and wears the title of Shah-Sawar, or the Rider-king. He is the *chelebi*, the dandy and tiger of our party. A 'good-looking brown man,' about twenty-five years old, with a certain girlishness and affectation of *tournure* and manner, which bode no good, the Rider-king deals in the externals of respectability; he washes and prays with pompous regularity, combs his long hair and beard, trains his bushy moustache to touch his eyes, and binds a huge turban. Having somewhat high ideas of discipline, he began with stabbing a slave-boy by way of a lesson.

"The Rider-king, pleading soldier, positively refuses to carry anything but his matchlock, and a private stock of dates, which he keeps ungenerously to himself. He boasts of prowess in vert and venison: we never saw him hit the mark, but we missed some powder and ball.

"The gem of the party is Sudy Mubarak, who has taken to himself the cognomen of 'Bombay.' His sooty skin, and teeth pointed like those of the reptilia, denote his Mhiav origin. He is one of those rare 'Sudies' that delight the passengers in an Indian steamer. Bombay, sold in early youth, carried to Cutch by some Banyan, and there emancipated, looks fondly back upon the home of his adoption, and sighs for the day when a few dollars will enable him to return. He has ineffable contempt for all 'jungly niggers.' His head is a triumph of phrenology. He works on principle, and works like a horse, openly declaring that not love of us, but attachment to his stomach, make him industrious. He had enlisted under the *Jemadar* of Chogway. We thought, however, so

highly of his qualifications, that persuasion and paying his debts induced him, after a little coquetting, to take leave of soldiering and follow our fortunes. Sudy Bombay will be our head gun-carrier, if he survives his present fever, and, I doubt not, will prove himself a rascal in the end.

“During the first night all Bombay’s efforts were required to prevent a *sauve qui peut*.

“On the 10th of February, after a night of desert silence, we arose betimes, and applied ourselves to the work of portage. Our luggage again suffered reduction. It was, however, past six a.m. when, forming Indian file, we began to descend the thorn-clad goat-track which spans the north-east spur of Mount Tongway. Overhead floated a filmy canopy of sea-green verdure, pierced by myriads of sunbeams, whilst the azure effulgence above, purified as with fire, from mist and vapour set the picture in a frame of gold and ultramarine. Painful splendours! The men began to drop off. None but Hamdan had brought a calabash. Shaaban clamoured for water. Wazira and the four slave-boys retired to some puddle, a discovery which they wisely kept to themselves, leaving the rest of the party to throw themselves under a tree and bush upon the hot ground.

“As the sun sank westward, Wazira joined us with a mouthful of lies, and the straggling line advanced. Our purblind guide once more lagged in the rear, yielding the lead to old Shaaban. This worthy, whose five wits were absorbed in visions of drink, strode blunderingly ahead, over the Wazira Hills and far away. Jack, keeping him in sight, and I in rear of both, missed the road. Shortly after sunset we three reached a narrow *fumara*, where stood, delightful sight! some puddles bright with chickweed, and black with the mire below. We quenched our thirst, and bathed our swollen feet, and patted, and felt, and handled the water as though we loved it. But even this charming occupation had an end. Evidently we had lost our way. Our shots and shouts remained unanswered. It would have been folly to thread the thorny jungle by the dubious light of a young moon. We therefore kindled a fire, looked at our arms, lay down upon a soft sandy place, and certain that Shaaban would be watchful as a vestal virgin, were soon lulled to sleep by the music of the night breeze, and by the frogs chanting their ancient querele upon the miry margins of the pools. That day’s work had been little more than five leagues. But—

‘These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out the miles.’

“Our guide secured, as extra porters, five wild men, habited in primitive attire. Their only garment was a kilt of dried and split rushes or grass. All had bows and poisoned arrows, except one, who boasted a miserable musket and literally a powder-horn, the vast spoils of a cow. The wretches were lean as wintry wolves, and not less ravenous. We fed them with rice and ghee. Of course they asked for more, till their stomachs, before like shrunken bladders, stood out in the shape of little round bumps from the hoop-work of

ribs. We had neglected to take their arms. After feeding, they arose, and with small beady eyes, twinkling with glee, bade us farewell. Though starving they would not work. A few hours afterwards, however, they found a hippopotamus in the open, killed it with their arrows, and soon left nothing but a heap of bones and a broad stain of blood upon the ground.

“ Arrived at Kohoday, the elders, as we landed, wrung our hands with rollicking greetings, and those immoderate explosive laughings which render the African family to all appearance so ‘ jolly ’ a race.

“ We were shown, on the mountain-pass of Usumbara, the watch-fire which is never extinguished; and the Mzegura chief, when supplying us with a bullock, poked his thumb back towards the hills and said, with a roar of laughter, that already we had become the King’s guests. Our Beloch guard applauded this kindred soul, patted him upon the shoulder, and declared that, with a score of men of war like themselves, he might soon become lord of all the mountains.

“ Our parting was pathetic. He swore he loved us, and promised, on our return, the boat to conduct us down the river; but when we appeared with empty hands, he told the truth, namely, that it is a succession of falls and rapids.

“ At five p.m., passing two bridges, we entered Msiky Mguru, a Wazegura village distant twelve miles from Kohoday. It is a cluster of hay-cock huts, touching one another, built upon an island formed by divers rapid and roaring branches of the river. The headman was sick, but we found a hospitable reception. We spent our nights with ants and other little murderers of sleep which shall be nameless. Our hosts expressed great alarm about the Masai. It was justified by the sequel. Scarcely had we left the country when a plundering party of wild spearmen attacked two neighbouring villages, slaughtering the hapless cultivators, and, with pillage and pollage, drove off the cows in triumph.

“ After an hour’s march we skirted a village, where the people peremptorily ordered us to halt. We attributed this annoyance to Wazira, who was forthwith visited with a general wiggling. But the impending rain sharpened our tempers; we laughed in the faces of our angry expostulators, and, bidding them stop us if they could, pursued our road.

“ Presently ascending a hill, and turning abruptly to the north-east, we found ourselves opposite, and about ten miles distant from, a tall azure curtain, the mountains of Fuga. Water stood in black pools, and around it waved luxuriant sugar-canes. In a few minutes every mouth in the party was tearing and chewing at a long pole. This cane is of the edible kind. The officinal varieties are too luscious, cloying, and bilious to be sucked with impunity by civilized men. After walking that day sixteen miles, at about four p.m. a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and raw south-west wind, which caused the thermometer to fall many degrees, and the slaves to shudder and whimper, drove us back into the *bandany*, or palaver-house of a large

village. The place swarmed with flies and mosquitoes. We lighted fires to keep off fevers.

“Sunday, the 15th of February, dawned with one of those steady little cataclysms, which, to be seen advantageously, must be seen near the Line. At eleven a.m., weary of the steaming *bandany*, our men loaded, and in a lucid interval set out towards the Fuga Hills,* to which we walked for economy sake. As we approached them, the rain shrank to a spitting, gradually ceased, and was replaced by that reeking, fetid, sepulchral heat which travellers in the tropics know and fear. The slippery way had wearied our slaves, though aided by three porters hired that morning; and the sun, struggling through vapour, was still hot enough to overpower the whole party.

“Issuing from the dripping canopy, we followed a steep goat-track, fording a crystal burn, and having reached the midway, sat down to enjoy the rarefied air, and to use the compass and spyglass. The view before us was extensive, if not beautiful. Under our feet the mountains fell in rugged folds, clothed with plantain fields, wild mulberries, custard-apples, and stately trees, whose lustrous green glittered against the ochreous ground. The sarsaparilla vine hung in clusters from the supporting limbs of the tamarind, the toddy palm raised its fantastic arms over the dwarf coco, and bitter oranges mingled pleasant scent with herbs not unlike mint and sage. Below, half veiled by rank streams, lay the yellow Nika or Wazegura wilderness, traversed by a serpentine of trees denoting the course of the Mkomafi affluent. Far beyond we could see the well-wooded line of the Lufu river, and from it to the walls of the southern and western horizon stretched a uniform purple plain.

“The three fresh porters positively refused to rise unless a certain number of cloths were sent forward to propitiate the magnates of Fuga. This was easily traced to Wazira, who received a hint that such trifling might be dangerous. He had been lecturing us all that morning upon the serious nature of our undertaking. Sultan Kimwere was a potent monarch, not a Momba. His Ministers and councillors would, unless well paid, avert from us their countenances. We must enter with a discharge of musketry to awe the people, and by all means do as we are bid. The Belochies smiled contempt, and, pulling up the porters, loaded them, deaf to remonstrance.

“Resuming our march after a short halt, we climbed rather than walked, with hearts beating from such unusual exercise, up the deep zigzag of a torrent. Villages then began to appear perched like eyries upon the hilltops, and the people gathered to watch our approach. At four p.m. we found ourselves upon the summit of a ridge. The Belochies begged us to taste the water of a spring hard by. It was icy cold, with a perceptible chalybeate flavour, sparkled in the cup, and had dyed its head with rust.

“The giant flanks of Mukumbara bound the view. We stood about four thousand feet above the sea-level, distant thirty-seven miles from the coast, and seventy-four or seventy-five along the

* One of the places forbidden to strangers.

winding river. There is a short cut from Kohoday across the mountains; but the route was then waterless, and the heat would have disabled our Belochies.

“After another three-mile walk along the hill flanks, we turned a corner and suddenly sighted, upon the opposite summit of a grassy cone, an unfenced heap of hay-cock huts—Fuga. This being one of the Cities where ingress is now forbidden to strangers, we were led by Wazira through timid crowds that shrank back as we approached, round and below the cone, to four tattered huts, which superstition assigns as the ‘travellers’ bungalow.’ Even the son and heir of great Kimwere must abide here till the lucky hour admits him to the presence and the Imperial City. The cold rain and sharp rarefied air rendering any shelter acceptable, we cleared the huts of sheep and goats, housed our valuables, and sent Sudy Bombay to the Sultan, requesting the honour of an interview.

“Before dark appeared three bareheaded *mdue*, or ‘Ministers,’ who in long palaver declared that council must squat upon two knotty points—*Primo*, Why and wherefore we had entered the country *viâ* the hostile Wazegura? *Secundo*, What time might be appointed by his Majesty’s *mganga*, or medicine-man, for the ceremony? Sharp-witted Hamdan at once declared us to be European wizards, and *waganga* of peculiar power over the moon and stars, the wind and rain. Away ran the Ministers to report the wonder.

“The *mganga*, who is called by the Arabs *tabib*, or doctor, and by us priest, physician, divine, magician, and medicine-man, combines, as these translations show, priestly with medical functions.

“At six p.m. the Ministers ran back and summoned us to the ‘Palace.’ They led the way through rain and mist to a clump of the usual huts, half hidden by trees, and overspreading a little eminence opposite to and below Fuga.

“Sultan Kimwere half rose from his cot as we entered, and motioned us to sit upon dwarf stools before him. He was an old, old man, emaciated by sickness. His head was shaved, his face beardless, and wrinkled like a grandam’s; his eyes were red, his jaws disfurnished, and his hands and feet were stained with leprous spots. Our errand was inquired and we were welcomed to Fuga. As none could read the Sayyid of Zanzibar’s letter, I was obliged to act secretary. The centagenarian had heard of our scrutinizing stars, stones, and trees. He directed us at once to compound a draught which would restore him to health, strength, and youth. I replied that our drugs had been left at Pangany. He signified that we might wander about the hills and seek the plants required. After half an hour’s conversation, Hamdan being interpreter, we were dismissed with a renewal of welcome.

“On our return to the hovels, the present was forwarded to the Sultan with the usual ceremony. We found awaiting us a fine bullock, a basketful of *sima*—young Indian corn pounded and boiled to a thick hard paste—and balls of unripe bananas, peeled and mashed up with sour milk. Our Belochies instantly addressed

themselves to the making of beef, which they ate with such a will that unpleasant symptoms presently declared themselves in camp. We had covered that day ten miles—equal, perhaps, to thirty in a temperate climate and a decent road. The angry blast, the groaning trees, and the lashing rain, heard from within a warm hut, affected us pleurably, and I would not have exchanged it for the music of Verdi. We slept the sweet sleep of travellers.

“The African Traveller, in this section of the nineteenth century, is an animal overworked. Formerly, the reading public was satisfied with dry details of mere discovery; was delighted with a few latitudes and longitudes. Of late, in this, as in other pursuits, the standard has been raised. Whilst marching so many miles *per diem*, and watching a certain number of hours *per noctem*, the traveller, who is in fact his own general, adjutant, quarter-master, and executive, is expected to survey and observe—to record meteorology, hygrometry, and hypsometry—to shoot and stuff birds and beasts, to collect geological specimens, to gather political and commercial information, to advance the infant study ethnology, to keep accounts, to sketch, to indite a copious legible journal, to collect grammar and vocabularies, and frequently to forward long reports which shall prevent the Royal Geographical Society napping through evening meetings. It is right, I own, to establish a high standard which insures some work being done; but explorations should be distinguished from railway journeys, and a broad line drawn between the feasible and the impossible. The unconscionable physicist now deems it his right to complain, because the explorer has not used his theodolite in the temple of Mecca, and introduced his sympiesometer within the walls of Harar. An ardent gentlemen once requested me to collect beetles, and another sent me excellent recipes for preserving ticks.

“These African explorations are small campaigns, in which the traveller, unaided by discipline, is beset by all the troubles, hardships, and perils of savage war. He must devote himself to feeding, drilling, and directing his men to the use of arms and the conduct of a Caravan, rather than the study of infusoria and barometers. The sight of an instrument convinces barbarians that the stranger is bringing down the sun, stopping rain, causing death, and bewitching the land for ages. Amidst utter savagery such operations are sometimes possible; amongst the semi-civilized they end badly. The climate also robs man of energy as well as health. He cannot, if he would, collect ticks and beetles. The simplest geodesical labours, as these pages will prove, are unadvisable. Jack has twice suffered from taking an altitude. Why is not a party of physicists sent out to swallow the dose prescribed by them to their army of martyrs?

“The rainy monsoon had set in at Fuga. Heavy clouds rolled up from the south-west, and during our two days and nights upon the hills the weather was a succession of drip, drizzle, and drench. In vain we looked for a star; even the sun could not disperse the thick raw vapours that rose from the steamy earth. We did not dare to linger upon the mountains. Our Belochies were not clad to resist

the temperature—here 12° lower than on the coast; the rain would make the lowlands a hotbed of sickness, and we daily expected the inevitable ‘seasoning-fever.’ In the dry monsoon this route might be made practicable to Chhaga and Kilimanjaro. With an escort of a hundred musketeers, and at an expense of £600, the invalid who desires to avail himself of this ‘sanitarium,’ as it is now called by the Indian papers, may, if perfectly sound in wind, limb, and digestion, reach the snowy region, if it exist, after ten mountain-marches, which will not occupy more than a month.

“The head-quarter village of Usumbara is Fuga, a heap of some five hundred huts, containing, I was told, three thousand souls. It is defenceless, and composed of the circular abodes common from Harar to Timbuctoo.

“On Monday, the 16th of February, we took leave of, and were duly dismissed by, Sultan Kimwere. The old man, however, was mortified that our rambles had not produced a plant of sovereign virtue against the last evil of life. He had long expected a white *nganga*, and now two had visited him, to depart without even a trial! I felt sad to see the wistful lingering look with which he accompanied ‘Kuahery!’ (farewell!) But his case was far beyond my skill.

“None of Sultan Kimwere’s men dared to face the terrible Wazegura.

“We descended the hills in a Scotch mist and drizzle, veiling every object from view. It deepened into a large-dropped shower upon the foetid lowlands. That night we slept at Pasunga; the next at Msiky Mguru; and the third, after marching seventeen miles—our greatest distance—at Kohoday.

“Our Belochies declared the rate of marching excessive; and Hamdan, who personified ‘Master Shoetie, the great traveller,’ averred that he had twice visited the Lakes, but had never seen such hardships in his dreams.

“With some toil, however, we coaxed him into courage, and joined on the way a small party bound for Pangany. At one p.m. we halted to bathe and drink, as it would be some time before we should again sight the winding stream. During the storm of thunder and lightning which ensued, I observed that our savage companions, like the Thracians of old Herodotus, and the Bheels and coolies of modern India, shot their iron-tipped arrows in the air.

“About four p.m. we found ourselves opposite Kizanga, a large Wazegura village on the right bank of the river. From Kizanga we followed the river by a vile footpath. The air was dank and oppressive; the clouds seemed to settle upon the earth, and the decayed vegetation exhaled a feverish foetor. As we advanced, the roar of the swollen stream told of rapids, whilst an occasional glimpse through its green veil showed a reefous surface, flecked with white froth. Heavy nimbi purpled the western skies, and we began to inquire of Wazira whether a village was at hand.

“About sunset, after marching fifteen miles, we suddenly saw tall cocos—in these lands the ‘traveller’s joy’—waving their feathery

heads against the blue eastern firmament. Presently, crossing a branch of the river by a long bridge, we entered an island settlement of Wazegura. This village, being upon the confines of civilization, and excited by wars and rumours of wars, suggested treachery to experienced travellers. Jack and I fired our revolvers into trees, and carefully reloaded them for the public benefit. The sensation was such that we seized the opportunity of offering money for rice and ghee. No provision, however, was procurable. Our escort went to bed supperless; Hamdan cursing this *Safar kháís—Anglicè*, rotten journey. Murad Ali had remained at Msiky Mguru to purchase a slave without our knowledge. A novice in such matters, he neglected to tie the man's thumb, and had the exquisite misery to see, in the evening after the sale, his dollars bolting at a pace that baffled pursuit. We then placed our weapons handy, and were soon lulled to sleep, despite smoke, wet beds, and other plagues, by the blustering wind and the continuous pattering of rain.

“At sunrise on Friday, the 20th of February, we were aroused by the guide; and, after various delays, found ourselves on the road about seven a.m. This day was the reflection of the last march. At nine a.m. we stood upon a distant eminence to admire the falls of the Pangany river. Here the stream, emerging from a dense dark growth of tropical forest, hurls itself in three huge sheets, fringed with flashing foam, down a rugged wall of brown rock. Halfway the fall is broken by a ledge, whence a second leap precipitates the waters into the mist-veiled basin of stone below. These cascades must be grand during the monsoon, when the river, forming a single horseshoe, acquires a volume and a momentum sufficient to clear the step which divides the shrunken stream. Of all natural objects, the cataract most requires that first element of sublimity—size. Yet, as it was, this fall, with the white spray and bright mist, set off by black jungle, and a framework of slaty rain-cloud, formed a picture sufficiently effective to surprise us.

“As we journeyed onwards the heat became intense. The nimbi hugged the mountain tops. There it was winter; but the sun, whose beams shot stingingly through translucent air, parched the summer plains. At ten a.m. our Belochies, clean worn out by famine and fatigue, threw themselves upon the bank of a broad and deep ravine, in whose sedgy bed a little water still lingered. Half an hour's rest, a cocoa-nut each, a pipe, and, above all things, the *spes finis*, restored their vigour. We resumed our march over a rolling waste of green, enlivened by occasional glimpses of the river, whose very aspect cooled the gazer. Villages became frequent as we advanced, far distancing our Belochies. At three p.m., after marching fourteen miles, we sighted the snake-fence and the pent-houses of friendly Chogway.

“The *Jemadar* and his garrison received us with all the honours of travel, and admired our speedy return from Fuga. As at Harar, a visitor can never calculate upon a prompt dismissal. We were too strong for force, but Sultan Kimwere has detained Arab and

other strangers for a fortnight before his *mganga* fixed a fit time for audience. Moreover, these walking journeys are dangerous in one point: the least accident disables a party, and accidents will happen to the best-regulated expedition.

“Our feet were cut by boots and shoes, and we had lost ‘leather’ by chafing and sunburns. A few days’ rest removed these inconveniences. Our first visit was paid to Pangany, where Said bin Salim, who had watched his charge with the fidelity of a shepherd’s dog, received us with joyous demonstrations. After spending a day upon the coast, we returned, provided with *munitions de bouche* and other necessaries, to Chogway, and settled old scores with our escort. Then, as the vessel in which we were to cruise southward was not expected from Zanzibar till the 1st of March, and we had a week to spare, it was resolved to try a fall with Behemoth.*

“Captain Owen’s officers, when ascending streams, saw their boats torn by Behemoth’s hard tusks; and in the Pangany, one ‘Sultan Momba,’ a tyrant thus dubbed by the Belochies in honour of their friend the Kohoday chief, delighted to upset canoes, and was once guilty of breaking a man’s leg.

“Behold us now, O brother in St. Hubert, dropping down the stream in a *monoxyle*, some forty feet long, at early dawn, when wild beasts are tamest.

“As we approach the herds, whose crests, flanked with small pointed ears, dot the mirrory surface, our boatmen indulge in such vituperations as ‘*Mana marira!*’ (O big belly!) and ‘*Hanamkia!*’ (O tasteless one!) In angry curiosity the brutes raise their heads, and expose their arched necks, shiny with trickling rills. Jack, a man of speculative turn, experiments upon the nearest optics with two barrels of grape and B shot. The eyes, however, are oblique; the charge scatters, and the brute, unhurt, slips down like a seal. This will make the herd wary. Vexed by the poor result of our trial, we pole up the rippling and swirling surface, that proves the enemy to be swimming under water towards the further end of the pool. After a weary time he must rise and breathe. As the smooth water undulates, swells, and breaches a way for the large black head, eight ounces of lead fly in the right direction. There is a splash, a struggle; the surface foams, and Behemoth, with mouth bleeding like a gutter-spout, rears, and plunges above the stream. Wounded near the cerebellum, he cannot swim straight. At last a *coup de grâce* speeds through the air; the brute sinks, gore dyes the surface purple, and bright bubbles seethe up from the bottom. Hippo is dead. We wait patiently for his reappearance, but he appears not. At length, by peculiar good luck, Bombay’s sharp eye detects an object some hundred yards down stream. We make for it, and find our “bag” brought up in a shallow by a spit of sand, and already in process of being ogled by a large fish-hawk. The hawk suffers the penalty of impudence. We tow our defunct to the bank, and deliver it to certain savages, whose mouths water with the prospect of

* Hippopotamus.

hippopotamus beef. At sundown they will bring to us the tusks and head picked clean, as a whistle is said to be.

“The herd will no longer rise; they fear this hulking craft; we must try some ‘artful dodge.’ Jack, accompanied by Bombay, who strips to paddle in token of hot work expected, enters into a small canoe, ties fast his shooting-tackle in case of an upset, and, whilst I occupy one end of the house, makes for the other. Whenever a head appears an inch above water, a heavy bullet ‘puds’ into or near it; crimson patches adorn the stream; some die and disappear, others plunge in crippled state, and others, disabled from diving by holes drilled through their noses, splash and scurry about with curious snorts, caused by breath passing through their wounds. At last Jack ventures upon another experiment. An infant hippo, with an imprudence pardonable at his years, uprears his crest; off flies the crown of the kid’s head. The bereaved mother rises for a moment, viciously regards Jack, who is meekly loading, snorts a parent’s curse, and dives as the cap is being adjusted. Presently a bump, a shock, and a heave send the little canoe’s bows high in the air. Bombay, describing a small parabola in frog-shape, lands beyond the enraged brute’s back. Jack steadies himself in the stern, and as the assailant, with broad dorsum hunched up and hogged like an angry cat, advances for another bout, he rises, and sends a bullet through her side. Bombay scrambles in, and, nothing daunted, paddles towards the quarry, of which nothing is visible but a long waving line of gore. With a harpoon we might have secured her; now she will feed the alligators or the savages.

“The Belochies still take great interest in the sport, as Easterns will when they see work being done. They force the boatmen to obey us. Jack lands with the black woodmen, carrying both ‘smashers.’ He gropes painfully through mangrove thicket, where parasitical oysters wound the legs with their sharp edges, and the shaking bog admits a man to his knees. After a time, reaching a clear spot, he takes up position behind a bush impending the deepest water, and signals me to drive up the herd. In pursuit of them I see a hole bursting in the stream, and a huge black head rises with a snort and a spirt. ‘Momba! Momba!’ shout the Belochies, yet the old rogue disdains flight. A cone from the Colt strikes him full in front of the ear; his brain is pierced; he rises high, falls with a crash upon the wave, and all that flesh ‘cannot keep in a little life.’ Momba has for ever disappeared from the home of hippopotamus; never shall he break nigger’s leg again. Meanwhile the herd, who, rubbing their backs against the great canoe, had retired to the other end of the pool, hearing an unusual noise, rise, as is their wont, to gratify a silly curiosity. Jack has two splendid standing shots, and the splashing and circling in the stream below tell the accuracy of the aim.

“We soon learned the lesson that these cold-blooded animals may be killed with a pistol-ball if hit in brain or heart; otherwise they carry away as much lead as elephants. At about ten a.m. we had slain six, besides wounding I know not how many of the

animals. They might be netted, but the operation would not pay in a pecuniary sense; the ivory of small teeth, under four pounds each, is worth little. Being perpetually pop-gunned by the Belochies, they are exceedingly shy, and after an excess of bullying they shift quarters. We returned but once to this sport, finding the massacre monotonous, and such cynegetics about as exciting as partridge-shooting.

“On Thursday, the 26th of February, we left ‘the bazar.’ Jack walked to Pangany, making a route survey, whilst I accompanied the *Jemadar* and his tail in our large canoe.

“For two days after returning to the coast we abstained from exercise. On the third we walked out several miles, in the hottest of suns, to explore a cavern, of which the natives, who came upon it when clearing out a well, had circulated the most exaggerated accounts. Jack already complained of his last night’s labour—an hour with the sextant upon damp sand in the chilly dew. This walk finished the work. On entering the house we found the Portuguese lad, who had accompanied us to Fuga, in a high fever. Jack was prostrated a few hours afterwards, and next day I followed their example.

“As a rule, the traveller in these lands should avoid exposure and fatigue beyond a certain point, to the very best of his ability. You might as well practise sitting upon a coal-fire as inuring yourself (which green men have attempted) to the climate. Dr. B——, a Polish divine, who had taken to travelling at the end of a sedentary life, would learn to walk bareheaded in the Zanzibar sun; the result was a sunstroke. Others have paced barefooted upon an exposed terrace, with little consequence but ulceration and temporary lameness. The most successful in resisting the climate are they who tempt it least, and the best training for a long hungry march is repose, with good living. Man has then stamina to work upon; he may exist, like the camel, upon his own fat. Those who fine themselves down by exercise and abstinence before the march, commit the error of beginning where they ought to end.

“Our attacks commenced with general languor and heaviness, a lassitude in the limbs, a weight in the head, nausea, a frigid sensation creeping up the extremities, and dull pains in the shoulders. Then came a mild, cold fit, succeeded by a splitting headache, flushed face, full veins, vomiting, and an inability to stand upright. Like ‘General Tazo’ of Madagascar, this fever is a malignant bilious-remittent. The eyes become hot, heavy, and painful when turned upwards; the skin is dry and burning, the pulse full and frequent, and the tongue furred; appetite is wholly wanting (for a whole week I ate nothing), but a perpetual craving thirst afflicts the patient, and nothing that he drinks will remain upon his stomach. During the day extreme weakness causes anxiety and depression; the nights are worse, for by want of sleep the restlessness is aggravated. Delirium is common in the nervous and bilious temperament, and if the lancet be used, certain death ensues; the action of the heart cannot be restored. The exacerbations are slightly but

distinctly marked (in my own case they recurred regularly between two and three a.m. and p.m.), and the intervals are closely watched for administering quinine, after due preparation. This drug, however, has killed many, especially Frenchmen, who, by overdosing at a wrong time, died of apoplexy.

“Whilst the Persians were at Zanzibar they besieged Colonel Hamerton’s door, begging him to administer Warburg’s drops, which are said to have a wonderful effect in malignant chronic cases. When the disease intends to end fatally, the symptoms are aggravated; the mind wanders, the body loses all power, and after perhaps an apparent improvement, stupor, insensibility, and death ensue. On the other hand, if yielding to treatment, the fever, about the seventh day, presents marked signs of abatement; the tongue is clearer, pain leaves the head and eyes, the face is no longer flushed, nausea ceases, and a faint appetite returns. The recovery, however, is always slow and dubious. Relapses are feared, especially at the full and change of the moon; they frequently assume the milder intermittent type, and in some Indians have recurred regularly through the year. In no case, however, does the apparent severity of the fever justify the dejection and debility of the convalescence. For six weeks recovery is imperfect; the liver acts with unusual energy, the stomach is liable to severe indigestion, the body is lean, and the strength wellnigh prostrated. At such times change of air is the best of restoratives; removal, even to a ship in the harbour, or to the neighbouring house, has been found more beneficial than all the tonics and the preventatives in the *Pharmacopœia*.

“In men of strong nervous diathesis the fever leaves slight consequences, in the shape of white hair, boils, or bad toothaches. Others suffer severely from its secondaries, which are either visceral or cerebral. Some lose memory, others virility, others the use of a limb; many become deaf or dim-sighted; and not a few, tormented by hepatitis, dysentery, constipation, and similar disease, never completely recover health.

“Captain Owen’s survey of the Mombas Mission, and of our numerous cruisers, proves that no European can undergo exposure and fatigue, which promote the overflow of bile, without undergoing the ‘seasoning.’ It has, however, one advantage—those who pass the ordeal are acclimatized; even with a year’s absence in Europe, they return to the tropics with little danger. The traveller is always advised to undergo his seasoning upon the coast before marching into the interior; but after recovery he must await a second attack, otherwise he will expend in preparation the strength and bottom required for the execution of his journey. Of our party the Portuguese boy came in for his turn at Zanzibar. The other has ever since had light relapses; and as a proof that the negro enjoys no immunity, Seedy * Bombay is at this moment (June 8th) suffering severely.

“The Banyans intended great civility; they would sit with us

* He was originally Sudy, but afterwards they dubbed him Seedy.—I. B.

for hours, asking, like Orientals, the silliest of questions, and thinking withal that they were 'doing the agreeable:' repose was out of the question. During the day, flies and gnats added another sting to the mortifications of fever. At night, rats nibbled at our feet, mosquitoes sang their song of triumph, and a torturing thirst made the terrible sleeplessness yet more terrible. Our minds were morbidly fixed upon one point, the arrival of our vessel; we had no other occupation but to rise and gaze, and exchange regrets as a sail hove in sight, drew near, and passed by. We knew that there would be no failure on the part of our thoughtful friend, who had written to promise us a *battela* on the 1st of March, which did not make Pangany till the evening of the 5th of March.

"After sundry bitter disappointments, we had actually hired a Banyan's boat that had newly arrived, when the expected craft ran into the river. Not a moment was to be lost. Said bin Salim, who had been a kind nurse, superintended the embarkation of our property. Jack, less severely treated, was able to walk to the shore; but I—alas for manliness!—was obliged to be supported like a bedridden old woman. The worst part of the process was the presence of a crowd. The Arabs were civil, and bade a kindly farewell. The Sawahili, however, audibly contrasted the present with the past, and drew dedecorous conclusions from the change which a few days had worked in the man who bore a twenty-four pound gun, my pet four-ounce.

"All thoughts of cruising along the southern coast were at an end. Colonel Hamerton had warned us not to despise bilious-remittents; and evidently we should not have been justified in neglecting his caution to return, whenever seized by sickness. With the dawn of Friday, the 6th of March, we ordered the men to up sail; we stood over for Zanzibar with a fine fresh breeze, and early in the afternoon we found ourselves once more within the pale of Eastern civilization. *Deo gratias!* our excellent friend at once sent us to bed, whence, gentle reader, we have the honour to make the reverential salaam."

CHAPTER XII.

THE REAL START FOR TANGANYIKA IN THE INTERIOR.

“WHEN we left Zanzibar the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Sawahil and his sons came on board with three letters of introduction. One was to Musa Mzuri, the Indian *doyen* of the merchants settled at Unyamwezi; secondly, a letter to the Arabs there resident, and thirdly, one to all his subjects who were travelling in the interior. I carried, in an *étui* round my neck, the diploma of the Shaykh El Islam of Mecca, and a passport from Cardinal Wiseman to all the Catholic missionaries. His Highness the Sultan Said of Muscat had died on his way from Arabia to Zanzibar. The party, besides Jack and I, were two Goanese boys, two negro gun-carriers, the Seedy Mubarak Mombai (Bombay), his brother, and eight Beloch mercenaries appointed by the Sultan. Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, a friend of mine, gave me all particulars and recommendations, and enlisted in my favour the Sayyid Sulayman bin Hamid bin Said (the noble Omani, ‘who never forgets the name of his Grandsire’), landed us upon the coast, and superintended our departure, attended by Mr. Frost, the apothecary attached to the Consulate.

“My desire was to ascertain the limits of the Sea of Ujiji, Tanganyika, or Unyamwezi Lake, to learn the ethnography of its tribes, and determine the export of the produce of the interior. The Foreign Office granted £1000, and the Court of Directors allowed me two years' leave of absence to command the Expedition. Consul Hamerton warned us against Kilwa, where any one attempting to open the interior ran the danger of being murdered.

“We landed at Wale Point, about eighty-four miles distant from the little town of Bagamoyo. We wanted to engage one hundred and seventy porters, but we could only get thirty-six, and thirty animals were found, which were all dead in six months, so we had to leave part of our things behind, greater part of the ammunition, and our iron boat. The Hindoos were faithful to their promise to forward everything, but, great mistake, received one hundred and fifty dollars for the hire of twenty-two men to start in ten days; we went on, obliged to trust, but we did not get them for eleven months. We paid various visits to the hippopotamus haunts, and had our

boat uplifted from the water upon the points of two tusks, which made corresponding holes in the bottom. My escort were under the impression that nothing less than one hundred guards, one hundred and fifty guns, and several cannon would enable them to fight a way through the perils of the interior. We were warned that for three days we must pass through savages, who sat on the trees, and discharged poisoned arrows into the air with extraordinary dexterity (meaning the Amazons); that they must avoid trees (which was not easy in a land all forest); that the Wazaramo had sent six several letters forbidding the white man to enter their country, and that they buried their provisions in the jungle, that travellers might starve; that one rhinoceros kills two hundred men; that armies of elephants attack camps by night; that the craven hyæna is more dangerous than a Bengal tiger.

"We owed all our intrigues to a rascal named Ramji, who had his own commerce in view, and often to our *Ras Kaptan*, or Caravan leader, Said bin Salim, who did not wear well. The varnish soon melted, and showed him as great a liar and thief as his men. At times it is good to appear a dupe, to allow people to think and to say that you are a muff, chronicling a vow that they shall change places with you before the end of the game. I confided to Mr. Frost two manuscripts addressed through the Foreign Office, one to Mr. John Blackwood of Edinburgh, the other to Mr. Norton Shaw, of the Royal Geographical Society. Blackwood's arrived safe, Norton Shaw's in six years.* I took a melancholy leave of my warm-hearted friend, Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, who had death written on his features. He looked forward to death with a feeling of delight, the result of his Roman Catholic religious convictions, and, in spite of my entreaties, he *would* remain near the coast till he heard of our safe transit through the lands of the dangerous Wazaramo. This courage was indeed sublime, an example not often met with. After this affecting farewell we landed at Kaolé. I insisted that Ladha, the Collector of customs, and Ramji, his clerk, should insert in the estimate the sum required to purchase a boat upon the Sea of Ujiji. Being a Hindoo, he thought I was ignorant of Cutchee, so the following conversation took place:—

"*Ladha*. Will he ever reach it?

"*Ramji*. Of course not. What is *he* that he should pass through Ugogo? (a province about halfway).

* Some of these things disappeared in a very singular manner, and one was very curiously fated. It was missed here, and came home to me in six years. Later on, in 1863, it again disappeared for six years. It was stolen at Fernando Po in 1863; it was marked by somebody on a bit of parchment, "Burton's Original Manuscript Diary, Africa, 1857." Colonel Maude, the Queen's Equerry, saw it outside an old book-shop, was attracted by the label on the Letts's Diary. He bought it for a few shillings, called on Lord Derby, and left it in the hall, forgetting it. Lord Derby, coming down, saw the book, recognized my handwriting, wrote to Colonel Maude for permission to restore the private diary to its rightful owner. We happened to be in town. He kindly called and gave it back to us, so that journal twice disappeared for six years, but had to come home. Who shall say there is no destiny in this?

“So I remarked at once that I *did* intend to cross Ugogo, and also the Sea of Ujiji, that I did know Cutchee, and that I was even able to distinguish between the debits and the credits of his voluminous sheets. The worst loss that I had was that my old and valued friend, Dr. Steinhäuser, civil surgeon at Aden, sound scholar, good naturalist, skilful practitioner, with rare personal qualities, which would have been inestimable, was ill and could not come. His Highness the late Sayyid Said, that great ally of the English nation, had made most public-spirited offers to his friend, Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, for many years. Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton’s extraordinary personal qualities enabled him to perform anything but impossibilities amongst the Arabs, and he was dying. Finally, as Indian experience taught me, I was entering the ‘unknown land’ at the fatal season when the shrinking of the waters after the wet monsoon would render it a hotbed of malaria, but I was tied by scanty means and a limited ‘leave ;’ it was neck or nothing, and I determined to risk it. All the serving men in Zanzibar Island and the East African coast are serviles. There is no word to express a higher domestic. There was no remedy, so that I paid them wages, and treated them as if they were free men. I had no power to prevent my followers purchasing slaves, because they would say, ‘We are allowed by our law to do so ;’ all I could do was to see that their slaves were well fed and not injured ; but I informed all the wild people that Englishmen were pledged against slavery, and I always refused all slaves offered as presents.

“In eighteen days we accomplished (despite sickness and every manner of difficulty) a march of one hundred and eighteen indirect statute miles, and entered K’hutu, the safe rendezvous of foreign merchants, on the 14th of July. On the 15th we entered Kiruru, where I found a cottage, and enjoyed for the first time an atmosphere of sweet, warm smoke.” (In all Richard’s wilder travels in damp places, he laid such a stress upon “sweet, warm smoke.”) “Jack (that is, Speke), in spite of my endeavours, would remain in the reeking miry tent, and laid the foundations of the fever which threatened his life in the mountains of Usagára.

“As soon as we reached Dut’húmi, where we were detained nearly a week, the malaria brought on attacks of marsh fever. In my case it lasted twenty days.” (In all Richard’s fever fits, and for hours afterwards, both now and always, he had a queer conviction of divided identity, never ceasing to be two persons, who generally thwarted and opposed each other, and also that he was able to fly.) “Jack suffered still more ; he had a fainting-fit which strongly resembled a sunstroke, and it seemed to affect him more or less throughout our journey. Our sufferings were increased by the losses of our animals, and we had to walk, often for many miles, through sun, rain, mud, and miasmatic putridities. The asses shy, stumble, rear, run away, fight, plunge and pirouette when mounted ; they hog and buck till they burst their girths ; they love to get into holes and hollows ; they rush about like pigs when the wind blows ; they bolt under tree-shade when the sun shines ; so they

have to be led, and if the least thing happens the slave drops the halter and runs away.

“The Zanzibar riding-asses were too delicate and died; we were then reduced to the half-reclaimed beast of Wamyamwezi. As to the baggage animals, they were constantly thrown, and the Beloch only grumbled, sat down, and stared. They stole the ropes and cords; they never were pounded for the night, nobody counted them, and we were too ill to look after it. We were wretched; each morning dawned with a fresh load of care and trouble, and every evening we knew that another miserable morrow was to dawn, but I never relinquished the determination to risk everything, myself included, rather than to return unsuccessful. At Dut’húmi, two Chiefs fought, and the strongest kidnapped five of his weaker neighbour subjects. I could not stand by and see iniquity done without an attempt, so I headed a little Expedition against the strong, and I had the satisfaction of restoring the rescued, the five unhappy stolen wretches, to their hearths and homes, and two decrepit old women, that had been rescued from slavery, thanked me with tears of joy” (Richard lightly calls this “an easy good deed” done), “after which I was able, though with swimming head and trembling hands, to prepare a report for the Geographical Society.

“On the 24th of July we were able to move on under the oppressive rain-sun. From Central K’hutu to the base of the Usagára Mountains there were nothing but filthy heaps of the rudest hovels, built in holes of the jungle. Their miserable inhabitants, whose frames are lean with constant intoxication, and whose limbs are distorted by ulcerous sores, attest the hostility of Nature to Mankind.

“Arrived at Zungomero, we waited a fortnight for the twenty-two promised porters. It was a hotbed of pestilence, where we nearly found wet graves. Our only lodging was the closed eaves of a hut; the roof was a sieve, the walls all chinks, and the floor a sheet of mud. The Beloch had no energy to build a shed, and became almost mutinous because we did not build it for them.

“Our life here was the acme of discomfort; we had pelting showers, followed by fiery sunshine, which extracted steam from the grass, bush, and trees. My Goanese boys got a mild form of ‘yellow Jack,’ and I was obliged to take them into my hut, already populated with pigeons, rats, flies, mosquitoes, bugs, and fleas. We were weary of waiting for the porters and baggage, so we prepared our papers, and sent them down by a confidential slave to the coast. Jack and I left Zungomero on the 7th of August. We were so weak, we could hardly sit our asses, but we were determined to get to the nearest ascent of the Usagára Mountains, a march of five hours, and succeeded in rising three hundred feet from the plain, ascending its first gradient.

“This is the frontier of the second region, or Ghauts. There was no vestige of buildings, nor sight nor sound of Man. There was a wondrous change of climate at this place, called Mzizi Maogo; strength and health returned as if by magic, even the

Goanese shook off their mild 'yellow Jack.' Truly delicious was the escape from the nebulous skies, the fog-driving gusts, the pelting rain, the clammy mists veiling a gross growth of fœtor, the damp raw cold rising as it were from the earth, and the alternations of fiery and oppressive heat; in fact, from the cruel climate of the river valley, to the pure sweet mountain air, alternately soft and balmy, cool and reviving, and to the aspect of clear blue skies, which lent their tints to highland ridges well wooded with various greens.

"Dull mangrove, dismal jungle, and monotonous grass were supplanted by tall solitary trees, amongst which the lofty tamarind rose conspicuously graceful, and a card-table-like swamp, cut by a network of streams, nullahs, and stagnant pools, gave way to dry healthy slopes, with short steep pitches and gently shelving hills. The beams of the large sun of the Equator—and nowhere have I seen the Rulers of Night and Day so large—danced gaily upon blocks and pebbles of red, yellow, and dazzling snowy quartz, and the bright sea-breeze waved the summits of the trees, from which depended graceful lianas and wood-apples large as melons, whilst creepers, like vine tendrils, rising from large bulbs of brown-grey wood, clung closely to their stalwart trunks. Monkeys played at hide-and-seek, chattering behind the bolls, as the iguana, with its painted scale-armour, issued forth to bask upon the sunny bank; white-breasted ravens cawed when disturbed from their perching places, doves cooed on the well-clothed boughs, and hawks soared high in the transparent sky. The field-cricket chirped like the Italian cicada in the shady bush, and everywhere, from air, from earth, from the hill-slopes above, and from the marshes below, the hum, the buzz, and the loud continuous voice of insect life, through the length of the day, spoke out its natural joy. Our gypsy encampment lay

‘ By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.’

By night, the soothing murmurs of the stream at the hill's base rose mingled with the faint rustling of the breeze, which at times, broken by the scream of the night-heron, the bellow of the bull-frog in his swamp home, the cynhyæna's whimper, and the fox's whining bark, sounded through the silence most musical, most melancholy. Instead of the cold night rain, and the souging of the blast, the view disclosed a peaceful scene, the moonbeams lying like sheets of snow upon the ruddy highlands, and the stars hanging like lamps of gold from the dome of infinite blue. I never wearied with contemplating the scene, for, contrasting with the splendours around me, still stretched in sight the 'Slough of Despond,' unhappy Zungomero, lead-coloured above, mud-coloured below, wind-swept, fog-veiled, and deluged by clouds that dared not approach these Delectable Mountains.

"All along our way we were saddened by the sight of clean-picked skeletons, and here and there the swollen corpses of porters who had perished in this place by starvation. A single large body which

passed us but yesterday had lost fifty of their number by small-pox, and the sight of their deceased comrades made a terrible impression. Men staggering on, blinded by disease, mothers carrying on their backs infants as loathsome as themselves. The poor wretches would not leave the path, as every step in their state of failing strength was precious. He who once fell would never rise again. No village would admit a corpse into its precincts, no friend or relation would return for them, and they would lie till their agony was ended by the raven, the vulture, and the fox. Near every kraal were detached huts set apart for those seized with the fell disease. Several of our party caught the infection, and must have thrown themselves into some jungle, for when they were missed we came back to look and there was no sign of them. The further we went on, the more numerous were the corpses. Our Moslems passed them with averted faces, and with the low 'La haul!' of disgust, and a decrepit old porter gazed and wept for himself. At the foot of the 'Goma Pass' we found the outlying huts for the small-pox, and an old kraal, where we made comfortable for the night. All around peeped the little beehive villages of the Wakaguru and the Wakwivi.

"When we arrived at Rufuta I found that nearly all our instruments had been spoilt or broken, the barometer had come to grief, no aneroid had been sent from Bombay, and we had chiefly to get on with two bath thermometers. Zonhwe was the turning-point of the expedition's difficulties. The 17th of August, as we went on, the path fell easily westwards down a long grassy jungly incline, cut by several water-courses. At noon I lay down fainting in the sandy bed of the Muhama nullah, meaning the 'Palmetto' or 'Fan-palm,' and keeping Wazira and Mabruki with me, I begged Jack to go on, and send me back a hammock from the halting-place. The men, who were partly mutinous and deserting, suddenly came out well; they reappeared, led me to a place where stagnant water was found, and showed abundant penitence. At three o'clock, as Jack did not send the hammock, I remounted and passed through another 'Slough of Despond' like Zungomero, and found two little villages, and on a hillside my caravan halted, which had been attacked by a swarm of wild bees. At Muhama we halted three days, and forded the Makata, and pursuing our march next day, I witnessed a curious contrast in this strange African nature, which is ever in extremes, and where extremes ever meet, where grace and beauty are seldom seen without a sudden change to a hideous grotesqueness.

"A splendid view charmed me in the morning. Above lay a sky of purest azure, flaked with fleecy opal-tinted vapours floating high in the empyrean, and catching the first roseate smiles of the unrisen sun. Long lines, one bluer than the other, broken by castellated crags and towers of the most picturesque form, girdled the far horizon; the nearer heights were of a purplish-brown, and snowy mists hung like glaciers about their folds. The plain was a park in autumn, burnt tawny by the sun or patched with a darker hue where the people were firing the grass—a party was at work merrily, as if preparing for an English harvest home—to start the animals, to

promote the growth of a young crop, and, such is the popular belief, to attract rain. Calabashes, palmyras, tamarinds, and clumps of evergreen trees, were scattered over the scene, each stretching its lordly form over subject circlets of deep dew-fed verdure. Here the dove cooed loudly, and the guinea-fowl rang its wild cry, whilst the peewit chattered in the open stubble, and a little martin, the prettiest of its kind, contrasted by its nimble dartings along the ground, with the vulture wheeling slowly through the upper air. The most graceful of animals, the zebra and the antelope, browsed in the distance; now they stood to gaze upon the long line of porters, then, after leisurely pacing, with retrospective glances, in an opposite direction, they halted motionless for a moment, faced about once more to satiate curiosity, and lastly, terrified by their own fancy, they bounded in ricochets over the plain.

“About noon the fair scene vanished as if by enchantment. We suddenly turned northwards into a tangled mass of tall foetid reeds, rank jungle, and forest. One constantly feels, in malarious places, suddenly poisoned as if by miasma; a shudder runs through the frame and a cold perspiration, like a prelude for a fainting fit, breaks from the brow. We came upon the deserted—once flourishing—village of Wasagara, called Mbumi. The huts were torn and half burnt, the ground strewed with nets and drums, pestles and mortars, cots and fragments of rude furniture; the sacking seemed to be about ten days old. Two wretched villagers were lurking in the jungle, not daring to revisit the wreck of their own homes. The demon of Slavery reigns over a solitude of his own creation; can it be, that by some inexplicable law, where Nature has done her best for the happiness of Mankind, Man, doomed to misery, must work out his own unhappiness?”

“Next day our path was slippery as mud, and man and beast were rendered wild by the cruel stings of a small red ant and a huge black pismire. They are large headed; they cannot spring, but show great quickness in fastening themselves to the foot or ankle as it brushes over them. The pismire is a horse-ant, about an inch in length, whose bulldog head and powerful mandibles enable it to destroy rats and mice, lizards and snakes; its bite burns like a pinch of a red-hot needle. When it sets to work, twisting itself round, it may be pulled in two without relaxing its hold. As the people stopped to drink they were seized by these dreadful creatures, and suddenly began to dance and shout like madmen, pulling off their clothes, and frantically snatching at their lower limbs. In the evening it was like a savage opera scene. One would recite his Korán, another pray; a third told funny stories; a fourth trolled out in a minor key lays of love and war that were familiar to me upon the Scindian hills. This was varied by slapping away the black mosquitoes, ridding ourselves of ants, and challenging small parties of savages who passed us from time to time with bows and arrows.

“Now we also began to suffer severely from the tsetze fly, which is the true *Glossina morsitans*. It extended from Usagara westward as

far as the Central Lakes. It has more persistency of purpose than an Egyptian fly; when beaten off, it will return half a dozen times to the charge. It cannot be killed except by a smart blow, and its long sharp proboscis draws blood through a canvas hammock. The sting is like an English horse-fly and leaves a lasting trace. This land is eminently fitted for breeding cattle and for agriculture, which, without animals, cannot be greatly extended. Why this plague should have been placed here, unless to exercise human ingenuity, I cannot imagine. Perhaps some day it will be exterminated by the introduction of some insectiferous bird, which will be the greatest benefactor that Central Africa ever knew. The brown ant has cellular hills of about three feet high, whereas in Somali-land they become dwarf ruins of round towers. When we reached Rumuma the climate was new to us, after the incessant rains of the Maritime Valley, and the fogs and mists of the Rufuta range; but it was in extremes—the thermometer under the influence of dewy gusts sank in the tent to 48° F., a killing temperature in these latitudes to half-naked and houseless men. During the day it showed 90° F.; the sun was fiery, and a furious south wind coursed through skies purer and bluer than I had ever seen in Greece or Italy.

“When we were ill our followers often mutinied, and would do nothing, but stole and lost our goods, and would not work. Sometimes, though they carried the water, they would refuse us any. Jack was as ill as I was. We reached Rubeho, the third and westernmost range of the Usagára Mountains, and here we were welcomed with joy, and given milk and butter and honey, a real treat. Here we were in danger of being attacked by the Wahúmba. Next day a Caravan arrived, under the command of four Arab merchants, of which Isa bin Hijji was most kind, and did us good service. I was always at home when I got amongst Arabs. They always treat me practically as one of themselves. They gave us useful information for crossing the Rubeho range, and superintended our arrangements. When they went away I charged them not to spread reports of our illness. I saw them depart with regret. It had really been a relief to hear once more the voice of civility and sympathy.

“Our greatest labour was before us. Trembling with ague, with swimming heads, ears deafened by weakness, and limbs that would hardly support us, we contemplated with dogged despair the perpendicular scramble over the mountains and the ladders of root and boulder, up which we and our starving, drooping asses had to climb. Jack was so weak that he had three supporters; I, having stronger nerves, managed with one. We passed wall-like sheets of rock, long steeps of loose white soil and rolling stones. Every now and then we were compelled to lie down by cough and thirst and fatigue; and when so compelled, fires suddenly appeared on the neighbouring hills. The War-cry rang loud from hill to hill, and Indian files of archers and spearmen, streaming like lines of black ants, appeared in all directions down the paths.

It was the Wahúmba, who, waiting for the Caravans to depart, were going down to fall fiercely on the scattered villages in the lowlands, kill the people, and to drive off the cattle, and plunder the villages of Inengé. Our followers prepared to desert us, but, strange to say, the Wahúmba did not touch us. By resting every few yards, and clinging to our supporters, we reached the summit of this terrible path after six hours, and we sat down amongst aromatic flowers and bright shrubs, to recover strength and breath. Jack was almost in a state of coma, and could hardly answer. The view disclosed a retrospect of severe hardships past and gone.

“We eventually arrived, after more walking, at a place called the Great Rubeho, where several settlements appeared, and where poor Jack was seized with a fever fit and dangerous delirium; he became so violent that I had to remove his weapons, and, to judge from certain symptoms, the attack had a permanent cerebral effect. Death appeared stamped upon his features, and yet our followers clamoured to advance, *because it was cold*. This lasted two nights, when he was restored and came to himself, and proposed to advance. I had a hammock rigged up for him, and the whole Caravan broke ground. We went on ascending till we reached the top of the third and westernmost range of the Usagára Mountains, raised 5700 feet above sea level, and we begin to traverse Ugogi, which is the halfway district between the Coast and Unyanyembe, and stands 2760 feet above sea level, and the climate of Ugogi pleases by its elasticity and its dry healthy warmth.

“The African traveller’s fitness for the task of Exploration depends more upon his faculty of chafing under delays and kicking against the pricks than upon his power of displaying the patience of a Griselda or a Job. Another Caravan of coast Arabs arrived. They brought news from the sea-board, and, wondrous good fortune, the portmanteau containing books, which a porter, profiting by the confusion when they were attacked by bees, had deposited in the long grass at the place where I directed the slaves to look for it. Some half-caste Arabs had gone forward and spread evil reports of us. They said we had each one eye and four arms; we were full of magic; we caused rain to fall in advance, and left droughts in our rear; we cooked water-melons, and threw away the seeds, thus generating small-pox; we heated and hardened milk, thus breeding a murrain amongst cattle; our wire, cloth, and beads caused a variety of misfortunes; we were Kings of the Sea, and therefore white-skinned and straight-haired, as are all men who live in salt water, and next year we would seize their land.

“As far as *our* followers were concerned, there was not a soul to stand by Jack and me except ourselves. Had anything happened we must have perished. We should have been as safe with six as with sixty guns, but six hundred stout fellows, well armed, might march through the length and breadth of Central Africa.” (Richard said when the Government sent Gordon to Khartoum they failed because they sent him *alone*. Had they sent him with five hundred soldiers there would have been no war.) “And now a word to sportsmen in

this part of Africa. Let no future travellers make my mistake. I expected great things without realizing a single hope. In the more populous parts the woodman's axe and the hunter's arrows have melted away game. Even where large tracks of jungle abound with water and forage, the notes of a bird rarely strike the ear, and during the day's march not a single large animal will be seen. In places such as the park-lands of Dut'húmi, the jungles and forests of Ugogi and Mgunda Mk'hali, the barrens of Usukuma, and the tangled thickets of Ujiji, there is abundance of noble game—lions, leopards, elephants, rhinoceroses, wild cattle, giraffes, gnus, zebras, quaggas, and ostriches; but the regions are so dangerous that a sportsman cannot linger. There is miasma, malaria, want of food, rarely water, no camels, and every porter would desert, whilst the extraordinary expense of provision and of carriage would be the work of a very rich man. As for us, we could only shoot on halting days at rare periods, and there is nothing left but the hippopotamus and the crocodile of the seacoast.

“On the 8th of October we fell in with a homeward-bound Caravan headed by Abdullah bin Nasib, who was very, very kind to us. He kindly halted a day that we might send home a mail, and gave me one of his riding animals, and would take nothing for it except a little medicine. We left K'hok'ho, a foul strip of crowded jungle, where we were stung throughout the fiery day by the tsetse fly, swarms of bees, and pertinacious gadflies, where an army of large poisonous ants drove us out of the tent by the wounds which they inflicted between the fingers and other tender parts of the body, till kettles of boiling water persuaded them to abandon us. These ant-fiends made the thin-skinned asses mad with torture. In this ill-omened spot my ass Seringe, the sole survivor of the riding animals brought from Zanzibar, was so torn by a hyæna that it died of its wounds, and fifteen of my porters deserted, so that I thought that it was no use continuing my weary efforts and anxiety about baggage.

“I gave Jack my good donkey, because he was worse than I was, and I took one of the poor ones, and found that I must either walk or leave valuable things behind. Trembling with weakness, I set out to march the length of the Mdáburu jungle. The memory of that march is not pleasant. The burning sun and the fiery reflected heat arising from the parched ground—here a rough, thorny, and waterless jungle, where the jessamine flowered and the frankincense was used for fuel; there a grassy plain of black and sun-cracked earth—compelled me to lie down every half-hour. The water-gourds were soon drained by my attendant Beloch; and the sons of Ramji, who, after reaching the resting-place, had returned with ample stores for their comrades, hid their vessels on my approach. Sarmalla, a donkey-driver, the model of a surly negro, whose crumpled brow, tightened eyes, and thick lips, which shot out on the least occasion of excitement, showed what was going on within his head, openly refused me the use of his gourd, and—thirst is even less to be trifled with than hunger—found ample reason to

repent himself of the proceeding. Near the end of the jungle I came upon a party of the Beloch, who, having seized upon a porter belonging to a large Caravan of Wanyamwezi that had passed us on that march, were persuading him, half by promises and half by threats, to carry their sleeping mats and their empty gourds.

“Towards the end of that long march I saw with pleasure the kindly face of Seedy Bombay, who was returning to me in hot haste, leading an ass and carrying a few scones and hard-boiled eggs. Mounting, I resumed my way, and presently arrived at the confines of Mdáburu, where, under a huge calabash, stood our tent, amidst a kraal of grass boothies, surrounded by a heaped-up ridge of thorns.

“We left Ugogi and pursued our way to ‘Mgunda Mk’hali,’ a very wild part, and at last got to Jiwella Mkoa, the halfway house. We were cheered by the sight of the red fires glaring in the kraal, but Jack’s ass, perhaps frightened by some wild beast which we did not see, reared high in the air, bucked like a deer, broke his girths, and threw Jack, who was sick and weak, heavily upon the hard earth. Our people had become so selfish that they always attended to themselves first, and Said bin Salim, the leader, actually refused to give us a piece of canvas to make a tent. Bombay made a memorable speech: ‘If you are not ashamed of your Master, O Said, be at least ashamed of his servant,’ which had such an effect that he sent the whole awning, and refused the half which I sent back to him.

“The three Tribes of this part are the Wagogo (the Wamasai), the Wahúmba, and the Wakwafi, who are remarkable for their strength and intelligence, and for their obstinate and untamable characters. They only sell their fellow tribesmen when convicted of magic, or from absolute distress, and many of them would rather die under the stick than work. The Wagogo are thieves; they would rob during the day, are importunate beggars, and specify their long lists of wants without stint or shame. An Arab merchant once went out to the Wahúmba to buy asses. He set out from Tura in Eastern Unyamwezi, and traversing the country of the wild Watatúru, arrived on the eighth day at the frontier district, P’ramba, where there is a river which separates the tribes. He was received with civility, but none have ever since followed his example.

“As we neared Unyanyembe the porters became more restive under their light loads, their dignity was hurt by shouldering a pack, and day after day, till I felt weary of life, they left their burdens upon the ground. At Rubuga I was visited by an Arab merchant, who explained something which had puzzled me. Whenever an advance beyond Unyanyembe was spoken of, Said bin Salim’s countenance fell. The merchant asked me if I thought the Caravan was strong enough to bear the dangers of the road between that and Ujiji, and I replied that I did, but even if I did not, I should go on. The perpetual risk of loss, discourages the traveller in these lands. In a moment papers which have cost him months of toil may be scattered to the winds. Collectors should *never* make them on the *march*

upwards, but on their *leisurely return*. My field and sketch-books were entrusted to an Arab merchant who preceded me to Zanzibar. Jack sent down maps, papers, and instruments, and I my vocabularies, ephemeris, and drawing-books, which ran no danger, except from Hamerton's successor, who seemed careless.

"The hundred and thirty-fourth day from leaving the coast, after marching over six hundred miles, we prepared to enter Kázeh. I was met by Arabs who gave me the Moslem salutation, and courteously accompanied me. I was to have gone to the *tembe* kindly placed at my disposal by Isa bin Hijji and the Arabs met at Inengé, but by mistake we were taken to that of Musa Mzuri, an Indian merchant, for whom I bore an introductory letter, graciously given by H.H. the Sayyid Majjid of Zanzibar. Here I dismissed the porters, who separated to their homes. What a contrast between the open-handed hospitality and the hearty good will of this truly noble race (Arabs), and the niggardliness of the savage and selfish African! It was heart of flesh after heart of stone. They warehoused my goods, disposed of my extra stores, and made all arrangements for my down march on return. During two long halts at Kázeh, Snay bin Amir never failed to pass the evening with me, and, as he thoroughly knew the country all around, I derived immense information from his instructive and varied conversation.

"Here were the times when Jack was at such a disadvantage from want of language; he could join in none of these things, and this made him, I think, a little sour, and partly why he wished to have an expedition of his own. Snay bin Amir was familiar with the language, the religion, the manners, and the ethnology of all the tribes. He was of a quixotic appearance, high featured, tall, gaunt, and large limbed. He was well read, had a wonderful memory, fine perceptions, and passing power of language. He was the stuff of which I could make a friend, brave as all his race, prudent, ready to perish for honour, and as honest as he was honourable. At Unyanyembe the merchants expect some delay, because the porters, whether hired at the coast or at Tanganyika, here disperse, and a fresh gang has to be collected. When Snay bin Amir and Musa Mzuri, the Indian, settled at Kázeh, it was only a desert; they built houses, sunk wells, and converted it into a populous place. The Arabs here live comfortably and even splendidly. The houses are single-storied, but large, substantial, and capable of defence. They have splendid gardens; they receive regular supplies of merchandise, comforts, and luxuries from the coast; they are surrounded by troops of concubines and slaves, whom they train to divers crafts and callings. The rich have riding asses from Zanzibar, and the poorest keep flocks and herds. When a stranger appears he receives *hishmat l'il gharib*, or 'the guest welcome.' He is provided with lodgings, and introduced by the host to the rest of the society at a general banquet. A drawback to their happiness is the failure of constitution. A man who escapes illness for a couple of months boasts, and, as in Egypt, no one enjoys robust health. The residents are very moderate in their appetites, and eat only light dishes that they may escape fever.

“From Unyanyembe there are twenty marches to Ujiji upon the Tanganyika, seldom accomplished under twenty-five days. The two greatest places are, first, Msene; the second is the Malagarázi river; but now I bade adieu for a time to the march, the camp, and the bivouac, and was comfortably housed close to my new friend, Shakyh Snay bin Amir. You are all familiar with the Arab Kafilah and its hosts of litters, horses, camels, mules, and asses; but the porter-journeys in East Africa have, till this year of my arrival, escaped the penman’s pen. There are three kind of Caravans. These are the Wanyamwezi, the Wasawahili free men, and lastly that of the Arabs. That of the Arabs is splendid, and next to the Persian, he is the most luxurious traveller in the East. A veteran of the way, he knows the effects of protracted hardship and scarcity upon a wayfarer’s health; but the European traveller does not enjoy it, because it marches by instinct rather than reason. It dawdles, it hurries, it lingers, losing time twice. It is fatal to observation, and nothing will induce them to enable an Explorer to strike into an unbeaten path, or to progress a few miles out of the main road. Malignant epidemics attack Caravans, and make you repent joining them. For the rest, the porters, one and all, want to eat, drink, sleep, carry the lightest load or none at all; for the slightest service they want double pay; they lose your mules and your baggage; they steal what they can; they desert when they can; they run away when there is the slightest danger. When it is safe, they are mutinous and insolent, because you are dependent on them. If you come to a comfortable place, you cannot dislodge them; if you come to a dangerous place, they will not give the necessary time for food or sleep, or resting the animals. Everything is done to get as much out of you as possible, to do as little as they can for it; gain and self are almost their only thoughts. Bombay proved more or less an exception. During our journey from start to finish, there was not one, from Said bin Salim, the leader, to the very porter, except Bombay and the two Goanese Catholics, who did not attempt to desert.

“About five p.m. the camp was fairly roused, and a little low chatting commences. The porters overnight have promised to start early, and to make a long wholesome march; but, ‘uncertain, coy, and hard to please,’ the cold morning makes them unlike the men of the warm evening, and so one of them will have fever. In every Caravan there is some lazy lout and unmanageable fellow whose sole delight is to give trouble. If no march be in prospect, they sit obstinately before the fire, warming their hands and feet, and casting quizzical looks at their fuming and fidgety employer. If all be unanimous it is vain to tempt them; even soft sawder is but ‘throwing comfits to cows,’ and we return to our tent. If, however, there be a division, a little active stimulating will cause a march. They hug the fire till driven from it, when they unstack the loads piled before our tents and pour out of camp or village. Jack and I, when able, mount our asses; we walk when we can, but when unable for either we are borne in hammocks. The heat of the

ground, against which the horniest sole never becomes proof, tries the feet like polished leather boots on a quarter-deck in the dog-days near the Line. Sometimes, when in good humour, they are very sportive. When two bodies meet, that commanded by an Arab claims the road. When friendly caravans meet, the two *kirangozis* sidle up with a stage pace, a stride and a stand, and, with sidelong looks, prance till they arrive within distance; then suddenly and simultaneously 'ducking,' like boys 'giving a back,' they come to loggerheads and exchange a butt violently as fighting rams. Their example is followed by all with a rush and a crush, which might be mistaken for the beginning of a fight; but it ends, if there be no bad blood, in shouts of laughter.

"When a Unyamwezi guide is leader of a Caravan the *kirangozi* deliberately raises his plain blood-red flag, and they all follow him. If any man dares to go before him, or into any but his own place, an arrow is extracted from his quiver to substantiate his identity at the end of the march.

"The Wamrima willingly admit strangers into their villages, and the Wazaramo would do the same, but they are constantly at feud with the Wanyamwezi, and therefore it is dangerous hospitality. My Goanese boys, being 'Christians,' that is to say, Roman Catholics, consider themselves semi-European, and they will not feed with the heathenry, so there are four different messes in the Camp. The dance generally assumes, as the excitement increases, the frantic semblance of a ring of Egyptian dervishes. The performance often closes with a grand promenade, all the dancers being jammed in a rushing mass, a *galop infernale*, with features of satyrs, and gestures resembling aught but human. Sometimes they compose songs in honour of me. I understand them, and the singers know that I do. They sing about the Muzungú Mbáya, 'the wicked white man;' to have called me a 'good white man' would mean that one was a natural, an innocent, who would be plucked and flayed without flinching; moreover, despite my wickedness, it was always to *me* that they came for justice and redress if any one bullied or ill-treated them.

"The Caravan scene at night is often very impressive. The dull red fires flickering and forming a circle of ruddy light in the depths of the black forest, flaming against the tall trunks, and defining the foliage of the nearer trees, illuminate lurid groups of savage men, in every variety of shape and posture. Above, the dark purple sky, studded with golden points, domes the earth with bounds narrowed by the gloom of night. And, behold, in the western horizon, a resplendent crescent, with a dim, ash-coloured globe in its arms, and crowned by Hesperus, sparkling like a diamond, sinks through the vast space in all the glory and gorgeousness of Eternal Nature's sublimest works. From such a night, methinks, the Byzantine man took his device, the crescent and the star.

"At Kázeh, as in Ugogi and everywhere else, the lodgings are a menagerie of hens, pigeons, rats, scorpions, earwigs (the scorpions

are spiteful), and in Ugogi there is a green scorpion from four to five inches long, which inflicts a torturing wound. Here they say that it dies after inflicting five consecutive stings, and kills itself if a bit of stick be applied to the middle of its back. House crickets and cockroaches are plentiful, as well as lizards, and frightful spiders weave their webs. One does not count ticks, flies of sorts, bugs, fleas, mosquitoes, and small ants, and the fatal bug of Miana, which vary in size, after suction, from almost invisible dimensions to three-quarters of an inch. The bite does not poison, but the irritation causes sad consequences. Huts have to be sprinkled with boiling water to do away with some of these nuisances.

“It is customary for Caravans proceeding to the Tanganyika to remain for six weeks or two months at Unyanyembe for repose and recovery from the labours they are supposed to have endured, to enjoy the pleasures of ‘civilized society,’ to accept the hospitality offered by the Arabs. All our party, except Jack and I, considered Unyanyembi the end of the exploration, but to us it merely meant a second point of departure easier than the first, because we had gained experience. We had, however, a cause of delay. Jack had become strong, but all the rest got ill. Valentine, my Goanese boy, was insensible for three days and nights from bilious fever, and when he recovered Gaetano got it and was unconscious. Then followed the bull-headed slave, Mabruki, and lastly Bombay, while the rest of the following, who had led a very irregular life, began to pay the penalty of excess. They brought us a *mganga*, or witch, who doctored us. However, we got distressing weakness, liver derangement, burning palms, tingling soles, aching eyes, and alternate chills of heat and cold, and we delayed till the 1st of December, during which we learnt a lot of necessary things.

“My good Snay bin Amir sent into the country for plantains and tamarinds, and brewed a quantity of beer and plantain wine. He lent me valuable assistance concerning the country and language, and we were able, through him, to learn all about the Nyanza or Northern Lake, and the maps forwarded from Kázeh to the Royal Geographical Society will establish this fact, as they were subsequently determined, after actual exploration, by Jack. Snay bin Amir took charge of all the letters and papers for home, and his energy enabled me afterwards to receive the much-needed reserve of supplies in the nick of time.

“On the 15th we went on to Yombo, where I remarked three beauties who would be deemed beautiful in any part of the world. Their faces were purely Grecian, they had laughing eyes, their figures were models for an artist, like the bending statue that delights the world, cast in bronze. These beautiful domestic animals smiled graciously when, in my best Kinyamwezi, I did my *devoir* to the sex, and a little tobacco always secured for me a seat in the ‘undress circle.’

“On the 22nd of December Jack came back, and we left on the 23rd of December, and marched to the district of Eastern Wilyankuru; and there we again separated, and I went on alone to Muinyi

Chandi, and my people were very troublesome. Said bin Salim, believing that my days were numbered, passed me on the last march without a word. The sun was hot, and he and his party were hastening to shade, and left me with only two men to carry the hammock in a dangerous jungle, where shortly afterwards an Arab merchant was murdered. On Christmas Day I mounted my ass, passed through the western third of the Wilyankuru district, and was hospitably received by one Salim bin Said, surnamed Simba the Lion, who received me with the greatest hospitality. He was a large, middle-aged man, with simple and kindly manners, and an honesty of looks and words which rendered his presence extremely prepossessing.

“The favourite dish in this country is the *pillaw*, or *pilaf*, here called *pulao*; and here I want to digress. For the past century, which concluded with reducing India to the rank of a British province, the proud invader has eaten her rice after a fashion which has secured for him the contempt of the East. He deliberately boils it, and after drawing off the nutritious starch, or gluten, called *conjee*, which forms the perquisite of the Portuguese or his pariah cook, he is fain to fill himself with that which has become little more nutritious than the prodigal’s husks. Great, indeed, is the invader’s ignorance upon that point. Peace be to the manes of Lord Macaulay, but listen to and wonder at his eloquent words: ‘The Sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.’ Indians never fail to drink the *conjee*. The Arab, on the other hand, mingles with his rice a sufficiency of *ghee* to prevent the extraction of the ‘thin gruel,’ and thus makes the grain as palatable and as nutritious as Nature intended it to be—and dotted over with morsels of fowl, so boiled that they shredded like yarn under the teeth.

“Shaykh Masud boasted of his intimacy with the Sultan Msimbira, whose subjects had plundered our portmanteau, and offered, on return to Unyanyambe, his personal services in ransoming it. I accepted with joy, but it afterwards proved that he nearly left his skin in the undertaking. The climate of Kírira, where I arrived on the 27th of December, is called by the Arabs a medicine, and I spent a delicious night in the cool Barzah after the unhealthy air of Kázeh. Three marches more brought me to Msene, where I was led to the *tembe* of one Saadullah, a low-caste Msawahili, and there I found Jack, looking very poorly. We were received with great pomp and circumstance; the noise was terrific, and Gaetano, Jack’s boy, was so excited by the scene that he fell down in an epileptic fit, which fits returned repeatedly.

“On the 10th of January we left, and arrived at Mb’hali, and passed through dense jungle, and eventually came to Sorora and

Kajjanjeri, and here we were freshly ill from miasma. About three in the afternoon I was forced to lay aside my writing by an unusual sensation of nervous irritability, which was followed by a general shudder as in the cold paroxysm of fevers. Presently my extremities began to weigh, and began to burn as though exposed to a glowing fire, and my jack-boots became too tight and heavy to wear. At sunset the attack reached its height. I saw yawning wide to receive me—

‘ Those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.’

My body was palsied, powerless, motionless; the limbs appeared to wither and die; the feet had lost all sensation, except a throbbing and a tingling as if pricked by needle points, the arms refused to be directed by will, and to the hands the touch of cloth and stone was the same. Gradually the attack spread upwards till it seemed to compress my ribs, and stopped short there. This at a distance of two months of any medical aid, and with the principal labour of the expedition still in prospect! If one of us was lost, I said to myself, the other might survive to carry home the results of the exploration, which I had undertaken with the resolve either to do or die. I had done my best, and now nothing appeared to remain for me but to die as well.

“ It was partial paralysis, brought on by malaria, well known in India. I tried the usual remedies without effect, and the duration of the attack presently revealed what it was. The contraction of the muscles, which were tightened like ligatures above and below the knees, and those *λύταγούνατα*, a pathological symptom which the old Greek loves to specify, prevented me from walking to any distance for nearly a year; the numbness of the hands and feet disappeared more slowly, but the *Fundi* predicted that I should be able to move in ten days, and on the 10th I again mounted my ass. At Usagozi, Jack, whose blood had been impoverished, and whose system had been reduced by many fevers, now began to suffer from inflammation of the eyes, which produced an almost total blindness, rendering every object enclouded by a misty veil. Goanese Valentine suffered the same on the same day, and subsequently, at Ujiji, was tormented by inflammatory ophthalmia. I suffered in a minor degree. On the 3rd of February we debouched from a jungle upon the river plain; the swift brown stream, there fifty yards broad, was swirling through the tall wet grasses of its banks on our right hand, hard by our track. Upon the off-side, a herd of elephants in Indian file broke through the reed fence in front of them.

“ The Malagarázi, corrupted by speculative geographers to Mjigidi—the uneuphonious terminology of the ‘Mombas Mission Map’—to ‘Magrassie,’ and to ‘Magozi,’ has been wrongly represented to issue from the Sea of Ujiji. According to all travellers in these regions, it rises in the mountains of Urundi, at no great distance from the Kitangure, or river of Karagwah; but whilst the latter, springing from the upper counterslope, feeds the Nyanza, or

Northern Lake, the Malagarázi, rising in the lower slope of the equatorial range, trends to the south-east, till it becomes entangled in the decline of the Great Central African Depression—the hydrographical basin first indicated in his address of 1852 by Sir Roderick I. Murchison, president of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* Thence it sweeps round the southern base of Urundi, and, deflected westwards, it disembogues itself into the Tanganyika. Its mouth is in the land of Ukaranga, and the long promontory behind which it discharges its waters is distinctly visible from Kawele, the head-quarters of Caravans in Ujiji. The Malagarázi is not navigable; as in primary and transition countries generally, the bed is broken by rapids. Beyond the ferry the slope becomes more pronounced, branch and channel islets of sand and verdure divide the stream, and as every village near the banks appears to possess one or more canoes, it is probably unfordable. The main obstacle to crossing it on foot, over the broken and shallower parts near the rock-bars, would be the number and the daring of the crocodiles.

“The *mukunguru* of Unyamwezi is the severest seasoning-fever in this part of Africa; it is a bilious-remittent lasting three days, which reduces the patient to nothing, and often followed by a long attack of tertian type. The consequences are severe and lasting, even in men of the strongest nervous diathesis; burning and painful eyes, hot palms and soles, a recurrence of shivering and flushing fits, extremities alternately icy cold, then painfully hot and swollen, indigestion, sleeplessness, cutaneous eruptions, fever sores, languor, dejection, all resulting from torpidity of liver, from inordinate secretion of bile, and shows the poison in the system. Sometimes the fever works speedily; some become at once delirious, and die on the first or second day.

“From Tura to Unyamwezi the Caravans make seven marches of sixty geographical miles. The races requiring notice in this region are two—Wakimbu and the Wanyamwezi.”

CHAPTER XIII.

OUR REWARD—SUCCESS.

“AT length we sight the Lake Tanganyika, or the ‘Sea of Ujiji. The route before us lay through a howling wilderness laid waste by the fierce Watuta. Mpete, on the right bank of the Malagarázi river, is very malarious, and the mosquitoes are dreadful. We bivouacked under a shady tree, within sight of the ferry. The passage of this river is considered dangerous on account of attacks of the tribes. At one place I could only obtain a few corn cobs, and I left the meat, with messages, for the rear. In the passages of the river our goods and chattels were thoroughly sopped. After a while, from a hillside we saw, long after noon, the other part of our Caravan, halted by fatigue, upon a slope beyond a weary swamp; a violent storm was brewing, and the sky was black, and we were anxious and sorry about them.

“On the 13th February, after about an hour’s march, I saw the *Fundi* running forward, and changing the direction of the Caravan, and I followed him to know *why* he had taken this responsibility upon himself. We breasted a steep stony hill, sparsely clad with thorny trees, which killed Jack’s riding ass. Our fagged beasts refused to proceed. ‘What is that streak of light which lies below?’ said I to Bombay. ‘I am of opinion,’ said Bombay, ‘that that *is the* water you are in search of.’ I gazed in dismay; the remains of my blindness, the veil of trees, a broad ray of sunshine illuminating but one reach of the lake, had shrunk its fair proportions. I began to lament my folly in having risked life and lost health for so poor a prize, to curse Arab exaggeration, and to propose an immediate return to explore the Nyanza, or Northern Lake.

“Advancing a few yards, the whole scene suddenly burst upon my view, filling me with admiration, wonder, and delight. Nothing in sooth could be more picturesque than this first view of Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. There were precipitous hills, a narrow strip of emerald green, a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, sedgy rushes, cut by the breaking wavelets, an expanse of light, soft blue water foam thirty to thirty-five miles wide, sprinkled

by crisp tiny crescents of snowy foam, with a background of high broken wall of steel-coloured mountain flecked and capped with pearly mist, sharply pencilled against the azure sky, yawning chasms of plum-colour falling towards dwarf hills, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. One could see villages, cultivated lands, fishermen's canoes on the water, and a profuse lavishness and magnificence of Nature and vegetation. The smiling shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove-creeks on the East African sea-board, and the melancholy monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly it was a revel for Soul and Sight! Forgetting toils, dangers, and the doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured; and all the party seemed to join with me in joy. Poor purblind Jack found nothing to grumble at, except the 'mist and glare before his eyes.' Said bin Salim looked exulting—he had procured for me this pleasure; the monocular *Jemadar* grinned his congratulations, and even the surly Beloch made civil salaams.

As soon as we were bivouacked, I proceeded to get a solid-built Arab craft, capable of containing thirty or thirty-five men, belonging to an absent merchant. It was the second largest on the lake, and being too large for paddling, the crew rowed, and at eight next morning we began coasting along the eastern shore of the lake in a north-westerly direction, towards the Kawele district. The picturesque and varied forms of the mountains rising above and dipping into the lake were clad in purplish blue, set off by the rosy tints of the morning, and so we reached the great Ujiji. A few scattered huts in the humblest beehive shape represent the Port town. This fifth region includes the alluvial valley of the Malagarázi river, which subtends the lowest spires of the highlands of Karagwah and Urundi, the western prolongation of the chain which has obtained, *probably* from African tradition, the name of 'Lunar Mountains.'

"At Ujiji terminates, after twelve stages, the transit of the fifth region. The traveller has now accomplished a hundred stages, which with necessary rests, but not including detentions and long halts, should occupy a hundred and fifty days. The distance, on account of the sinuosities of the road, numbers nine hundred and fifty statute miles, which occupied us seven and a half months on account of our disadvantages and illnesses. Arab Caravans seldom arrive at the Tanganyika, for the same reasons, under six months, but the lightly laden and the fortunate may get to Unyamyebe in two and a half, and to the Tanganyika in four months. It is evident that the African authorities (this was written thirty-five years ago) have hitherto confounded the Nyanza, the Tanganyika, and the Nyassa Lakes. Ujiji was first visited in 1840 by the Arabs, and after that they penetrated to Unyamwesi. They found it conveniently situated as a central point from whence their factors and slaves could navigate the waters, and collect slaves and ivory from the tribes upon its banks, but the climate proved unhealthy, the people dangerous, and the

coasting voyages ended in disaster. Ujiji never rose to the rank of Unyamembe, or Msene. Now, from May to September, flying Caravans touch here, and return to Unyamembe so soon as they have loaded their porters. The principal tribes are the Wajiji, the Wavínza, the Wakaránga, the Watúta, the Wabuha, and the Wáhha; but the fiercest races in the whole land, and also the darkest, are the Wazarámo, the Wajíji, and the Watáturu. The Lakists are almost an amphibious race, are excellent divers, strong swimmers and fishermen, and vigorous eaters of fish, and in the water they indulge in gambols like sportive water-fowls, whether skimming in their hollow logs, or swimming.

“It is a great mistake not to go as a Trader. It explains the Traveller’s motives, which are always suspected to be bad ones. Thus the Explorer can push forward into unknown countries, will be civilly received and lightly fined, because the host expects to see him or his friends again: to go without any motive only induces suspicion, and he is opposed in every way. Nobody believes him to be so stupid as to go through such danger and discomfort for exploring or science, which they simply do not understand.

“The cold damp climate, the over-rich and fat fish diet, and the abundance of vegetables, which made us commit excesses, at first disagreed with us. I lay for a fortnight upon the earth, too blind to read or write, too weak to ride, too ill to converse. Jack was almost as groggy upon his legs as I was, suffering from a painful ophthalmia, and a curious contortion of the face, which made him chew sideways, like an animal that chews the cud. Valentine was the same. Jack and Valentine were always ill of the same things, and on the same days, showing that certain climates affected certain temperaments and not others. Gaetano ate too much and brought on a fever. I was determined to explore the northern extremity of the lake, whence, every one said, issued a large river flowing northwards, so I tried to hire the only dhow or sailing craft, and provision it for a month’s cruise, and at last Jack went to look after it, and I was twenty-seven days alone.

“I spent my time chiefly in eating, drinking, smoking, dozing. At two or three in the morning I lay anxiously expecting the grey light to creep through the door-chinks; then came the cawing of crows, and the crowing of the village cocks. When the golden rays began to stream over the red earth, torpid Valentine brought me rice-flour boiled in water with cold milk. Then came the slavey with a leafy branch to sweep the floor and to slay the huge wasps. This done, he lit the fire, the excessive damp requiring it, and sitting over it, he bathed his face and hands—luxurious dog!—in the pungent smoke. Then came visits from Said bin Salim and the *Jemadar* (our two headmen), who sat and stared at me, were disappointed to see no fresh symptoms of approaching dissolution, told me so with their eyes and faces, and went away; and I lay like a log upon my cot, smoking, *dreaming of things past, visioning things present*, and indulging myself in a few lines of reading and writing.

“As evening approached, I made an attempt to sit under the

broad eaves of the *tembe*, and to enjoy the delicious spectacle of this virgin Nature, and the reveries to which it gave birth—

‘A pleasing land of drowsied it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
For ever flushing round a summer sky.’

“It reminded me of the loveliest glimpses of the Mediterranean ; there were the same ‘laughing tides,’ pellucid sheets of dark blue water, borrowing their tints from the vinous shores beyond ; the same purple light of youth upon the cheek of the earlier evening ; the same bright sunsets, with their radiant vistas of crimson and gold opening like the portals of a world beyond the skies ; the same short-lived grace and loveliness of the twilight ; and, as night closed over the earth, the same cool flood of transparent moonbeams, pouring on the tufty heights and bathing their sides with the whiteness of virgin snow.

“At seven p.m., as the last flush faded from the occident, the lamp—a wick in a broken pot full of palm oil—was brought in. A dreary, dismal day you will exclaim, a day that—

‘lasts out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there.’

“On the 29th of March the rattling of matchlocks announced Jack’s return. He was moist, mildewed, and wet to the bone, and all his things were in a similar state ; his guns grained with rust, his fireproof powder-magazine full of rain, and, worse than that, he had not been able to gain anything but a promise that, *after three months*, the dhow should be let to us for five hundred dollars. The very dhow that had been promised to me whenever I chose to send for it ! The faces of my following were indeed a study.

“I then set to work to help Jack with his diaries, which afterwards appeared in *Blackwood*, September, 1859, when I was immensely surprised to find, amongst many other things, a vast horseshoe of lofty mountains that Jack placed, in a map attached to the paper, near the very heart of Sir R. Murchison’s Depression. I had seen the mountains growing upon paper under Jack’s hand, from a thin ridge of hills fringing the Tanganyika until they grew to the size given in *Blackwood*, and Jack gravely printed in the largest capitals, ‘This mountain range I consider to be the true Mountains of the Moon ;’ thus men *do* geography, and thus discovery is stultified. The poor fellow had got a beetle in his ear, which began like a rabbit at a hole to dig violently at the tympanum, and maddened him. Neither tobacco, salt, nor oil could be found ; he tried melted butter, and all failing, he applied the point of a penknife to its back, and wounded his ear so badly that inflammation set in and affected his facial glands, till he could not open his mouth, and had to feed on suction. Six or seven months after, the beetle came away in the wax. At last I got hold of Kannena the Chief, and after great difficulty and enormous extortion, I promised him a rich reward if he kept his

word ; for I was resolved at all costs, even if we were reduced to actual want, to visit the mysterious stream. I threw over his shoulders a six-foot length of scarlet broadcloth, which made him tremble with joy, and all the people concerned in my getting the dhow received a great deal more than its worth. I secured two large canoes and fifty-five men.

“On the 11th of April, at four in the morning, I slept comfortably on the crest of a sand-wave, and under a mackintosh escaped the pitiless storm, so as to be ready to start lest they should repent, and at 7.20 on the 12th of April, 1858, my canoe, bearing for the first time on those dark waters—

‘The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,’

stood out of Bangwe Bay, and, followed by Jack’s canoe, we made for the cloudy and storm-vexed north. The best escort to a European capable of communicating with and commanding them, would be a small party of Arabs, fresh from Hazramaut, untaught in the ways and tongues of Africa. They would save money to the explorer, and also his life. There were great rejoicings at our arrival at Uvira, the *ne plus ultra*, the northernmost station to which merchants have as yet been admitted. Opposite still, rose in a high broken line the mountains of the inhospitable Urundi, apparently prolonged beyond the northern extremity of the waters. Some say the voyage is of two days, some say six hours ; the breadth of the Tanganyika here is between seven and eight miles.

“Now my hopes were rudely dashed to the ground. The stalwart sons of the Sultan Maruta, the noblest type of Negroid seen near the lake, visited me. They told me they had been there, and that the Rusizi enters *into* and does not *flow out* of the Tanganyika. I felt sick at heart. Bombay declared that Jack had misunderstood, and *his* (Bombay’s) informer *now* owned that he had never been beyond Uvira, and never intended to do so. We stopped there nine days, and there I got such a severe ulceration of the tongue that I could not articulate. An African traveller may be arrested at the very bourne of his journey, on the very threshold of his success, by a single stage, as effectually as if all the waves of the Atlantic or the sands of Arabia lay between him and it. Now Maruta and his young giants claimed their blackmail, and also Kannena, and I had to pay up. Slaves are cheaper here than in the market of Ujiji. Gales began to threaten, and the crews, fearing wind and water, insisted on putting out to sea on the 6th of May.

“We touched at various stages and anchored at Mzimu, our former halting-place, where the crew swarmed up a ladder of rock, and returned with pots of palm oil. We left again at sunset ; the waves began to rise, the wind also, and rain in torrents, and it was a doubt whether the cockleshell craft could live through the short chopping sea in heavy weather. The crew was frightened, but held on gallantly, and Bombay, a noted Agnostic in fine weather, spent the length of that wild night in reminiscences of prayer. I sheltered

myself under my then best friend, my mackintosh, and thought of the couplet—

‘This collied night, these horrid waves, these gusts that sweep the whirling deep ;
What reck they of our evil plight, who on the shore securely sleep?’

Fortunately the rain beat down the wind and sea, or nothing could have saved us. The next morning Mabruki rushed into the tent, thrust my sword into my hands, said the Warundi were upon us, and that the crews were rushing to their boats and pushing them off. Knowing that they *would* leave us stranded in case of danger, we hurried in without delay; but presently no enemy appeared, and Kannena, the Chief, persuaded them to re-land, and demand satisfaction of a drunken Chief who had badly wounded a man, and then there was a general firing and drawing of daggers. The crew immediately confiscated the three goats that were for our return, cut their throats, and spitted the meat upon their spears. Thus the lamb died and the wolf dined; the innocent suffered, the plunderer was joyed; the strong showed his strength, the weak his weakness—as usual. I saw the sufferer’s wounds washed, forbade his friends to knead and wrench him as they were doing, and gave him a purgative which did him good. On the second day he was able to rise. This did not prevent the report at home that I had killed the man.

“On the 11th of May we paddled round to Wafanya Bay, to Makimoni, a little grassy inlet, where our canoes were defended from the heavy surf. On the 12th we went to Kyasanga, and the next night we spent in Bangwe Bay. We were too proud to sneak home in the dark; we deserved the Victoria Cross, we were heroes, braves of braves; we wanted to be looked at by the fair, to be howled at by the valiant.

“On the 13th of May we appeared at the entrance of Kawele, and had a triumphal entrance; the people of the whole country-side collected to welcome us, and pressed waist-deep into the water. Jack and I were repeatedly ‘called for,’ but true merit is always modest; it aspires to ‘Honour, not honours.’* We regained the old *tembe*, were salaamed to by everybody, and felt like a ‘return home.’ We had expended upwards of a month boating about the Tanganyika Lake. All the way down, we were like baited bears, mobbed every moment; they seemed to devour us; in an ecstasy of curiosity they shifted from Jack to me, and back again, like the well-known ass between the bundles of hay. Our health palpably improved. Jack was still deaf, but cured of his blindness; the ulcerated mouth, which had compelled me to live on milk for seventeen days, returned to its usual state, my strength increased, my feet were still swollen, but my hands lost their numbness, and I could again read and write. I attribute the change from the days

* This was Richard’s favourite and self-composed motto, and Chinese Gordon quoted it in every letter he wrote him to the last day of his life, with a word of congratulation as to its happy choice.—I. B.

and nights spent in the canoe, and upon the mud of the lake. Mind also acted upon matter; the object of my Mission was now effected, and I threw off the burden of grinding care, with which the imminent prospect of a failure had before sorely laden me."

Although Richard did not get the meed of success in England, and it has taken the world thirty-four years to realize the grandeur of that Exploration, he was the Pioneer (without money, without food, without men or proper escort, without the bare necessaries of life, to dare and do, in spite of every obstacle, and every crushing thing, bodily and mentally) who opened up that country. It is to *him* that later followers, that Grant and Speke, and Baker and Stanley, Cameron, and all the other men that have ever followed, owe it, that he opened the oyster-shell for them, and they went in to take the pearl. I do not want to detract from any other traveller's merits, for they are all brave and great, but I *will* say that if Richard Burton had had Mr. Stanley's money, escort, luxuries, portorage, and white comrades, backed by influence, there would not have been one single white spot on the whole map of the great Continent of Africa that would not have been filled up. Owing to shameful intrigues (which prospered none of the doers, but injured him, the man who did all this), he got very few words of praise, and that from a few, yet the World owes it to him now that there are Missions and Schools and Churches, and Commerce, and peaceful Settlements, and that anybody can go there. To *him* you owe "Tanganyika in a Bath-Chair;" but Speke got the cheering of the gallery and the pit, and Stanley inherited them. And here I insert the innocent joy-bells of his own heart, as I found them scribbled on the edge of his private journal, and anybody thinking of what he had done and what he had passed through, can warmly enter into his feelings of self-gratulation, so modestly hidden—

"I have built me a monument stronger than brass,
And higher than the Pyramids' regal site;
Nor the bitterness shown, nor the impotent wind,
Nor the years' long line, nor the ages' flight
Shall e'en lay low!

"Not *all* shall I perish; much of *me*
Shall vanquish the grave, and be living still
When Mr. Macaulay's Zealanders view
The ivied ruin on Tower Hill,
And men shall know

"That when Isis hung, in the youth of Time,
Her veil mysterious over the land,
And defied mankind and men's puny will,
All that lay in the shadow, my daring hand
Was *first* to show.

“Then rejoice thee, superb in the triumph of mind,
And the Delphian bay-leaf, O sweet Muse, bind
Around my brow !”

“The rainy monsoon broke up after our return to Kawele. The climate became truly enjoyable, but it did not prevent the strange inexplicable melancholy which accompanies all travellers in tropical countries. Nature is beautiful in all that meets the eye; all is soft that affects the senses; but she is a syren whose pleasures pall, and one sighs for the rare simplicity of the desert. I never felt this sadness in Egypt and Arabia; I was never without it in India and Zanzibar. We got not one single word from the agents who were to forward our things, and Want began to stare us in the face. We had to engage porters for the hammocks, to feed seventy-five mouths, to fee several Sultans, and to incur the heavy expenses of two hundred and sixty miles' march back to Unyanyembe, so I had to supplement with my own little patrimony. One thousand pounds does not go very far, when it has to be divided amongst a couple of hundred greedy savages in two and a half years. On the 22nd of May musket-shots announced arrivals, and after a dead silence of eleven months arrived a Caravan with boxes, bales, porters, slaves, and a parcel of papers and letters from Europe, India, and Zanzibar. Here we first knew of the Indian Mutiny. This good fortune happened at a crisis when it was really wanted, but as my agent could find no porters for the packages, he had kept back some, and what he had sent me, were the worst. They would take us to Unyanyembe, but were wholly inadequate for exploring the southern end of the Tanganyika, far less for returning to Zanzibar, *viâ* the Nyassa Lake and Kilwa, as I hoped to do.

“At the time I write, the Tanganyika, though situated in the unexplored centre of intertropical Africa, and until 1858 unvisited by any European, has a traditionary history of its own, extending over three centuries. The Tanganyika, 250 miles in length, occupies the centre of the length of the African continent. The general formation suggests the idea of a volcanic depression, while the Nyanza is a vast reservoir formed by the drainage of the mountains. The lay is almost due north and south, and the form a long oval widening at the centre, and contracting at the extremities; the breadth varies from thirty to thirty-five miles, the circumference about 550 miles, and the superficial area covers about 5000 square miles. By the thermometers we had with us, the altitude was 850 feet above sea-level, and about 2000 feet below the Nyanza or Northern Lake, with high hill ranges between the lakes, which precluded a possibility of a connection between the waters. The parallel of the northern extremity of the Tanganyika nearly corresponds with the southern creek of the Nyanza, and they are separated by an arc of the meridian of about three hundred and forty-three miles. The waters of the Nyanza are superior to those of Tanganyika. The Tanganyika has a clear soft blue, like the ultramarine of the Mediterranean, with the light and milky tints of tropical seas. I believe that the Tanga-

nyika receives and absorbs the whole river system, the network of streams, nullahs, and torrents of that portion of the Central African Depression, whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir. I think that the Tanganyika, like the Dead Sea, as a reservoir, supplies with humidity the winds which have parted with their moisture in the barren and arid regions of the south, and maintains its general level by the exact balance of supply and evaporation, and I think it possible that the saline particles deposited in its waters may be wanting in some constituent, which renders them evident to the taste; hence the freshness.

“According to the Wajiji, from their country to the Marungú river, which enters the lake at the *south*, there are twelve stages, numbering one hundred and twenty stations, but at most of them provisions are not procurable, and there are sixteen tribes and districts. The people of Usige, *north* of the Tanganyika, say that six rivers fall into the Tanganyika from the *east*, and *westernmost* is the Rusizi, and that it is an *influent*.

“The Chief Kazembe is like a viceroy of the country lying southwest of the Tanganyika, and was first visited by Dr. Lacerda, Governor of the Rios de Sena, in 1798–99. He died, and his party remained nine months in the country, without recording the name and position of this African capital. A second expedition went in 1831, and the present Chief was the grandson of Dr. Lacerda’s Kazembe. He is a very great personage in these parts, and many Arabs are said to be living with him in high esteem. Marungú, though dangerous, was visited by a party of Arab merchants in 1842, who assisted Sámá in an expedition against a rival. He compelled the merchants to remain with him; they had found means of sending letters to their friends, they are unable to leave the country, but they are living in high favour with the Kazembe who enriched them. Of course there are people who doubt their good fortune. I collect my details from a mass of Arab *oral* geography.

“The 26th of May, 1858, was the day appointed for our departure *en route* for Unyamyembe. Kannena had been drunk for a fortnight, and was attacked by the Watuta, and fled. I heard of him no more. He showed no pity for the homeless stranger—may the World show none to him! I shall long remember my last sunrise look at Tanganyika, enhanced by the reflection that I might never again behold it. Masses of brown purple clouds covered the sunrise. The mists, luminously fringed with Tyrian purple, were cut by filmy rays, and the internal living fire shot forth broad beams like the spokes of a huge aerial wheel, rolling a flood of gold over the light blue waters of the lake, and a soft breeze, the breath of morn, awoke the waters into life.

“The followers were very tiresome, mutinous, and inconsequent in their anxiety to escape from Kannena and the fighting Watuta. So, desiring the headman to precede me with a headstrong gang to the first stage, and to send back men to carry my hammock and remove a few loose loads, I breakfasted, and waited alone till the after-

noon in the empty and deserted *tembe*; but no one came back, and the utter misery depicted in the countenance of the Beloch induced me to mount my *manchil*, and to set out carried by only two men. As the shades of evening closed around us we reached the ferry of the Ruche river, and we found no camp. The mosquitoes were like wasps, and the hippopotamus bellowed, snorted, and grunted; the roars of the crocodiles made the party miserable, as the porters waded through water waist-deep, and crept across plains of mud, mire, and sea-ooze. As it was too dark and dangerous to continue the march, and that, had I permitted, they would have wandered through the outer gloom, without fixed purpose, till permanently bogged, I called a halt, and we snatched, under a resplendent moon and a dew that soaked through the blankets, a few hours of sleep. We were destitute of tobacco and food, and when the dawn broke, I awoke and found myself alone; they had all fled and left me. About two p.m., some of them came back to fetch me; but they were so impertinent, ordering me to endure the midday heat and labour, that I turned them out, and told them to send back their master, Said bin Salim, in the evening or the next morning. Accordingly, the next morning, the 28th of May, at nine o'clock, appeared Said, the *Jemadar*, and a full gang of bearers. He was impertinent too, but I soon silenced him, and then we advanced till evening: for having tricked me he lost two days. Later on, a porter placed his burden upon the ground and levanted, and being cognac and vinegar, it was deeply regretted. Then the Unyamwezi guide (because his newly purchased slave-girl had become footsore and was unable to advance) cut off her head, lest out of his evil should come good to another. The bull-headed Mabruki bought a little slave of six years old. He trotted manfully alongside the porters, bore his burden of hide bed and water gourd upon his tiny shoulders. At first Mabruki was like a girl with a new doll, but when the novelty wore off, the poor little devil was so savagely beaten that I had to take him under my own protection. All these disagreeables I was obliged to smooth down, because a traveller who cannot utilize the raw material that comes to his hand, will make but little progress. Their dread of the Wavinza increased as they again approached the Malagarázi ferry. Here there are magnificent spectacles of conflagration.

“A sheet of flame, beginning with the size of a spark, overspreads the hillside, advancing on the wings of the wind with the roaring rushing sound of many hosts where the grass lay thick, shooting huge forky tongues high into the dark air, where tall trees, the patriarchs of the forest, yielded their lives to the blast, smouldering and darkening, as if about to be quenched, where the rock afforded scanty fuel, then flickering, blazing up and soaring again till, topping the brow of the hill, the sheet became a thin line of fire, and gradually vanished from the view, leaving its reflection upon the canopy of lurid smoke studded with sparks and bits of live braise, which marked its descent on the other side of the buttress.

“We were treated with cruel extortion at the crossing of the

Malagarázi, but the armies of ants, and an earthquake at 11.15 a.m. on the 4th of June, which induced us to consent, was considered a bad omen by my party. They took seven hours to transport us, and at four p.m. we found ourselves, with hearts relieved of a heavy load, once more at Ugogi, on the left bank of the river. Fortunately I arrived just in time to prevent Jack from buying a little pig for which he was in treaty, otherwise we should have lost our good name amongst the Moslem population. On the 8th of June we emerged from the inhospitable Uvinza into neutral ground, where we were pronounced 'out of danger.' The next day, when in the meridian of Usagozi, we were admitted for the first time to the comforts of a village.

"On the 17th of June, in spite of desertions, we came to Irora, the village of Salim bin Salih, who received us very hospitably. Here we saw the blue hills of Unyanyembe, our destination. Next day we got to Yombo, where we met some of our things coming up by the coast, sent by the Consul of France—the French do things smartly—and a second packet of letters. Every one had lost some friend or relation near and dear to him. My father had died on the 6th of last September, after a six weeks' illness, at Bath, and was buried on the 10th, and I only knew it on the 18th of June—the following year. Such tidings are severely felt by the wanderer who, living long behind the world, is unable to mark its gradual changes, lulls (by dwelling upon the past) apprehension into a belief that *his* home has known no loss, and who expects again to meet each old familiar face ready to smile upon his return, as it was to weep at his departure.

"We collected porters at Yombo, passed Zimbili, the village of our former miseries, and re-entered Kázeh, where we were warmly welcomed by our hospitable Snay bin Amir, who had prepared his house and everything grateful to starving travellers. Our return from Ujiji to Unyanyembe had been accomplished in twenty-two stations, two hundred and sixty-five miles. After a day's repose, all the Arab merchants called upon me, and I had the satisfaction of finding that my last order on Zanzibar for four hundred dollars' worth of cloth and beads had arrived, and I also recovered the lost table and chair which the slaves had abandoned.

"During the first week following the march, we all paid the penalty of the toilsome trudge through a perilous jungly country in the deadly season of the year, when the waters are drying up under a fiery sun, and a violent *vent de bise* from the east pours through the tepid air like cold water into a warm bath. I again got swelling and numbness of the extremities; Jack was a martyr to deafness and dimness of sight, which prevented him from reading, writing, and observing correctly; the Goanese were down with fever, severe rheumatism, and liver pains; Valentine got tertian type, and was so long insensible that I resolved to try the *tinctura Warburgii*. Oh, Doctor Warburg! true apothecary! we all owe you a humble tribute of gratitude; let no traveller be without you. The result was miraculous; the paroxysms did not return, the painful sickness at once ceased; from a death-like lethargy, sweet childish sleep again visited

nis aching eyes; chief boon of all, the corroding thirst gave way to appetite, followed by digestion. We all progressed towards convalescence, and in my case, stronger than any physical relief, was the moral effect of Success and the cessation of ghastly doubts and fears, and the terrible wear and tear of mind. I felt the proud consciousness of having done my best, under conditions, from beginning to end, the worst and most unpromising, and that whatever future evils Fate might have in store for me, it could not rob me of the meed won by the hardships and sufferings of the past.

“I had not given up the project of returning to the seaboard *via* Kilwa. As has already been mentioned, the merchants had detailed to me, during my first halt here, their discovery of a large lake, lying about sixteen marches to the north; and, from their descriptions and bearings, Jack laid down the water in a hand-map, and forwarded it to the Royal Geographical Society. All agreed in claiming for it superiority of size over the Tanganyika, and I saw that, if we could prove this, much would be cleared up. Jack was in a much fitter state of health to go. There was no need for two of us going, and I was afraid to leave him behind at Kázeh. It is very difficult to associate with Arabs as one of themselves. Jack was an Anglo-Indian, without any knowledge of Eastern manners and customs and religion, and of any Oriental language beyond broken Hindostanee. Now, Anglo-Indians, as everybody knows, often take offence without reason; they expect civility as their *due*, they treat all skins a shade darker than their own as ‘niggers,’ and Arabs are, or can be, the most courteous gentlemen, and exceedingly punctilious.*

“Jack did not afterwards represent this fairly in *Blackwood*, October, 1859. He said I ‘was most unfortunately quite done up, and most graciously consented to wait with the Arabs and recruit my health;’ but in July, 1858, *writing on the spot*, he wrote, ‘To diminish the disappointment caused by the shortcoming of our cloth, and in not seeing the whole of the Sea of Ujiji, I have proposed to take a flying trip to the unknown lake, while Captain Burton prepares for our return homewards.’ Said bin Salim did all he could to thwart the project, and Jack threatened him with the *forfeiture of his reward* after he returned to Zanzibar. Indeed, he told him *it was already forfeited*. He said ‘he should certainly recommend the Government *not to pay the gratuity, which the Consul had promised on condition that he worked entirely for our satisfaction, in assisting the expedition to carry out the arranged plans.*’ How Jack reconciled himself to misrepresent my conduct about the payment on reaching home, will never be understood.

* The Arabs always gave Richard the most courteous and cordial reception, treating him practically as one of themselves. They could not be expected to think so much of Speke, because he did not know their language or their religion, and he always treated them as an Anglo-Indian treats a nigger. He was burning to escape from Kázeh, and the society of an utterly idle man to one incessantly occupied is always a drawback, and Richard, whose stronger constitution had enabled him to bear up at first with greater success, was gradually but surely succumbing to the awful African climate.—I. B.

“Our followers were to receive *certain* pay in *any case*, which they *did* receive, and a reward in *case they behaved well*; our asses, thirty-six in number, all died or were lost; our porters ran away; our goods were left behind and stolen; specimens of the fine poultry of Unyamwezi, intended to be naturalized in England, were bumped to death in the cases; our black escort were so unmanageable as to require dismissal; the weakness of our party invited attacks, and our wretched Beloch deserted us in the jungle, and throughout were the cause of an infinity of trouble. Jack agreed with me thoroughly, that it would be an *act of weakness* to pay the *reward of ill-conduct*; instead of putting it down to generosity, they would have put it down to fear, and they would have played the devil with every future traveller; yet he used this afterwards as a means to procure the Command of the next Expedition for himself, and pointed it at me as a disgrace.

“By dint of severe exertion, Jack was able to leave Kázeh on the 10th of July. These northern kingdoms were Karágwah, Uganda, and Unyoro. The *Mkámá*, or Sultan, of Karágwah was Armaníka, son of Ndagára, who was a very great man. He is an absolute Ruler, and governs without squeamishness. He receives the traveller with courtesy, he demands no blackmail, but you are valued according to your gifts. A European would be received with great kindness, but only a rich man could support the dignity of the white face. Corpulence is a beauty. Girls are fattened to a vast bulk by drenches of curds and cream, thickened with flour, and are beaten when they refuse, and they grow an enormous size.

“From the Kitangure river, fifteen stations conduct the traveller to Kibuga, the capital of Uganda, the residence of its powerful despot, Suna. The Chief of Uganda has but two wants, with which he troubles his visitors. One is a medicine against Death, the other a charm to avert thunderbolts, and immense wealth would reward the man who would give him either of these two things. The army of Uganda numbers three hundred thousand men; each brings an egg to muster, and thus something like a reckoning of the people is made. Each soldier carries one spear, two assegais, a long dagger, and a shield; bows and swords are unknown. The women and children accompany, carrying spare weapons, provisions, and water. They fight to the sound of drums, which are beaten with sticks like ours; should this performance cease, all fly the field.

“Suna, when last visited by the Arabs, was a red man, of about forty-five, tall, robust, powerful of limb, with a right kingly presence, a warrior carriage, and a fierce and formidable aspect. He always carried his spear, and wore a long piece of bark-cloth from neck to ground; he makes over to his women the rich clothes presented by the Arabs. He has a variety of names, all expressing something terrible, bitter, and mighty. He used to shock the Arabs by his natural, unaffected impiety. He boasted to them that he was the God of earth, as their Allah was the Lord of heaven. He murmured loudly against the abuse of lightning, and claimed from his subjects divine honours, such as the facile Romans yielded to their

Emperors. His sons, numbering more than a hundred, were confined in dungeons; the heir *elect* was dragged from his chains to fill a throne, and the cadets linger through their dreadful lives till death releases them. His female children were kept under the most rigid surveillance within the palace; but he had one favourite daughter, named Nasurú, whose society was so necessary to him, that he allowed her to appear with him in public.

“Suna encouraged, by gifts and attentions, the Arab merchants to trade in his capital, but the distance has prevented more than half a dozen caravans from reaching him; yet all loudly praised his courtesy and hospitality. My friend Snay Bin Amir paid him a visit in 1852. He was received in the audience hall, outside which were two thousand guards, armed only with staves. He was allowed to retain his weapons. He saluted the Chief, who motioned his guest to sit in front of him. Two spears were close to his hand. He has a large and favourite dog, resembling an Arab greyhound. The dog was, and is always, by his side. The ministers and the women were also present, but placed so that they could only see the visitor's back. He was eager of news. When the despot rose, all dispersed. At the second visit, Snay presented his blackmail, and it was intimated to the ‘King's Stranger’ that he might lay hands upon whatever he pleased, animate or inanimate; but Snay was too wise to avail himself of this privilege. There were four interviews, in which Suna inquired much about the Europeans, and was anxious for a close alliance with the Sultan of Zanzibar. He treated Snay very generously; but Snay, when he could without offence, respectfully declined things. Like all African Chiefs, the despot considered these visits as personal honours paid to himself. It would depend, however, upon his ingenuity and good fortune whether a traveller would be allowed to explore further, and perhaps the best way would have been to buy or to build boats upon the nearest western shore, with Suna's permission. During Jack's absence, I collected specimens of the multitudinous dialects. Kisawahili, or coast language, into which the great South African family here divides itself, is the most useful, because most generally known, and, once mastered, it renders the rest easy. With the aid of the slaves, I collected about five hundred words in the three principal dialects upon this line of road—the Kisawahili, the Kizaramo, which included the Kik'hutu, and the Kinyamwezi. It was very difficult, for they always used to answer me, ‘Verily in the coast tongue, words never take root, nor do they ever bear branches.’ The rest of my time was devoted to preparation for journeying, and absolute work—tailoring, sail-making, umbrella-mending, etc.

“On the 14th of July the last Arab Caravan left Unyanyembe, under the command of Sayf bin Said el Wardi. He offered to convey letters and anything else, and I forwarded the useless surveying instruments, manuscripts, maps, field and sketch books, and reports to the Royal Geographical Society. This excitement over, I began to weary of Kázeh.

DIFFERENCES BEGIN BETWEEN SPEKE AND RICHARD.

“Already I was preparing to organize a little expedition to K’hokoro and the southern provinces, when unexpectedly—in these lands a few cries and gun-shots are the only credible precursors of a Caravan—on the morning of the 25th of August reappeared Jack.

“At length Jack had been successful. His ‘flying trip’ had led him to the northern water, and he had found its dimensions surpassing our most sanguine expectations. We had scarcely, however, breakfasted before he announced to me the startling fact that ‘he had discovered the sources of the White Nile.’ It was an inspiration perhaps. The moment he sighted the Nyanza, he felt at once no doubt but that the ‘lake at his feet gave birth to that interesting river, which has been the subject of so much speculation and the object of so many explorers.’ The fortunate discoverer’s conviction was strong. His reasons were weak, were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta, when justifying her penchant in favour of the ‘lovely gentleman,’ Sir Proteus—

‘I have no other but a woman’s reason—
I think him so because I think him so;’

and probably his Sources of the Nile grew in his mind as his Mountains of the Moon had grown under his hand.

“His main argument in favour of the lake representing the great reservoir of the White Nile was that the ‘principal men’ at the southern extremity ignored the extent northward. ‘On my inquiring about the lake’s length,’ said Jack, ‘the man (the greatest traveller in the place) faced to the north, and began nodding his head to it. At the same time he kept throwing forward his right hand, and making repeated snaps of his fingers, endeavouring to indicate something immeasurable; and added that nobody knew, but he thought it probably extended to the end of the world.’ Strongly impressed by this valuable statistical information, Jack therefore placed the northern limit about 4° to 5° N. lat., whereas the Egyptian Expedition sent by the late Mohammed Ali Pacha, about twenty years ago, to explore the coy Sources, reached 3° 22’ N. lat. The expedition therefore ought to have sailed fifty miles upon the Nyanza Lake. On the contrary, from information derived on the spot, that expedition placed the fountains at one month’s journey—three hundred to three hundred and fifty miles—to the south-east, or upon the northern counterslope of Mount Kenia.

“Whilst marching to the coast, Jack—he tells us—was assured by a ‘respectable Sawahili merchant that when engaged in traffic, some years previously, to the northward of the Line and the westward of this lake, he had heard it commonly reported that large vessels frequented the northern extremity of these waters, in which the officers engaged in navigating them used sextants and kept a log, precisely similar to what is found in vessels on the ocean. Query, Could this be in allusion to the expedition sent by Mohammed Ali up the Nile in former years?’ (*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical*

Society, May 9, 1859). Clearly, if Abdullah bin Nasib, the Msawahili alluded to, had reported these words, he merely erred. The Egyptian Expedition, as has been shown, not only did not find, they never even heard of a lake. But not being present at the conversation, besides the geographical difficulties which any scientific geographer could see at a glance, I am tempted to assign further explanation. Jack, wholly ignorant of Arabic, was obliged to depend upon 'Bombay.' Bombay misunderstood Jack's bad Hindostani. He then mistranslated the words in Kisawahili to the best African, who, in his turn, passed it on in a still wilder dialect to the noble savages who were under cross-examination. My experience is that words in journeys to and fro are liable to the severest accidents and have often bad consequences, and now I felt that an *influent* of the Nyanza was described as an *effluent*, and the real original and only genuine White Nile would remain thus described for years to our shame, and it is easy to see how the blunder originated.

"The Arabic *bahr* and the Kisawahili *báhari* are equally applicable, in vulgar parlance, to a river or sea, a lake or river. Traditions concerning a Western sea—the to them now unknown Atlantic—over which the white men voyage, are familiar to many East Africans; I have heard at Harar precisely the same report concerning the log and sextants. Either, then, Abdullah bin Nasib confounded, or Jack's *'interrupter'* caused *him* to confound, the Atlantic and the lake. In the maps forwarded from Kázeh by Jack, the river Kivira was, after ample inquiry, made a western *influent* of the Nyanza Lake. In the map appended to the paper in *Blackwood*, before alluded to, it has become an *effluent*, and the only minute concerning so very important a modification is, 'This river (although I must confess at first I did not think so) is the Nile itself.'

"Beyond the assertion, therefore, that no man had visited the north, and the appearance of 'sextants' and 'logs' upon the waters, there is not a shade of proof *pro*. Far graver considerations lie on the *con* side; the reports of the Egyptian Expedition, and the dates of the several inundations which—as will presently appear—alone suffice to disprove the possibility of the Nyanza causing the flood of the Nile. It is doubtless a satisfactory thing to disclose to an admiring public of 'Statesmen, Churchmen, Missionaries, Merchants, and more particularly Geographers,' the 'solution of a problem, which it had been the first geographical desideratum of many thousand years to ascertain, and the ambition of the first Monarchs in the World to unravel' (*Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1859). But how many times since the days of a certain Claudius Ptolemæius, surnamed Pelusiota, have not the fountains of the White Nile been discovered and re-discovered after this fashion?

"What tended at the time to make me the more sceptical, was the substantial incorrectness of the geographical and other details brought back by Jack. This was natural enough. The first thing reported to me was 'the falsehood of the Arabs at Kázeh, who had calumniated the good Sultan Muhayya, and had praised

the bad Sultan Machunda:’ subsequent inquiries proved their rigid correctness. Jack’s principal informant was one Mansur bin Salim, a half-caste Arab, who had been flogged out of Kázeh, by his compatriots; he pronounced Muhayya to be a ‘very excellent and obliging person,’ and of course he was believed. I then heard a detailed account ‘of how the Caravan of Salim bin Rashid had been attacked, beaten, captured, and detained at Ukerewe, by its Sultan Machunda.’ The Arabs received the intelligence with a smile of ridicule, and in a few days Salim bin Rashid appeared in person to disprove the report. These are but *two* cases of *many*. And what knowledge of Asiatic customs can be expected from the writer of the following lines?—‘The Arabs at Unyanyembe had advised my donning their habit for the trip in order to attract less attention; a vain precaution, which I believe they suggested more to gratify their own vanity in *seeing an Englishman lower himself to their position* (?), than for any benefit that I might receive by doing so’ (*Blackwood, loco cit.*). This galamatias of the Arabs! the haughtiest and the most clannish of all Oriental peoples.

“Jack changed his manners to me from this date. His difference of opinion was allowed to alter companionship. After a few days it became evident to me that not a word could be uttered upon the subject of the lake, the Nile, and his *trouvaille* generally without offence. By a tacit agreement it was, therefore, avoided, and I should never have resumed it, had Jack not stultified the results of my expedition by putting forth a claim which no geographer can admit, and which is at the same time so weak and flimsy, that no geographer has yet taken the trouble to contradict it.

“Now, for the first time, although I had pursued my journey under great provocations from time to time, I never realized what an injury I had done the Expedition publicly, as well as myself, by not travelling alone, or with Arab companions, or at least with a less crooked-minded, cantankerous Englishman. He is energetic, he is courageous and persevering. He distinguished himself in the Punjaub Campaign. I first found him in Aden with a three years’ furlough. His heart was set on spending two years of his leave in collecting animals north of the Line in Africa. He never *thought* in any way of the Nile, and he was astonished at *my* views, which he deemed impracticable. He had no qualifications for the excursion that he proposed to himself, except that of being a good sportsman. He was ignorant of the native races in Africa, he had brought with him about £400 worth of cheap and useless guns and revolvers, swords and cutlery, beads and cloth, which the Africans would have rejected with disdain. He did not know any of the manners and customs of the East; he did not know any language except a little Anglo-Hindostani; he did not *even* know the names of

the Coast Towns. I saw him engage, as protectors or *Abbans*, any Somali donkey-boys who could speak a little English. I saw that he was going to lose his money and his 'leave' and his life. Why should I have cared? I do not know; but as 'virtue is really its own reward,' I did so, and have got a slap in the face, which I suppose I deserve. I first took him to Somaliland; then I applied officially for him, and thus saved his furlough and his money by putting him on full service. You would now think, to see his conduct, that the case was reversed—that he had taken me, not I him; whereas I can confidently say that, except his shooting and his rags of Anglo-Hindustani, I have taught him everything he knows. He had suffered in purse and person at Berberah, and though he does not know French or Arabic, though he is not a man of science, nor an acute astronomical observer, I thought it only just to offer him the opportunity of accompanying me as second in command into Africa. He quite understood that it *was* in a subordinate capacity, as we should have to travel amongst Arabs, Belochs, and Africans, whose language he did not know. The Court of Directors refused me, but I obtained it by an application to the Local Authorities at Bombay. He knew by experience in Somaliland what travelling with *me* meant, and yet he was only too glad to come.

"I have also done more than Jack in the cause. The Royal Geographical Society only allowed us £1000, and sooner than fail I have sacrificed a part of the little patrimony I inherited, and my reward is, that I and my expenditure, and the cause for which I have sacrificed everything, are made ridiculous."

OUR RETURN.

"At Kázeh, to my great disappointment, it was settled, in a full Arab conclave, that we must return to the coast by the path with which we were painfully familiar. It was only the state of our finances which prevented us, whilst at Ujiji, from navigating the Tanganyika southwards and arriving, after a journey of three months, at Kilwa. That and 'leave' prevented us from going to Karágwah and Uganda. The rains, which rendered travelling impossible, set in about September; our two years' leave of absence were drawing to a close, and we were afraid to risk it, but we meant to return and do these things, tracing the course of the Rufiji river (Rwaha) and visiting the coast between the Usagára Mountains and Kilwa, an unknown line.

“Musa Mzuri returned with great pomp to Kázeh; he is between forty-five and fifty, tall, gaunt, with delicate extremities, and the regular handsome features of a high-caste Indian Moslem. He is sad and staid, wears a snowy skull-cap, and well-fitting sandals. His abode is a village in size, with lofty gates, spacious courts, full of slaves and hangers-on, a great contrast to the humility of the Semite tenements. His son knew a little English, but he had learnt no Hindostani from his father, who, though expatriated for thirty-five years, spoke his mother tongue purely and well. Musa was a man of quiet, unaffected manner, dashed with a little Indian reserve. One Salim bin Rashid, while collecting ivory to the eastward of the Nyanza Lake, had recovered a Msawahili porter, who, having fallen sick on the road, had been left by a Caravan amongst the wildest of the East African tribes, the Wahuma (the Wamasai). From this man, who spent two years amongst these plunderers and their rivals in villany, the Warudi, I gained most valuable information. I also was called upon by Amayr bin Said el Shaksi, a strong-framed, stout-hearted Arab, who, when his vessel foundered in the Tanganyika, swam for his life, and lived for five months on roots and grasses, until restored to Ujiji by an Arab canoe. He spent many hours a day with me—he gave me immense information; and Hilal bin Nasur, a well-born Harisi returned from K’hokoro, also gave me most valuable facts.

“It is needless to say that, with all our economy and care, we arrived at the coast destitute. The hospitable Snay bin Amir came personally, although only a convalescent, to superintend our departure, provided us with his own slaves and a charming Arab breakfast; he spent the whole of that day with us, and followed us out of the compound through a white-hot sun and a chilling wind; nay, he did more—he followed us to our next station with Musa, and he helped us to put the finishing touches to the journals. I thanked these kind-hearted men for their many good deeds and services, and promised to report to H.H. the Sayyid Majid the hospitable reception of his subjects generally, and of Snay and Musa in particular. In the evening we took a most affecting farewell. On the 4th of October, insufficiency of portorage compelled me to send back men for articles left by them at several of the villages, and we at last reached Hanga, our former quarters. Desertions were rife, and so were quarrels, in which I was always begged to take an active part, but experience amongst the Bashi-Bazouks in the Dardanelles taught me better.

LITTLE IRONS.

“At Hanga, Jack had been chilled on the march from the cruel easterly wind, and at the second march he had ague. At Hanga we were lodged in a foul cowhouse full of vermin, and exposed to the fury of the gales. He had a deaf ear, an inflamed eye, and a swollen face, but worst of all was a mysterious pain, which shifted—he could not say whether it was liver or spleen. It began with a burning sensation as by a branding iron above the right breast, and then extended to the heart with sharp twinges. It then ranged round the spleen, attacked the upper part of the right lung, and finally settled in the liver.

“On the 10th of October, at dawn, he woke with a horrible dream of tigers, leopards, and other beasts, harnessed with a network of iron hooks, dragging him, like the rush of a whirlwind, over the ground. He sat up on the side of his bed, forcibly clasping both sides with his hands. Half stupefied by pain, he called to Bombay’ who had formerly suffered from this *kichyomachyoma*, ‘the little irons,’ who put him in the position a man must lie in, who gets this attack. The next spasm was less severe, but he began to wander. In twenty-four hours, supported by two men, he staggered towards the tent to a chair; but the spasms returning, he was assisted back into the house, where he had a third fit of epileptic description, like hydrophobia. Again he was haunted by crowds of devils, giants, lion-headed demons, who were wrenching with superhuman force, and stripping the sinews and tendons of his legs down to his ankles. With limbs racked by cramps, features drawn and ghastly, frame fixed and rigid, eyes glazed and glassy, he began to bark with a peculiar chopping motion of the mouth and tongue, with lips protruding, the effect of difficulty of breathing, which so altered his appearance that he was not recognizable, and terrified all beholders. When the third and severest spasm had passed away, and he could speak, he called for pen and paper, and wrote an incoherent letter of farewell to his family. That was the crisis. I never left him, taking all possible precautions, never letting him move without my assistance, and always having a resting-place prepared for him; but for some weeks he had to sleep in a half sitting-up position, pillow-propped, and he could not lie upon his side. Although the pains were mitigated, they did not entirely cease; this he expressed by saying, “Dick, the knives are sheathed!”

“During Jack’s delirium he let out all his little grievances of fancied wrongs, of which I had not had even the remotest idea. He was vexed that his diary (which I had edited so carefully, and put into the Appendix of ‘First Footsteps in Eastern Africa’) had not been printed as he wrote it—geographical blunders and all; also because he had not been paid for it, I having lost money over the book

myself. He asked me to send his collections to the Calcutta Museum of Natural History; now he was hurt because I had done so. He was awfully grieved because in the thick of the fight at Berberah, three years before, I had said to him, 'Don't step back, or they will think we are running.' I cannot tell how many more things I had unconsciously done, and I crowned it by not accepting immediately his loud assertion *that he had discovered the Sources of the Nile*; and I never should have known that he was pondering these things in his heart, if he had not raved them out in delirium. I only noticed that his alacrity had vanished; that he was never contented with any arrangement; that he left all the management to me, and that then he complained that he had never been consulted; that he quarrelled with our followers, and got himself insulted; and, previously to our journey, having been unaccustomed to sickness, he neither could endure it himself, nor feel for it in others. He took pleasure in saying unkind, unpleasant things, and said he could not take an interest in any exploration if he did not command it.

"These illnesses are the effects of fever, and a mysterious manifestation of miasma in certain latitudes; for in some tracts we were perfectly well, in other tracts we were mortally sick, and the changes were instantaneous. Cultivation and Civilization will probably wear these effects out, by planting, clearing jungle, and so on.

"I immediately sent an express back to Snay bin Amir, for the proper treatment, and found that they powdered myrrh with yolk of egg and flour of *mung* for poultices. I saw that, in default of physic, change of air was the only thing for him, and I had a hammock rigged up for him, and by good fortune an unloaded Caravan was passing down to the coast. We got hold of thirteen unloaded porters, who for a large sum consented to carry us to Rubuga, else we should have been left to die in the wilderness. Bombay had long since returned to his former attitude, that of a respectful and most ready servant. He had on one trip broken my elephant gun, killed my riding-ass, and lost his bridle, and did all sorts of irrational things, but for all that he was a most valuable servant, for his unwearied activity, his undeviating honesty, and his kindness of heart. Said bin Salim had long forfeited my confidence by his carelessness and extravagance, and the disappearance of the outfit committed to him at Ujiji—in favour of one of his friends, as I afterwards learned—rendered him unfit for stewardship. The others praised each other openly and without reserve, and if an evil tale ever reached my ear, it was against innocent Bombay, its object being to ruin him in my estimation.

As I knew we should be short of water, I prepared by packing a box with empty bottles, which we could fill at the best springs, and by the result of that after-wisdom which some have termed 'fool's wit,' I commenced the down march happy as a *bourgeois* or a trapper in the Pays Sauvage. Before entering the 'Fiery Field' the hammock-bearers became so exorbitant that I drew on my jackboots and mounted an ass, and Jack had so far convalesced that he wanted to ride too. He had still,

however, harassing heartache, nausea, and other bilious symptoms, when exposed to the burning sun; but when he got to K'hok'ho in Ugogi, sleep and appetite came, he could carry a heavy rifle, and do damage amongst the antelope and guineafowl. Now all began to wax civil, even to servility, grumbling ceased, smiles mantled every countenance, and even the most troublesome rascal was to be seen meekly sweeping out our tents with a bunch of thorns. We made seven marches between Hanga and Tura, where we arrived on the 28th of October, and halted six days to procure food. My own party were 10; Said bin Salim's, 12; the Beloch, 38; Ramji's party, 24; the porters, 68—in all 152 souls. We plunged manfully into the 'Fiery Field,' and after seven marches in seven days, we bivouacked at Jiwe la Mkoa, and on the 12th of November, after two days' march, came into the fertile red plain of Mdaduru, in the transit of Ugogi. After that, where I had been taught to expect danger, it reduced itself to large disappearances of cloth and beads. Gul Mahommed was our Missionary, but he was just like the European old lady, who believes that on such subjects all the world must think with her. I have long been suspected of telling lies, when describing the worship of a god with four arms, and the goddesses with two heads. The transit of Ugogi occupied three weeks. At Kanyenye we were joined by a large down-Caravan of Wanyamwezi, who, amongst other news, told us that our former line through Usagára was closed through the fighting of the tribes.

“On the 6th of December we arrived at our old ground in the Ugogi Dhun, and met another Caravan, which presently drew forth a packet of letters and papers. This post brought me rather an amusing official wiggling. Firstly, there was a note from Captain Rigby, my friend Hamerton's successor at Zanzibar. Secondly, the following letter:—

“3, Savile Row.

“‘DEAR BURTON,

“‘Go ahead! Vogel and MacGuire dead—murdered. Write often.

“‘Yours truly,

“‘NORTON SHAW.’

“The ‘wig’ was this. I had paid the Government the compliment of sending it, through the Royal Geographical Society, an account of political affairs in the Red Sea, saying I feared trouble at Jeddah, which I had had from my usual private information from the interior, being fearful that there would be troubles at Jeddah; and the only thanks I got was a letter, stating ‘that my want of discretion and due regard for the authorities to whom I am subordinate, has been regarded with displeasure by the Government.’ They are cold and crusty to reward a little word of wisdom from their babes and sucklings; but what was so comically sad was this:—The official wig was dated the 1st of July, 1857. Posts are slow in

Africa, so that by the same post I got a newspaper with an account of the massacre of nearly all the Christians at Jeddah on the Red Sea, expressing great fears that the Arab population of Suez also might be excited to commit similar outrages. This took place on the 30th of June, 1858, exactly eleven months after I had warned the Government.

“We loaded on the 7th of December, and commenced the passage of the Usagára Mountains by the Kiringawána line. This is the southern route, separated from the northern by an interval of forty-three miles. It contains settlements like Maroro and Kisanga. It is nineteen short stages; provisions are procurable, water plentiful, and plenty of grass, as long as you can pass the Warori tribe. Mosquitoes are plentiful. The owners of the land have a chronic horror of the Warori, and on sighting our peaceful Caravan they raised the war-cry, and were only quieted on knowing that we were much more frightened than they were. We had wild weather, we stayed at Maroro for food; at Kiperepeta there were gangs of four hundred touters, with their muskets, waiting the arrival of Caravans.

“On Christmas Day, 1858, at dawn, we toiled along the Kikoboga river, which we forded four times. Jack and I had a fat capon instead of roast beef, and a mess of ground nuts sweetened with sugar-cane, which did duty for plum-pudding. The contrast of what was, with what might be, now however suggested pleasurable sensations. We might now see Christmas Day of 1859, whereas on Christmas Day, 1857, we saw no chance of that of 1858. Fourteen marches took us from the foot of Usagára Mountains to Central Zungomero, traversing the districts of Eastern Mbwiga, Marundwe, and Kirengwe. It is a road hideous and grotesque: no animals, flocks, or poultry; the villages look like birds' nests torn from the trees; the people slink away—they are all armed with bows and poisoned arrows. At Zungomero, the village on the left bank of the Mgeta, which we had occupied on the outer march, was razed to the ground. I here offered a liberal reward to get to Kilwa. However, I did not succeed, and there was some intrigue about the pay afterwards, which I never understood, which was annoying to me; but such events are common on the slave-paths in Eastern Africa. Of the seven gangs of porters engaged on this journey, *only one*, an unusually small portion, *left me without being fully satisfied, and that one fully deserved to be disappointed.*

“On the 14th of January, 1859, we received Mr. Apothecary Frost's letters, drugs, and medical comforts, for which we had written to him July, 1857. After crossing the Mgeta, we sat down patiently on a bank, in spite of the ants, to await the arrival of a Caravan to complete our gang, but the new medical comforts enabled us to have ether-sherbet and ether-lemonade, and it did not hurt us. On the 17th of January a Caravan came, which I had been longing to meet. The Arab Chiefs Sulayman bin Rashid el Riami and Mohammed bin Gharib, who called upon me without delay, gave me most interesting information. To the south, from Uhehe to Ubena.

was a continuous chain of highlands pouring affluents across the road into the Rwaha river, and water was only procurable in the beds of the nullahs and *fumaras*. If this chain be of any considerable length, it may represent the water-parting between the Tanganyika and Nyassa Lakes, and thus divide by another and a southerly lateral band the great Depression of Central Africa.

“The 21st of January we left Zungomero, and made Konduchi on the 3rd of February in twelve marches. The mud was almost throat-deep near Dut’humi, and we had a weary trudge of thick slabby mire up to the knees. In places, after toiling under a sickly sun, we crept under the tunnels of thick jungle-growth veiling the streams, the dank fœtid cold of which caused a deadly sensation of faintness, which was only relieved by a glass of ether-sherbet or a pipe of the strongest tobacco. By degrees it was found necessary to abandon the greater part of the remaining outfit and luggage. The 27th of January saw us pass safely by the village where M. Maizan was murdered.

“On the 28th there was a report that we were to be attacked at a certain place, and Said bin Salim came to tell me that the road was cut off, and that I must delay till an escort could be summoned from the coast. I knew quite well that it was only an intrigue, but I feared that real obstacles might be placed in our way by the wily little man, and as soon as *bakshish* was mentioned, four naked varlets appeared in a quarter of an hour as escort.

“On the 30th of January the men screamed with delight at the sight of the mango tree, and all their old familiar fruits.

“On the 2nd of February, 1859, Jack and I caught sight of the sea. We lifted our caps, and gave ‘three times three and one more.’ The 3rd of February saw us passing through the poles decorated with skulls—a sort of negro Temple Bar—at the entrance of Konduchi; they now grin in the London Royal College of Surgeons.

“Our entrance was immense. The war-men danced, shot, shouted; the boys crowded; the women lulliloo’d with all their might; and a general procession conducted us to the hut, swept, cleaned, and garnished for us, by the principal *Banyan* of the Head-quarter village, and there the crowd stared and laughed until they could stare and laugh no more. A boat transferred most of our following to their homes, and they kissed my hand and departed, weeping bitterly with the agony of parting. I sent a note to the Consul at Zanzibar, asking for a coasting craft to explore the Delta and the unknown course of the Rufiji river. I liberally rewarded Zawáda, who had attended to Jack in his illness. We were detained at Konduchi for six days, from the 3rd to the 10th of February.

“On the 9th of February the craft arrived at Konduchi from Zanzibar, and we rolled down the coast with a fair, fresh breeze towards Kilwa, the Quiloa of De Gama and of Camoens. We lost all our crew by cholera, and we were unable to visit the course of the great Rufiji river, a counterpart of the Zambesi in the south, and a water-road which appears destined to become the highway of nations into Eastern Equatorial Africa. The deluge of rain and

floods showed me that the travelling season was at an end. I turned the head of the craft northwards, and on the 4th of March, 1859, we landed once more on the island of Zanzibar. Sick and wayworn, I entered the house in sad memory of my old friend, which I was fated to regret still more. The excitement of travel was succeeded by an utter depression of mind and body; even the labour of talking was too great. The little State was in the height of confusion, in a state of Civil war; the eldest brother of the Sultan was preparing a hostile visit to his youngest brother, the Sultan Sayyid Majid of Zanzibar. After a fortnight of excitement and suspense, a gunboat was sent to the elder brother to persuade him to return. His Highness Sayyid Majid had honoured me with an expression of his desire that I should remain until the expected hostilities might be brought to a close. I did so willingly, in gratitude to a Prince to whose good will my success was mainly indebted, but the Consulate was no longer bearable to me. I was too conversant with local politics, too well aware of what was going on, to be a pleasant companion to its new tenant. I was unwilling to go, because so much remained to be done. I wanted to wait for fresh leave of absence and additional funds, but the evident anxiety of Consul Rigby to get rid of me, and Jack's nervous impatience to go on, made me abandon my intentions. Said bin Salim called often at the Consulate, but Captain Rigby agreed with me that he had been more than sufficiently rewarded, and the same with the others. Jack also was of the same opinion, but it suited Jack, with his secret prospects or intentions of returning without me, to change his mind afterwards, and he was evidently able to get Captain Rigby to do the same. There can be little doubt that Jack's intention of returning on the second Expedition, on the lines of the one which he had done so much to spoil, had a great deal to do with his action on this occasion. When H.M.S. *Furious*, carrying Lord Elgin and Mr. Laurence Oliphant, his secretary, arrived at Aden, passage was offered to both of us. I could not start, being too ill. But *he* went, and the words Jack said to me, and I to him, were as follows:—'I shall hurry up, Jack, as soon as I can,' and the last words Jack ever spoke to me on earth were, '*Good-bye, old fellow; you may be quite sure I shall not go up to the Royal Geographical Society until you come to the fore and we appear together. Make your mind quite easy about that.*'

"With grateful heart I bid adieu to the Sultan, whose kindness and personal courtesy will long dwell in my memory, and who expressed a hope to see me again, and offered me one of his ships of war to take me home. However, a clipper-built barque, the *Dragon of Salem*, Captain Macfarlane, was about to sail with the south-west monsoon for Aden. Captain Rigby did not accompany us on board, a mark of civility usual in the East, but Bombay's honest face turned up and seemed peculiarly attractive.

"On the 22nd of March, 1859, the clove shrubs and coco trees of Zanzibar faded from my eyes, and after crossing and recrossing three times the tedious Line, we found ourselves anchored, on the

16th of April, near the ill-omened black walls of the Aden crater. The crisis of my African sufferings had taken place at the Tanganyika; the fever, however, still clung to me.

“I left the Aden coal-hole of the East on the 20th of April, 1859, and in due time greeted with becoming heartiness my native shores.

“The very day after he returned to England, May 9th, 1859, Jack called at the Royal Geographical Society and set on foot the scheme of a new exploration. He lectured in Burlington House, and when I reached London on May 21st I found the ground completely cut from under my feet. Sir Roderick Murchison had given Jack the leadership of a new Expedition; my own long-cherished plan of entering Africa through Somali-land, landing at the Arab town Mombas, was dismissed as unworthy of notice. Jack published two articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, assumed the whole credit to himself, illustrated a wonderful account of his own adventures and discoveries, with a chart where invention is not in it. He said he did all the astronomical work, and had taught me the geography of the country through which we travelled, which made me laugh. Jack, who literally owed everything to me, habitually wrote and spoke of me to mutual friends in a most disagreeable manner. Many people who professed to be friendly to me said it would be more dignified to say nothing, but I knew how unwise it is to let public sentence pass by default, and how delay may cause everlasting evil, so I wrote the most temperate vindication of my position.”

CHAPTER XIV.

RICHARD AND I MEET AGAIN.

“For life, with all its yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear,
Is just our chance o’ the prize of learning love—
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.”

ROBERT BROWNING.

“Dying is easy ; keep thou steadfast.
The greater part, to live and to endure.”

MRS. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples.*

“When Calumny’s foul dart thy soul oppresses,
Think’st thou the venom’d shaft could poison me ?
No ! the world’s scorn, still more than its caresses,
Shall bind me closer, O my love, to thee.

“Should the days darken, and severe affliction
Close whelming o’er us like a stormy sea,
Love shall transform them into benedictions
Binding me closer, O my love, to thee.”

“When truth or virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours ;
Mine as a friend to every worthy mind,
And mine as man who feels for all mankind.”

POPE.

JUST as I was getting into despair, and thinking whether I should go and be a Sister of Charity (May, 1859), as the appearance of Speke alone in London was giving me the keenest anxiety, and as I heard that Richard was staying on in Zanzibar, in the hopes of being allowed to return into Africa, I was very sore.*

* “Aussitôt qu’un malheur nous arrive il se reconte toujours un ami prêt à venir nous le dire et à nous fouiller le cœur avec un poignard en nous faisant admirer le manche.”—BALZAC. This friend I had, but—

“There are no tricks in plain and simple Faith.”—*Julius Cæsar*, iv. ii.

I received only four lines in the well-known hand by post from Zanzibar—no letter.

TO ISABEL.

“That brow which rose before my sight,
As on the palmers’ holy shrine ;
Those eyes—my life was in their light ;
Those lips my sacramental wine ;
That voice whose flow was wont to seem
The music of an exile’s dream.”

I knew then it was all right.

On May 22nd, 1859, I chanced to call upon a friend. I was told she was gone out, but would be in to tea, and was asked if I would wait. I said, "Yes;" and in about five minutes another ring came to the door, and another visitor was also asked to wait. The door was opened, and I turned round, expecting to see my friend. Judge of my feelings when I beheld Richard. For an instant we both stood dazed, and I cannot attempt to describe the joy that followed. He had landed the day before, and came to London, and now he had come to call on this friend to know where I was living, where to find me. No one will wonder if I say that we forgot all about her and tea, and that we went downstairs and got into a cab, and took a long drive.

I felt like one stunned; I only knew that he put me in and told the cabman to drive. I felt like a person coming to after a fainting fit or in a dream. It was acute pain, and for the first half-hour I found no relief. I would have given worlds for tears or breath; neither came, but it was absolute content, which I fancy people must feel the first few moments after the soul is quit of the body. The first thing that happened was, that we mutually drew each other's pictures out from our respective pockets at the same moment, which, as we had not expected to meet, showed how carefully they had been kept.

After that, we met constantly, and he called upon my parents. I now put our marriage *seriously* before them, but without success as regards my mother.

I shall never forget Richard as he was then; he had had twenty-one attacks of fever, had been partially paralyzed and partially blind; he was a mere skeleton, with brown yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding, and his lips drawn away from his teeth. I used to give him my arm about the Botanical Gardens for fresh air, and sometimes convey him almost fainting to our house, or friends' houses, who allowed and encouraged our meeting, in a cab.

The Government and the Royal Geographical Society looked coldly on him; the Indian army brought him under the reduction; he was almost penniless, and he had only a few friends to greet him. Speke was the hero of the hour, the Stanley of 1859-1864. This was *one* of the martyrdoms of that uncrowned King's life, and I think but that for me he would have died.

He told me that all the time he had been away the greatest consolation he had had was my fortnightly journals, in letter form, to him, accompanied by all newspaper scraps and public and private information, and accounts of books, such as I knew would interest him, so that when he did get a mail, which was only in a huge batch

now and then, he was as well posted up as if he were living in London.

He never abused Speke, as a mean man would have done; he used to say, "Jack is one of the bravest fellows in the world; if he has a fault it is overweening vanity, and being so easily flattered; in good hands he would be the best of men. Let him alone; he will be very sorry some day, though that won't mend my case." It is interesting *now* to mark in their letters how they descend from "Dear Jack," and "Dear Dick," to "Dear Burton," and "Dear Speke," until they become "Sir!" But I must relate in Speke's favour that the injury once done to his friend, and the glory won for himself, he was not happy with it.

Speke and I had a mutual friend, a lady well known in Society as Kitty Dormer (Countess Dormer)—she would be ninety-four were she now living. She was one of the fashionable beauties of George IV.'s time, and was engaged to my father when they were young.

About a hundred years or more ago, a John Hanning Speke had married one of the Arundells of Wardour, and Lord Arundell always considered the Spekes as sort of neighbours and distant connections, so through this lady's auspices, Speke and I met, and also exchanged many messages; and we nearly succeeded in reconciling Richard and Speke, and would have done so, but for the anti-influences around him. He said to me, "I am so sorry, and I don't know how it all came about. Dick was so kind to me; nursed me like a woman, taught me such a lot, and I used to be so fond of him; but it would be too difficult for me to go back now." *And upon that last sentence he always remained and acted.*

Richard was looking so lank and thin. He was sadly altered; his youth, health, spirits, and beauty were all gone for the time. He fully justified his fevers, his paralysis and blindness, and any amount of anxiety, peril, hardship, and privation in unhealthy latitudes. Never did I feel the strength of my love as then. He returned poorer, and dispirited by official rows and every species of annoyance; but he was still, had he been ever so unsuccessful, and had every man's hand against him, my earthly god and king, and I could have knelt at his feet and worshipped him. I used to feel so proud of him; I used to like to sit and look at him, and to think, "You are mine, and there is no man on earth the least like you."

At one time, when he was at his worst, I found the following in his journal—

- “ I hear the sounds I used to hear,
The laugh of joy, the groan of pain ;
The sounds of childhood sound again.
Death must be near !
- “ Mine eye reviveth like mine ear ;
As painted scenes pass o’er the stage,
I see my life from youth to age.
Ah, Death is near !
- “ The music of some starry sphere,
A low, melodious strain of song,
Like to the wind-harp sweeps along.
Yes, Death is near !
- “ A lovely sprite of smiling cheer,
Sits by my side in form of light ;
Sits on my left a darker sprite.
Sure, Death is near !
- “ The meed for ever deemed so dear,
Repose upon the breast of Fame ;
(I did but half), while lives my name.
Come then, Death, near !
- “ Where now thy sting ? Where now thy fear ?
Where now, fell power, the victory ?
I have the mastery over thee.
Draw, Death, draw near !”

I felt bitterly not having the privilege of staying with Richard and nursing him, and he was very anxious that our marriage should take place ; so I wrote a long letter to my mother, who was still violently opposing me, and who was absent on some visits.

The only answer to this letter was an awful long and solemn sermon, telling me “that Richard was not a Christian, and had no money.” I do not defend my letter to my mother ; I only plead that I was fighting for my whole future life, and my natural destiny ; that I had waited for five years ; and that I saw that I had to force my mother’s hand, or lose all that made life worth living for. Richard used to say that my mother and I were both gifted with “the noble firmness of the mule.”

Richard now brought out the “Lake Regions of Equatorial Africa” (2 vols., 1860), and the Royal Geographical Society dedicated the whole of Vol. XXXIII. to the same subject (Clowes and Sons, 1860). My mother still remained obstinate, and Richard thought we should have to take the law into our own hands. I could not bear the thoughts of going against my mother.

One day in April, 1860, I was walking out with two friends, and a tightening of the heart came over me that I had known before. I went home and said to my sister, "I am not going to see Richard for some time." She said, "Why, you will see him to-morrow." "No, I shall not," I said; "I don't know what is the matter." A tap came at the door, and a note with the well-known writing was put into my hand. I knew my fate, and with deep-drawn breath I opened it. He had left—could not bear the pain of saying good-bye; would be absent for nine months, on a journey to see Salt Lake City. He would then come back, and see whether I had made up my mind to choose between him or my mother, to marry me if I *would*; and if I had not the courage to risk it, he would go back to India, and from thence to other explorations, and return no more. I was to take nine months to think about it.

I was for a long time in bed, and delirious. For six weeks I was doctored for influenza, mumps, sore throat, fever, delirium, and everything that I had not got, when in reality I was only heartsick, struggling for what I wanted, a last hard struggle with the suspense of my future before me, and nothing and nobody to help me. I felt it would be my breaking up if circumstances continued adverse, but I determined to struggle patiently, and suffer bravely to the end.

At this juncture, as I was going to marry a poor man, and also to fit myself for Expeditions, I went, for change of air, to a farmhouse, where I learnt every imaginable thing that I might possibly want, so that if we had *no* servants, or if servants were sick or mutinous, we should be perfectly independent.

On my return I saw the murder of a Captain Burton in the paper, and *even* my mother pitied me, and took me to the mail office, where a clerk, after numberless inquiries, gave us a paper. My life seemed to hang on a thread till he answered, and then my face beamed so that the poor man was quite startled. It *was* a Captain Burton, murdered by his crew. I could scarcely feel sorry—how selfish we are!—and yet he too, doubtless, had some one to love him.

Richard, meantime, had gone all over the United States, and made a wonderful lot of friends; had gone to Salt Lake City to see Brigham Young, where he stayed with the Mormons and their Prophet for six weeks at great Salt Lake City, visiting California, where he went all over the gold-diggings, and learnt practically to use both pick and pan. He asked Brigham Young if he would admit him as a Mormon, but Brigham Young shook his head, and said, "No, Captain, I think you have done that sort of thing once before." Richard laughed, and told him he was perfectly right.

About this time there was a meeting at the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Ashburton (President) in the chair. The Chairman said that a letter would be read from Captain Burton, by the Secretary. It would be a matter of pleasure to all present to know that Captain Burton was in good health. Dr. Shaw then read the following characteristic letter, which had been addressed to him by that officer:—

“ Salt Lake City, Deserat, Utah Territory, September 7.

“ MY DEAR SHAW,

“ You’ll see my whereabouts by the envelope ; I reached this place about a week ago, and am living in the odour of sanctity, —a pretty strong one it is too,—apostles, prophets, *et hoc genus omne*. In about another week I expect to start for Carson Valley and San Francisco. The road is full of Indians and other scoundrels, but I’ve had my hair cropped so short that my scalp is not worth having. I hope to be in San Francisco in October, and in England somewhere in November next. Can you put my whereabouts in some paper or other, and thus save me the bother of writing to all my friends? Mind, I’m travelling for my health, which has suffered in Africa, enjoying the pure air of the prairies, and expecting to return in a state of renovation and perfectly ready to leave a card on Muata Yanoo, or any other tyrant of that kind.

“ Meanwhile, ever yours,

“ R. F. BURTON.”

Richard travelled about twenty-five thousand miles, and then he turned his head homewards. He wrote the “City of the Saints,” 1 vol., on the Mormons, and he brought it out in 1861. It was reprinted by Messrs. Harper of New York, and extensively reviewed, especially by the *Tour du Monde*.

It was Christmas, 1860, that I went to stop with my relatives, Sir Clifford and Lady Constable (his *first* wife, *née* Chichester), at Burton Constable,—the father and mother of the present baronet. There was a large party in the house, and we were singing ; some one propped up the music with the *Times* which had just arrived, and the first announcement that caught my eye was that “ Captain R. F. Burton had arrived from America.”

I was unable, except by great resolution, to continue what I was doing. I soon retired to my room, and *sat* up all night, packing, and conjecturing how I should get away,—all my numerous plans tending to a “bolt” next morning,—should I get an affectionate letter from him. I received two ; one had been opened and read by somebody else, and one, as it afterwards turned out, had been burked at home before forwarding. It was not an easy matter. I

was in a large country-house in Yorkshire, with about twenty-five friends and relatives, amongst whom was one brother, and I had heaps of luggage. We were blocked up with snow and nine miles from the station, and (*contra miglior nolere voler mal pugna*) I had heard of his arrival only early in the evening, and twelve hours later I had managed to get a telegram ordering me to London, under the impression that it was of the most vital importance.

What a triumph it is to a woman's heart, when she has patiently and courageously worked, and prayed, and suffered, and the moment is realized that was the goal of her ambition!

As soon as we met, and had had our talk, he said, "I have waited for five years. The three first were inevitable on account of my journey to Africa, but the last two were not. Our lives are being spoiled by the unjust prejudices of your mother, and it is for you to consider whether you have not already done your duty in sacrificing two of the best years of your life out of respect to her. If *once* you *really* let me go, mind, I shall never come back, because I shall know that you have not got the strength of character which *my* wife must have. Now, you must make up your mind to choose between your mother and me. If you choose me, we marry, and I stay; if not, I go back to India and on other Explorations, and I return no more. Is your answer ready?" I said, "Quite. I marry you this day three weeks, let who will say nay."

When we fixed the date of our marriage, I wanted to be married on Wednesday, the 23rd, because it was the Espousals of Our Lady and St. Joseph, but he would not, because Wednesday, the 23rd, and Friday, the 18th, were our unlucky days; so we were married on the Vigil, Tuesday, the 22nd of January.

We pictured to ourselves much domestic happiness, with youth, health, courage, and talent to win honour, name, and position. We had the same tastes, and perfect confidence in each other. No one turns away from real happiness without some very strong temptation or delusion. I went straight to my father and mother, and told them what had occurred. My father said, "I consent with all my heart, if your mother consents," and my mother said, "*Never!*" I said, "Very well, then, mother! I cannot sacrifice our two lives to a mere whim, and you ought not to expect it, so I am going to marry him, whether you will or no." I asked all my brothers and sisters, and they said they would receive him with delight. My mother offered me a marriage with my father and brothers present,

my mother and sisters not. I felt that that was a slight upon *him*, a slight upon his family, and a slur upon me, which I did not deserve, and I refused it. I went to Cardinal Wiseman, and I told him the whole case as it stood, and he asked me if my mind was absolutely made up, and I said, "*Absolutely.*" Then he said, "Leave the matter to me." He requested Richard to call upon him, and asked him if he would give him three promises in writing—

1. That I should be allowed the free practice of my religion.
2. That if we had any children they should be brought up Catholics.
3. That we should be married in the Catholic Church.

Which three promises Richard readily signed. He also amused the Cardinal, as the family afterwards learnt, by saying sharply, "Practise her religion indeed! I should rather think she *shall*. A man without a religion may be excused, but a woman without a religion is not the woman for me." The Cardinal then sent for me, promised me his protection, said he would himself procure a special dispensation from Rome, and that he would perform the ceremony himself. He then saw my father, who told him how bitter my mother was about it; that she was threatened with paralysis; that we had to consider her in every possible way, that she might receive no shocks, no agitation, but that all the rest quite consented to the marriage. A big family council was then held, and it was agreed far better for Richard and me, and for every one, to make all proper arrangements to be married, and to be attended by *friends*, and for me to go away on a visit to some friends, that they might not come to the wedding, nor participate in it, in order not to have a quarrel with my mother; that they would break it to her at a suitable time, and that the secret of their knowing it, should be kept up as long as mother lived. "Mind," said my father, "you must never bring a misunderstanding between mother and me, nor between her and her children."

I passed that three weeks preparing very solemnly and earnestly for my marriage day, but yet something differently to what many expectant brides do. I made a very solemn religious preparation, receiving the Sacraments. Gowns, presents, and wedding pageants had no part in it, had no place. Richard arranged with my own lawyer and my own priest that everything should be conducted in a strictly legal and strictly religious way, and the whole programme of the affair was prepared. A very solemn day to me was the eve of my marriage. The following day I was supposed to be going to pass a few weeks with a friend in the country.

At nine o'clock on Tuesday, the 22nd of January, 1861, my cab

was at the door with my box on it. I had to go and wish my father and mother good-bye before leaving. I went downstairs with a beating heart, after I had knelt in my own room, and said a fervent prayer that they might bless me, and if they did, I would take it as a sign. I was so nervous, I could scarcely stand. When I went in, mother kissed me and said, "Good-bye, child, God bless you." I went to my father's bedside, and knelt down and said good-bye. "God bless you, my darling," he said, and put his hand out of the bed and laid it on my head. I was too much overcome to speak, and one or two tears ran down my cheeks, and I remember as I passed down I kissed the door outside.

I then ran downstairs and quickly got into my cab, and drove to a friend's house (Dr. and Miss Bird, now of 49, Welbeck Street), where I changed my clothes—not wedding clothes (clothes which most brides of to-day would probably laugh at)—a fawn-coloured dress, a black-lace cloak, and a white bonnet—and they and I drove off to the Bavarian Catholic Church, Warwick Street, London. When assembled we were altogether a party of eight. The Registrar was there for legality, as is customary. Richard was waiting on the doorstep for me, and as we went in he took holy water, and made a very large sign of the Cross. The church doors were wide open, and full of people, and many were there who knew us. As the 10.30 Mass was about to begin, we were called into the Sacristy, and we then found that the Cardinal in the night had been seized with an acute attack of the illness which carried him off four years later, and had deputed Dr. Hearne, his Vicar-general, to be his proxy.

After the ceremony was over, and the names signed, we went back to the house of our friend Dr. Bird and his sister Alice, who have always been our best friends, where we had our wedding breakfast.

During the time we were breakfasting, Dr. Bird began to chaff him about the things that were sometimes said of him, and which were not true. "Now, Burton, tell me; how do you feel when you have killed a man?" Dr. Bird (being a physician) had given himself away without knowing it. Richard looked up quizzically, and drawled out, "Oh, quite jolly! How do you?"

We then went to Richard's bachelor lodgings, where he had a bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room, and we had very few pounds to bless ourselves with, but were as happy as it is given to any mortals out of heaven to be. The fact is that the only clandestine thing about it, and that was quite contrary to *my* desire, was that my poor mother, with her health and her religious scruples, was kept in the dark, but I must thank God that, though paralysis came on two years later, it was not I that caused it.

My husband wrote to my father on the following day a beautiful and characteristic letter, in case he should wish to give it to my mother. For the first few days of our marriage, Richard used to be so worried at being stared at as a bridegroom, that he always used to say that we had been married a couple of years; but that sort of annoyance soon wore off, and then he became rather proud of being a married man. To say that I was happy would be to say nothing; a repose came over me that I had never known. I felt that it was for Eternity, an immortal repose, and I was in a bewilderment of wonder at the goodness of God, who had almost worked miracles for me.

During this time my brothers visited us, keeping us up in all that was going on. Some weeks later, two dear old aunts, Mrs. Strickland-Standish and Monica, Lady Gerard, who lived at Portobello House, Mortlake, nearly opposite to where I live now, and where I had frequently passed several weeks every year (for they made a sort of family focus), got to hear that I was seen going into a bachelor lodging, and bowled up to London to tell my mother. She wrote in an agony to my father, who was visiting in the country, "that a dreadful misfortune had happened in the family; that I been seen going into a bachelor lodging in London, and could not be at the country house where I was supposed to be." My father telegraphed back to her, "She is married to Dick Burton, and thank God for it;" and he wrote to her, enclosing the letter just mentioned, and desired her to send one of my brothers for us, who knew where to find us, and to mind and receive us properly. We were then sent for home. My mother behaved like a true lady and a true Christian. She kissed us both, and blessed us. I shall never forget how shy I felt going home, but I went in very calmly, I kissed them all round, and they received Richard in the nicest way, and then mother embarrassed us very much by asking our pardon for flying in the face of God, and opposing what she now knew to be His will. My husband was very much touched. It was not long before she approved of the marriage more than anybody, and as she grew to know him, she loved him as much as her own sons. And this is the way we came to be married.

In short, mother never could forgive herself, and was always alluding to it either personally or by letter. It always was the same burthen of song—"that she exposed me to such a risk, that my relations might have abandoned me, that Society might not have received me, that I might have been forbidden to put my name down for the Drawing-room, when I had done nothing wrong;" and she said, "All through *me*, and God had destined it, but I could not see it. I never

thought you would have the courage to take the law in your own hands ;” and I used to answer her, “Mother, if you had all cast me out, if Society had tabooed me, if I had been forbidden to go to Court, it would not have kept me from it—I could not have helped myself—I am quite content with my future crust and tent, and I would not exchange places with the Queen ; so do not harass yourself.”

However, by the goodness of God, and the justness and kindness of a few great people, none of these catastrophes *did* happen. We used to entreat of her not to say anything more about it, but even on her deathbed she persisted in doing so. I shall never forget that first night when we went home ; I went up to my room and changed my things, and ate my dinner humbly and silently. We were a very large family and were all afraid to speak, and as Richard was so very clever, the family stood rather in awe of him ; so there was a silence and restraint upon us ; but the children were allowed to come down to dessert for a treat, and, with the intuition that children have, they knew that he wanted them, and that they could do what they liked with him. One was a little *enfant terrible*, and very fond of copying our midshipmen brothers’ slang. They crowded round my mother with their little doll-tumblers waiting for some wine. He was so constrained that he forgot to pass the wine at dessert as it came round to *him*, when a small voice piped out from the end of the long table, “I say, old bottle-stopper—pass the wine !” He burst out laughing, and that broke the ice, and we all fell to laughing and talking. Mother punished the child by giving him no wine, but Richard looked up and said so sweetly, “Oh, *Mother*, not on my first night *at home* !” that her heart went out to him.

We had seven months of uninterrupted bliss. Through the kindness of Lord John Russell, Richard obtained the Consulship of Fernando Po, in the Bight of Biafra, West Coast of Africa, with a coast line of six or seven hundred miles for his jurisdiction, a deadly climate, and £700 a year. He was too glad to get his foot on the first rung of the ladder, so, though it was called the “Foreign Office Grave,” he cheerfully accepted it. It was not quite so cheerful for me, because it was a climate of certain death to white women, and he would not allow me to go out in an unlimited way.

We had a glorious season, and took up our position in Society. He introduced me to all the people he knew, and I introduced him to all the people that I knew. Lord Houghton (Monckton-Milnes), the father of the present Lord Houghton, was very much attached to Richard, and he settled the question of our position by asking his

friend Lord Palmerston to give a party, and to let me be the bride of the evening; and when I arrived, Lord Palmerston gave me his arm, and he introduced Richard and me to all the people we had not previously known, and my relatives clustered around us as well. I was allowed to put my name down for a Drawing-room. And Lady Russell, now the Dowager, presented me at Court "on my marriage."

Shortly after this, happened Grindlay's fire, where we lost all we possessed in the world, except the few boxes we had with us. The worst was that all his books, and his own poetry, which was beautiful, especially one poem, called "The Curse of Vishnu," and priceless Persian and Arabic manuscripts, that he had picked up in various out-of-the-way places, and a room full of costumes of every nation, were burnt. He smiled, and said in a philosophical sort of way, "Well, it is a great bore, but I dare say that the world will be none the worse for some of those manuscripts having been burnt" (a prophetic speech, as I now think of it). When he went down to ask for some compensation, he found that Grindlay was insured, but that he was not—not, he said, that any money could repay him for the loss of the things. As he always saw the comic side of a tragedy as well as the pathetic, "the funniest thing was the clerk asking me if I had lost any plate or jewellery, and on my saying, 'No,' the change in his face from sympathy to the utter surprise that I could care so much for any other kind of loss, was amusing."

In 1861, when the Indian army changed hands, Richard suffered, and, as Mr. Hitchman remarked, "his enemies may be congratulated upon their mingled malice and meanness." He just gave the official animus a chance. It was a common thing in times of peace for Indian officers to be allowed to take appointments and remain on the *cadre* of their regiment, temporarily or otherwise. Richard, in remonstrance, would not quote names for fear of injuring other men, but any man who knew Egypt could score off half a dozen. His knowledge of the East, and of so many Eastern languages, would have been of incalculable service in Egypt, upon the Red Sea, in Marocco, Persia, in any parts of the East, and yet he, who in any other land would have been rewarded with at least a K.C.B. and a handsome pension, was glad to get his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder of the Consular service, called the "Foreign Office Grave," the Consulate of Fernando Po, and we could not think enough of, talk enough of, or be grateful enough to Lord John Russell, who gave it him; yet the acceptance of this miserable post was made an excuse to strike his name off the Indian army list, and the rule, which had been allowed to lapse in a score of cases, was

revived for Richard's injury under circumstances of discourtesy so great, that it would be hard to believe the affront unintentional. He received no notice whatever, and he only realized, on seeing his successor gazetted, that his military career was actually ended, and his past life become like a blank sheet of paper. It would have been stretching no point to have granted this appointment, and to have been retained in the army on half-pay, but it was refused; they swept out his whole nineteen years' service as if they had never been, without a vestige of pay or pension.

All his services in Sind had been forgotten, all his Explorations were wiped out, and at the age of forty he found himself at home, with the rank of Captain, no pay, no pension, plenty of fame, a newly married wife, and a small Consulate in the most pestilential climate, with £700 a year. In vain he asked to go to Fernando Po temporarily till wanted for active service. He wrote—

“It will be an act of injustice on the part of the Bombay Government to solicit my removal on account of my having risked health and life in my country's service.

“They are about to treat me as a man who has been idling away my time and shirking duty; whereas I can show that every hour has been employed for my country's benefit, in study, writings, languages, and explorations. Are my wounds and fevers, and perpetual risk of health and life, not to speak of personal losses, to go for nothing?

“The Bombay Government does not take into consideration one iota of my service, but casts the whole into oblivion. I consider the Bombay Government to be unjustly prejudiced against me on account of the *private piques* of a certain half-dozen individuals. Will the Bombay Government put all its charges against me in black and white, and thus allow me a fair opportunity of clearing myself of my supposed delinquencies? Other men—I will merely quote Colonel Greathed and Lieut.-Colonel Norman—are permitted to take service in England, and yet to retain their military service in India.

“In the time of the Court of Directors, an officer might be serving the Foreign Office and India too, as in the case of Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, late Consul at Zanzibar; but since the amalgamation, the officers of her Majesty's Indian Army hope that they may take any appointment in any part of the world, as a small recompense for their losses; *i.e.* supercession and inability to sell their commissions, after having paid for steps.”

At first he wanted to try me, so he pretended he did not like my going to Confession, and I used to say, “Well, my religion teaches

me that my first duty is to obey you," and I did not bother to go; so he at once took off this restraint, and used to send me to Mass, and remind me of fish-days. It astonished me, the wonderful way he knew our doctrine, and frequently explained things to me that I did not know myself. He always wore his medal. I was very much surprised, shortly after we were married, at my husband giving me £5. Whilst he had been away one of my brothers had met with a sudden death; his horse had fallen on him and crushed him in a moment. He said, "Take this and have Masses said with it for your poor brother." I only thought then what generosity and what good taste it was. He was always delighted with the society of priests—not so much foreign priests, as English ones—especially if he got hold of a highly educated, broad theologian of a Jesuit; but in all cases he was most courteous to *any* of them, and protected them and their Missions whenever he was in a position to do so. Once he went with me to a midnight Mass, and he cried all the time. I could not understand it, and he said he could not explain it himself. I had no idea then that he had ever been once received into our Church in India. He *always* bowed his head at "Hallowed be Thy Name," and he did that to the day of his death.

We passed delightful days at country houses, notably at Lord Houghton's (Fryston), where, at his house in the country, and his house in Brook Street, and at Lord Strangford's house in Great Cumberland Place, we met all that was worth meeting of rank and fashion, beauty and wit, and *especially* all the most talented people in the world. I can shut my eyes and mentally look round his (Lord Houghton's) large round table even *now*, which usually held twenty-five guests. I can see Buckle, and Carlyle, and all the Kingsleys, and Swinburne, and Froude, and all the great men that were, and many that are, for the last thirty-two years, and remember a great deal of the conversation. But I am not here to describe them, but to give a description of Richard Burton. I can remember the Duc d'Aumale cheek by jowl with Louis Blanc. The present Lord Crewe, and his two sisters, Lady Fitzgerald and the Hon. Mrs. Henniker, were babes in the nursery. I can remember the good old times in the country, at Fryston, where breakfast was at different little round tables, so people came down when they liked, and sat at one or another, and he would stroll from one table to another, with a book in his hand. Swinburne was then a boy, and had just brought out his "Queen Mother Rosamund," and Lord Houghton brought it up to us, saying, "I bring you this little book, because the author is coming here this evening, so that you may not quote him as an absurdity to himself." I can

remember Vambéry telling us Hungarian tales, and I can remember Richard cross-legged on a cushion, reciting and reading "Omar el Khayyám" alternately in Persian and English, and chanting the call to prayer, "Allahhu Akbar."

My Society recollections, my happy days, are all of the pleasantest and most interesting. The evil day came far too soon; this was a large oasis of seven months in my life, and even if I had had no other it would have been worth living for. We went down to Worthing to my family, where we passed a very happy time, and he here gave me a proof of affection which I shall never forget. He had gone to see his cousin, Samuel Burton, at Brighton, and had promised to be back by the last train, but he did not make his appearance. I was in a dreadful state of mind lest anything should have happened to him. He arrived about one in the morning, pale and worn out. He had gone to sleep in the train, and had been carried some twenty miles away from Worthing. He could get no kind of conveyance, being in the night; so, inquiring in what direction Worthing lay, and settling the matter by a pocket compass, he started across country, and between a walk and a sort of long trot, from nine to one, he reached me, instead of waiting, as another man would have done, till the next morning for a train back.

I shall never forget when the time came to part, and I was to go to Liverpool to see him off, for he would not allow me to accompany him till he had seen what Fernando Po was like. It was in August, 1861, when we went down to Liverpool, and we were very sad, because he was not going to a Consulate where we could hope to remain together as a *home*. It was a deadly climate, and we were always going to be climate-dodging. I was to go out, not now, but later, and then, perhaps, not to land, and to return and ply up and down between Madeira and Teneriffe and London, and I, knowing he had Africa at his back, was in a constant agitation for fear of his doing more of these Explorations into unknown lands. There were about eighteen men (West African merchants), and everybody took him away from me, and he had made me promise that if I was allowed to go on board and see him off, that I would not cry and unman him. It was blowing hard and raining; there was one man who was inconsiderate enough to accompany and stick to us the whole time, so that we could not exchange a word (how I hated him!). I went down below and unpacked his things and settled his cabin, and saw to the arrangement of his luggage. My whole life and soul was in that good-bye, and I found myself on board the tug, which flew faster and faster from the steamer. I saw a white handkerchief

go up to his face. I then drove to a spot where I could see the steamer till she became a dot.

“ Fresh as the first beam
Glittering on a sail,
Which brings our friends up
From the under world ;
Sad as the last, which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge.”

Here I give Richard's description of going out, read later—

“ A heart-wrench—and all is over. Unhappily I am not one of those independents who can say, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*

“ Then comes the first nightfall on board outward-bound, the saddest time that the veteran wanderer knows. Saadi the Persian, one of the best travellers,—he studied books for thirty years, did thirty of *wanderjahre*, and for thirty wrote and lived in retirement—has thus alluded to the depressing influence of what I suppose may philosophically be explained by an absence of Light-stimulus or Od-force—

‘ So yearns at eve's soft tide the heart,
Which the wide wolds and waters part
From all dear scenes to which the soul
Turns, as the lodestone seeks its pole.’

“ We cut short the day by creeping to our berths, without even a ‘nightcap,’ and we do our best to forget ourselves, and everything about us.”

CHAPTER XV.

IN WEST AFRICA.

“Oh, when wilt thou return, my love?
For as the moments glide,
They leave me wishing still for thee,
My husband, by my side ;
And ever at the evening hour
My hopes more fondly burn,
And still they linger on that word,
‘Oh, when wilt thou return?’”

To a Husband during a Long Absence.

RICHARD left me plenty of occupation during this awfully long absence of sixteen months. Firstly, all kinds of official fights about India, and then for a gunboat and other privileges for Fernando Po. I lived with my father, mother, and family, and then I had a great deal to do for his book, “The City of the Saints,” and every letter brought its own work and commissions, people to see and to write to, and things to be done for him, so that I was never idle for a minute. I began to feel, what I have always felt since, that he was the glorious, stately ship in full sail, commanding all attention and admiration ; and sometimes, if the wind drops, she still sails gallantly, and no one sees the humble little steam-tug hidden at the other side, with her strong heart and faithful arms working forth, and glorying in her proud and stately ship.

I think a true woman, who is married to her proper mate, recognizes the fully performed mission, whether prosperous or not, and that no one can ever take his place *for her*, as an interpreter of that which is betwixt her and her Creator, *to her* as the shadow of God’s protection here on earth.

In winter he made me go to Paris with the Napoleon ring and sketch, mentioned in the little story called “The Last Hours of Napoleon ;” and, through want of experience and proper friends and protection, my little mission of courtesy failed. The failure drew down upon me some annoyances, which appeared very disagreeable and important to me at the time ; they are not worth mentioning,

nor, indeed, had I been older and more experienced, should I have thought them worth fretting about.

The rest of the time of those dreary sixteen months was wearing to a degree, and diversified by ten weeks of diphtheria and its results. One day I betook myself to the Foreign Office, and I cried my heart out to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Layard. He seemed very sorry for me, and he asked me to wait awhile whilst he went upstairs; and, when he came back, he told me that he had got four months' leave home for my husband, and had ordered the despatch to be sent off that very afternoon. I could have thrown my arms round his neck and kissed him, but I did not; he might have been rather surprised. I had to go and sit out in the Green Park till the excitement wore off; it was more to me than if he had given me a large fortune.

At last the happy day came to go and meet Richard at Liverpool, and I shall never forget the joy of our meeting. It was December, 1863, and we had some happy weeks in England—a pleasant Christmas with my people at Wardour, and at Lord Gerard's at Garswood, where the family parties mustered strong, and at Fryston (Lord Houghton's), and several other country-houses; and he brought out two books—"Wanderings in West Africa" (2 vols., 1863), also "Abeokuta and the Cameroons" (2 vols., 1863), which he dedicated to me, with a lovely inscription and motto, of which I am very proud. And then came round the time again to leave. But I told him I could not possibly go on living as I was living; it was too miserable, one's husband in a place where one was not allowed to go, and I living with my mother like a girl—I was neither wife, nor maid, nor widow; so he took me with him. Excepting yachting, it was my first experience of *real* sea-going.

The African steamships were established in January, 1852, by the late Mr. MacGregor Laird, who was the second pioneer of the Niger Exploration, and an enthusiastic improver of Africa. These steamers were seven in number, and went once a month; four of them were of 978 tons. They went out to the West Coast, Fernando Po being their furthest station save one, and the whole round from England and back again caused them to visit twenty-two ports, and cover ten thousand nautical miles at eight knots an hour; but they were built for cargo, not for passengers. There was no doctor, no bath; the conveniences were difficult, and the stewardess only went as far as Madeira, the first port. We sometimes had seven or eight human beings stuffed into a cabin, which had four berths. I speak of 1861-2-3-4; it may be all changed since then. We now started in the worst circumstances. It was the big storm of January, 1863, one of the worst that has ever been known. My mother, who was a very

bad sailor, insisted on coming on board to see us off. It was terribly rough, and an ironclad just shaved us going out, as we lay to in the river. There were even wrecks in the Mersey. Our Captain frankly said that he had an accident every January, but he would almost rather sink than have a mark put against his name for not going out on his right day. Mother behaved most pluckily. She went back in the tug, and she just reached Uncle Gerard's, which was three-quarters of an hour from Liverpool, got up to her bedroom, took up the poker to poke the fire, which fell out of her hand—she had the strength to crawl to the bell—and when they came up she was on the floor in that attack of paralysis with which she had been so long threatened, and to stave off which, we had hid my marriage from her just two years before.

Long before we had got past the Skerries, we were in serious trouble, and the passengers implored the Captain to alter his course, and take refuge in some harbour; but he explained to them that it would be awfully dangerous to turn the ship's head round, as the going round might sink her. I had forgotten in my ignorance to secure a berth, and the Captain gallantly gave up his own cabin to me, till Madeira. It was just on the break of the poop, and every wave broke over that before it reached the saloon. The ship appeared quite unmanageable; she bucked and plunged without stopping. There were seven feet of water in the hold, and all hands and available passengers were called on to man the pumps. The under berths were full of water, the bird-cages and kittens and parcels were all floating about, most of the women were screaming, many of the men-passengers were drunk, the lights went out, the furniture came unshipped and rolled about at its own sweet will. The cook was thrown on the galley fire, so there could be nothing to eat. Fortunately the sea put the fire out. It was very difficult for men to get along the deck.

A rich lady gave the stewardess £5 to hold her hand all night, so the rest of us poorer ones had to do without consolation. One most painful scene occurred. There were seven women, missionaries' wives, going out either with or to join their husbands. One, a poor child of sixteen, just married, missed her husband, and she called out in the dark for him. A naval officer who was going out to join his ship, and was tipsy the whole way, called out, "Oh, he has tumbled overboard, and is hanging on outside; you will never see him any more." The poor child believed it, and fell down in an epileptic fit, to which she remained subject as long as I ever heard of her. Her husband and mine were working at the pumps. I crawled to my bunk in the Captain's cabin, sick and terrified,

and I thought that the terrible seas breaking against its side were loosening the nails, and that the sea would come in and wash me out. I was far away from any help and quite alone, and I hung on to the door, calling, "Carpenter! carpenter!" He came to my assistance, but a huge wave covered us; it carried him overboard and left me—he was never seen again. We lost two men that night.

As I lay there trembling, and terribly sea-sick, something tumbled against my door, and rolled in and sank down on the floor. It was the tipsy naval officer. I could not rise, I could not shut the door, I could not lug him out, so I lay there. When Richard had finished his work, he crawled along the decks till he got to the cabin, where the sea had swamped through the open door pretty considerably. "Hullo! what's that?" he said. I managed faintly to ejaculate, "The tipsy naval officer." He picked him up by the scruff of his neck, and, regardless of consequences, he propelled him, with a good kick behind, all down the deck, and shut the door. He said, "The Captain says we can't live more than two hours in such a sea as this." At first I was frightened that I should die, but now I was only frightened that I shouldn't, and I uttered feebly, "Oh, thank God it will be over so soon." I shall never forget how angry he was with me, because I was not frightened, and gave me quite a sermon. We were like that mostly three days and nights, and then it got better, and I saw the steward passing with some boiled mutton and caper sauce, and called out, "Oh, stop and give me some." He cut me some slices, and I ate them like a starved dog. I got up and dressed and went on deck, and have never been sea-sick since to speak of. I do not speak of Richard, because he never was sea-sick in his life; he never knew what it was; and I believe if it had not been for spilling the ink, he would have been writing his manuscripts, even if the ship had been going round like a squirrel's cage, as he always did all his life, no matter what the weather, and ate and slept enough for three.

The temperature changed by magic. There was a tropical calm at night; the usual rough north-easterly breeze of the outside subsided into a luxurious, sensual calm, with occasional puffs of soft, exciting westerly zephyrs, or *viento de las mugeres*, formed by the land wind of the night. We arrived in thirteen days at Madeira, having been longer than usual on account of the three days' storm. We could smell the land strong of clover hay long before we reached it. I shall never forget my astonishment and delight when I looked out of the port-hole one morning and found myself at Madeira. We had left a frightful English winter, we had suffered much on the sea journey: here was summer—luxuriant and varied foliage,

warmth and splendour, the profusion and magnificence of the tropics, a bright blue sky and sun, a deep blue sea, mountains, hills covered with vines, white villas covered with glorious creepers, and picturesque churches and convents. Here we passed a most delightful six weeks, and here I wrote my first book on Madeira and Teneriffe; but my husband would not let me print it, because he did not think it was up to the mark. He thought I must study and copy many more years before I tried authorship. And he was right, both in this and not letting me share with him the climate of West Africa. But I thought both very hard at the time.

The time came when he had to go back to his post, but I was not allowed to *sleep* at Fernando Po. I thought it dreadfully hard, and cried and begged, but he was immovable; and he was right. So I turned back again with a heavy heart, and had a passage back, if not quite as bad, very nearly as bad, *viâ* Teneriffe and Madeira. Being alone, I had gone into the ladies' cabin—a very small hole with four berths, and what is called by courtesy a sofa; but there were eight of us packed in it. It was pitch dark; the port-hole being closed on account of the weather, the effluvia was disgusting. I got on a dressing-gown, and crawled out to a stack of arms, which I fondly embraced, to keep myself from rolling overboard, where I was found by one of the officers, who ran off to the Captain; he found there was an empty deck cabin, which they immediately put me into, and in a few hours, having got rid of the noxious vapours, I quite recovered. I again passed a long and dreary time, during which he kept me either with my parents well at work, or at sea coming out and going back, with visits to Madeira and Teneriffe. I had one *very* anxious time, inasmuch as he was sent as her Majesty's Commissioner to the King of Dahomè, in *those days* by no means a safe or easy thing.

DAHOMÈ.

“ Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro—
Down lowliest ways if God wills so,

“ Beautiful life is that whose span
Is spent in duty to God and man,
Forgetting ‘self’ in all that it can.

“ Beautiful calm when the course is run,
Beautiful twilight at set of sun—
Beautiful death with a life well done.”

Richard, being British Consul for Fernando Po, went to visit Agbome, the capital of the kingdom of Dahomè. Lord Russell, hearing of this, gave him instructions to proceed as her Majesty's Com-

missioner, on a friendly mission to King Gelele, to impress upon the King the importance the British Government attached to the cessation of the slave-trade, and to endeavour by every possible means to induce him to cease to continue the Dahoman customs. Now the Dahoman customs, as all know, meant the cutting of the throats of prisoners of war, and, in old days, making a little lake of blood on which to sail a boat. Not only this, cruelty was the rule of every day. Throats cut, to send a message to the king's father in the other world; women cut open alive in a state of pregnancy to see what it was like; animals tied up in every sort of horrible position. He writes—

“There is apparently in this people a physical delight in cruelty to beasts as well as to men. The sight of suffering seems to bring them enjoyment, without which the world is tame. Probably the wholesale murderers and torturers of history, from Phalaris and Nero downwards, took an animal and sensual pleasure—all the passions are sisters—in the look of blood, and in the inspection of mortal agonies. I can see no other explanation of the phenomena which meets my eye in Africa. In almost all the towns on the Oil Rivers, you see dead or dying animals fastened in some agonizing position. Poultry is most common, because cheapest—eggs and milk are *juju* to slaves here—they are tied by the legs, head downwards, or lashed round the body to a stake or a tree, where they remain till they fall in fragments. If a man be unwell he hangs a live chicken round his throat, expecting that its pain will abstract from his sufferings. Goats are lashed head downwards tightly to wooden pillars, and are allowed to die a lingering death. Even the harmless tortoise cannot escape impalement. Blood seems to be the favourite ornament for a man's face, as pattern-painting with some dark colour, like indigo, is the proper decoration for a woman. At funerals, numbers of goats and poultry are sacrificed for the benefit of the deceased, and the corpse is sprinkled with the warm blood. The headless trunks are laid upon the body, and if the fowls flap their wings, which they will do for some seconds after decapitation, it is a good omen for the dead man.

“When male prisoners of war are taken they are brought home for sacrifice and food, whilst their infants and children are sometimes supported by the middle, from poles planted in the canoe. The priest decapitates the men—for ordinary executions each Chief has his own headsman—and no one doubts that the bodies are eaten. Mr. Smith and Dr. Hutchinson both aver that they witnessed actual cases. The former declares that, when old Pepple, father of the present King, took captive King Amakree, of New Calabar, he gave a large feast to the European slave-traders on the river. All was on a grand scale. But the reader might perhaps find some difficulty in guessing the name of the dish placed before his Majesty at the head of the table. It was the bloody heart of the King of Calabar, just

as it had been torn from the body. He took it in his hand and devoured it with the greatest apparent gusto, remarking, 'This is the way I serve my enemies!'

"Shortly after my first visit, five prisoners of war were brought in from the eastern country. I saw in the *juju*-house their skulls, which were suspiciously white and clean, as if boiled, and not a white man doubted that they had been eaten. The fact is, that they cannot afford to reject any kind of provisions."

Richard was the bearer of presents from Her Majesty to the King—one forty-feet circular crimson silk damask tent, with pole complete; a richly embossed silver pipe with amber mouth-piece; two richly embossed silver belts, with lion and crane in raised relief; two silver waiters; one coat of mail and gauntlets.

With regard to his Mission, the King said that if he renounced the customs of his forefathers his people would kill him; that the slaves represented his fortune, but if the Queen would allow him £50,000 a year, that he would be able to do without it. With regard to the tent, it was exceedingly handsome, but it was too small to sit under in that climate, and the only thing he cared for was the gingerbread lion on the top of the pole. He liked his old red-clay and wooden-stem pipe better than the silver one; he liked the silver waiters very much, but he thought they were too small to use as shields; he could not get his hand into the gauntlet; the coat of mail he hung up and made into a target; and then he explained that the only thing he really *did* want, and would be much obliged to her Majesty for, was a carriage and horses, and a white woman!

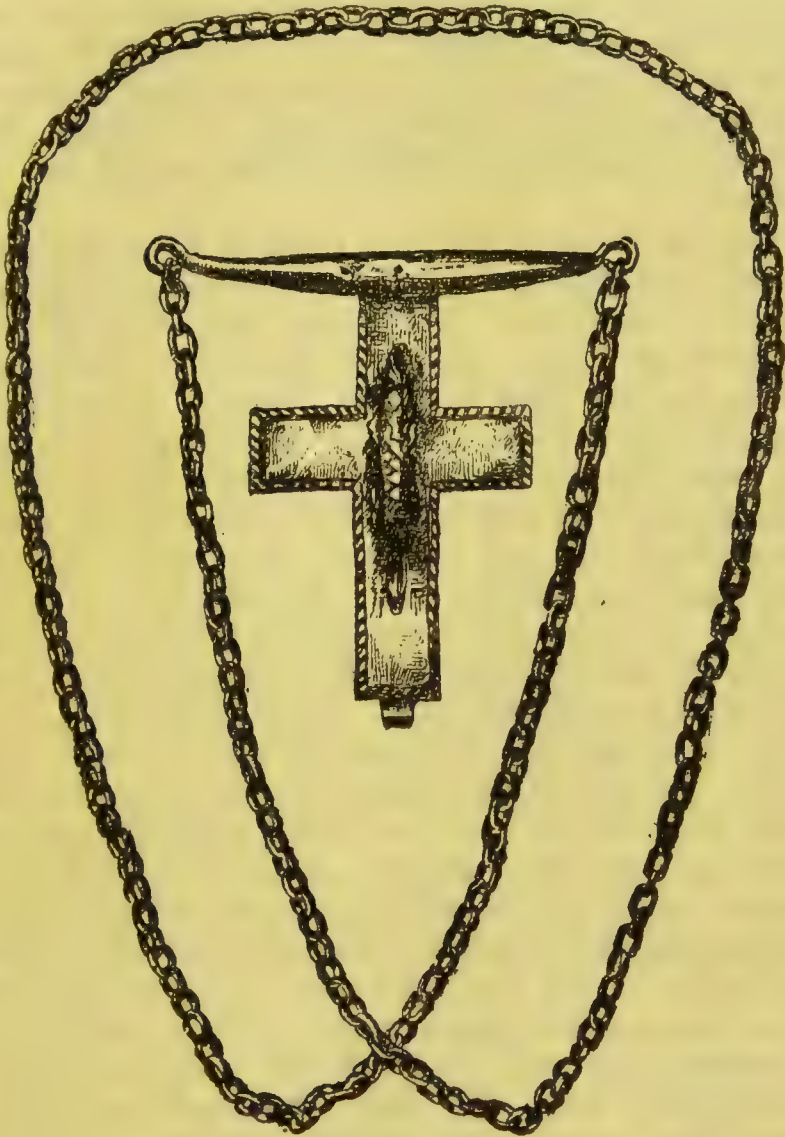
He made my husband a Brigadier-General of his Amazons, and I was madly jealous from afar; for I imagined lovely women in flowing robes, armed, and riding thoroughbred Arabs. The King gave him a string of green beads, which was a kind of Dahoman "Garter," a necklace of human bones for his favourite squaw, and a silver chain and Cross with a Chameleon on it. We traced in it the presence of former missionaries, who doubtless found that their crucifixes were thought to be a delightful invention for the King to crucify men, and therefore they replaced it by the chameleon. I have lost my paper on it, and am afraid to quote Greek without it. The King sent return presents to Her Majesty; they consisted of native pipes and tobacco for Her Majesty's smoking, and loin-cloths for Her Majesty to change while travelling, and



THE CHIEF OFFICER OF RICHARD'S BRIGADE OF AMAZONS.

Sketched by himself.

an umbrella to be held over Her Majesty's head whilst drinking. The presents arrived one day whilst I was at the Foreign Office, but as there had been a murder at Fernando Po, and Richard had been ordered to send home the clothes of the murdered man, on opening the box they were supposed to be these latter articles,



CRUCIFIX.

and were put on one side. I was told they looked quite dirty enough to be that.

The journey occupied three months, during the whole of which time the King made much of him, but holding his life in his hand, and any spiteful moment might have ended it. He told

me when he came back, that he had seen enough horrid sights to turn a man's brain; and he said, "I used to have to be perfectly calm and dignified whilst seeing these things, or they would have had a contempt for me; but I frequently used to send to the King to say, that if such or such happened again, I should be obliged to leave his Court, as my Government did not countenance such proceedings, which always had the desired effect." On his return, he received no acknowledgment whatever of his services, but Earl Russell wrote me a kind little note, in which he said, "Tell Captain Burton that he has performed his Mission to my utmost and entire satisfaction."

The Bight of Biafra, on the West Coast of Africa, extends from Fernando Po to Bathurst, about six hundred miles of coast, and that was Richard's jurisdiction. The lawless conduct of the rum-corrupted natives gave him a good deal of trouble. The traders and the merchants of the coast are called "palm-oil lambs," and they used to call Richard their "shepherd" (supercargoes and skippers are also called "palm-oil ruffians" and "coast-lambs"). I believe he managed them very amicably, and, in spite of business and the dangerous climate, he was supported by all the better class of European agents and supercargoes. He pursued his explorations with ardour. He knew the whole coast from Bathurst (Gambia) to St. Paulo de Loanda (Angola). He marched up to Abeokuta, he ascended the Cameroon Mountains, the wonderful extinct volcano described by Hanno the Carthaginian and Ptolemy's "Theon Ochema." He wanted the English Government to establish a sanitarium there for the West Coast, and a convict-station for garrotters, the last new crime of *that* day, and to be allowed to use them to construct roads, and in cultivating cotton and chocolate. He told Lord Russell that he would be responsible for them, and should never chain them or lock them up, because, as long as they remained within a certain extent of ring-fence, they would be well and hearty, and the moment they went outside it, they would die without anybody looking after them. The British Government was too tender over their darling human brutes, the cruel, ferocious, and murderous criminals, though the climate was considered quite good enough for Richard and other honourable and active British subjects. He then told Earl Russell that if he would make him Governor of the "Gold Coast," he could send home annually one million pounds sterling; but Lord Russell answered him, "that gold was becoming too common."

He then visited the cannibal Mpangwe, the Fans of Du Chaillu,

whose accuracy he had always stood up for when the world had doubted him, and now he was able to confirm it. He then went to Benin City, which was mostly unknown to the Europeans. Belzoni was born in Padua in 1778. During the last eight years of his life he was an African explorer; and he died in Africa, at Benin, in 1823, and he was buried at Gwato, at the foot of a very large tree; guns were fired, and a carpenter from one of the ships put up a tablet to his memory. It is suspected that he was poisoned for the sake of plunder. It was said that some native had inherited his papers. Richard offered £20 for them, but without avail. Belzoni's tree is of a fine spreading growth, which bears a poison apple, and whose boughs droop nearly to the ground. It is a pretty and romantic spot. He writes, "I made an attempt at digging, in order that I might take home his bones and, if possible, his papers, but I was obliged to content myself with sketching his tree, and sending home a handful of wild-flowers to Padua. He died, some say, on the 26th of November, and some say the 3rd of December, 1820." It is remarkable the tender feeling that Richard had for Travellers' graves abroad; indeed, *any* English graves abroad, but especially Travellers or Englishmen. The number of graves that we have sought out, and put in a state of repair and furnished with tombstones and flowers, you would hardly believe—Lady Hester Stanhope's in Syria, Jules Jaquemont's in Bombay, a French traveller, and many, many others. It showed the feeling that he had about a traveller coming home to lay his bones to rest in his own land, and the respect he had for their resting-place. It makes me all the more thankful that I was able to bring *him* home to the place he chose himself, and that our friends enabled me to put up such a monument to him.

He brought out, in *Fraser's Magazine*, several letters in February, March, and April, 1863, previous to his "Wanderings." He ascended the Elephant Mountain, and when he came home he lectured upon that before the Geographical Society.

He visited the line of lagoons between Lagos and the Volta river. He explored the Yellahlah rapids of the Congo river, and while engaged in all this he collected 2859 proverbs in different African tongues.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME.

AT last the time came round for a second leave, and we had a second joyous meeting at Liverpool—this time to part no more as previously. It was on the 28th of August, soon after his landing, 1864, that we chose our burial-place in the Mortlake Cemetery. We had been for that purpose to one of the big cemeteries—I think it was Kensal Green—and we had seen with discomfort that there was so much damp, and looking into an open grave we saw it was full of water; so he looked round rather woeful, and instead of saying it was melancholy, as most men would have done, and as *I thought*, he espied a tomb on which the instruments of the Passion were represented, amongst them the cock of St. Peter. So he said, “I don’t think we had better be too near that cock, he will always be crowing and waking us up.” We were on a visit to my aunts at Mortlake, who had bought Portobello House, close to the station, nearly opposite to where I live now, had been settled there for some years, and where we had had many large family reunions. We walked into the burial-ground where numbers of my people are buried, and he said, “We will have it here; it is like a nice little family hotel;” and he again confirmed the idea in 1882, when we came down to visit my mother’s grave.

Whilst Richard had been on the West Coast of Africa, Speke and Grant had been on their Expedition, and returned and had a grand ovation. The labours of the *first* Expedition had rendered the road easy for the *second*. “The line had been opened,” Richard wrote, “by me to Englishmen; they had only to tread in my steps.” In the closing days of December, 1863, Speke made a speech at Taunton, which for vain-gloriousness and bad taste was unequalled. He referred to Richard as “Bigg,” asserted “that in 1857 he (Speke) had hit the Nile on the head, but that now (1863) he had driven it into the Mediterranean.” It is not much to be wondered at if the

following epigram on one of Richard's visiting cards was left on the table of the Royal Geographical Society—

“Two loves the Row of Savile haunt,
Who both by nature big be;
The fool is Colonel (Barren) Grant,
The rogue is General Rigby.”

The first great event was the British Association Meeting at Bath, September, 1864. Laurence Oliphant conveyed to Richard that Speke had said that “if Burton appeared on the platform at Bath” (which was, as it were, Speke's native town) “he would kick him.” I remember Richard's answer—“Well, *that* settles it! By God, he *shall* kick me;” and so to Bath we went. There was to be no speaking on Africa the first day, but the next day was fixed for the “great discussion between Burton and Speke.” The first day we went on the platform close to Speke. He looked at Richard, and at me, and we at him. I shall never forget his face. It was full of sorrow, of yearning, and perplexity. Then he seemed to turn to stone. After a while he began to fidget a great deal, and exclaimed half aloud, “Oh, I cannot stand this any longer.” He got up to go out. The man nearest him said, “Shall you want your chair again, Sir? May I have it? Shall you come back?” and he answered, “I hope not,” and left the Hall. The next day a large crowd was assembled for this famous discussion. All the distinguished people were with the Council; Richard *alone was excluded*, and stood on the platform, *we two alone*, he with his notes in his hand. There was a delay of about twenty-five minutes, and then the Council and speakers filed in and announced the terrible accident out shooting that had befallen poor Speke shortly after his leaving the Hall the day before. Richard sank into a chair, and I saw by the workings of his face the terrible emotion he was controlling, and the shock he had received. When called upon to speak, in a voice that trembled, he spoke of other things and as briefly as he could. When we got home he wept long and bitterly, and I was for many a day trying to comfort him.

Richard at this time wrote, secretly, a little “squib” of one hundred and twenty-one pages, called “Stone Talk,” being some of the marvellous sayings of a petral portion of Fleet Street, London, to one Dr. Polyglot, Ph.D., by Frank Baker, D.O.N., 1865. He kept it quite secret from me, and one day brought it out of his pocket on a

railway journey, as if he had bought it from a stall, and gave it to me to read. I was delighted with it, kept reading him out passages from it, with peals of laughter. Fortunately we were alone, and I kept saying to him, "Jemmy, I wish you would not go about talking as you do; I am sure this man has been associating with you at the club, picked up all your ideas and written this book, and won't he just catch it!" At last, after going on like that for a considerable time, the amused expression of his face flashed an idea into my brain, and I said, "You wrote it yourself, Jemmy, and *nobody else*;" and he said, "I *did*." When I showed it to Lord Houghton, he told me that he was afraid that it would do Richard a great deal of harm with the "powers that were," and advised me to buy them up, which I did. He took the *nom de plume* of "Frank Baker" from his second name Francis and his mother's name Baker.

It has been thrown in my teeth, since his death, that he would have married twice before he married me, and as he was between thirty-nine and forty at the time of our marriage, it is very natural that it should be so. I sometimes take comfort in reading passages from "Stone Talk" anent former loves—I do not know who they are.

This year, 1864, Richard edited and annotated Marcy's "Prairie Traveller" for the *Anthropological Review*.

This year we became very intimate with Winwood Reade. We went over to Ireland, where we spent a delightful two months. We took an Irish car, and drove by degrees over all the most interesting and prettiest parts of Ireland, at the rate of so many miles a day, stopping where it was most interesting. I had an Irish maid with me, whose chief delight was to see Richard and me clinging on to the car as it flew round the corners, while she sat as cool and calm as possible, with her hands in her muff. "Ye devil," Richard said to her, "I believe you were born on a car; I will pay you out for laughing at me." Some days afterwards, she dropped her muff. There was a great deal of snow on the ground, so Richard said to her very kindly, "Don't get down, Kiernan; I will get your muff for you." He stopped the car, got down, pretended to be very busy with his boot, but in reality he was filling her muff with snow. When he gave it back to her she gave a little screech. "Ah," he said, with glistening eyes, "you'll laugh at me for clinging on the car like a monkey on a scraper again."

We were asked to numbers of country-houses on the way—to the Bellevs', Gormanstons', and Lord Drogheda's; and we had the

pleasure of making acquaintance with Lady Rachel Butler and Lord James, who were very kind to us. Dublin was immensely hospitable, and at that time very gay. One of our interesting events was making acquaintance with Mr. Lentaigne, the great convict philanthropist. His mania was to reform his convicts, and make his friends take them for service, if nobody else would. He was the man to whom Lord Carlisle said, "Why, Lentaigne, you will wake up some morning, and find you are the only spoon in the house." He took us to see the prisons and the reformatories, and he implored of me to take out with me a convict woman of about thirty-four, who had been fifteen years in prison. I said, "Well, Mr. Lentaigne, what did she do?" "Poor girl! the sweetest creature—she murdered her baby when she was sixteen." "Well," I answered, "I would do anything to oblige you, but I dare say I shall often be quite alone with her, and at thirty-four she might like larger game."

Richard was veritably, though born of prosaic parents, a child of romance. He had English, Irish, Scotch, and French blood in his veins, and, it has often been suggested (though never proved), a drop of Oriental or gypsy blood from some far-off ancestor. His Scottish, North England, and Border blood came out in all posts of trust and responsibility, in steadiness and coolness in the hour of danger, in uprightness and integrity, and the honour of a gentleman. Of Irish blood he showed nothing excepting fight, but the two foreign strains were strong. From Arab or gypsy he got his fluency of languages, his wild and daring spirit, his Agnosticism, his melancholy pathos, his mysticism, his superstition (I am superstitious enough, God knows, but he was far more so), his divination, his magician-like foresight into events, his insight, or reading men through like a pane of glass, his restless wandering, his poetry. From a very strong strain of Bourbon blood (Richard showed "race" from the top of his head to the sole of his feet) which the Burtons inherit—that is, *my* Burtons—he got his fencing, knowledge of arms, his ready wit and repartee, his boyish gaiety of character as alternately opposed to his melancholy, and, lastly, but not least, his Catholicism as opposed to the mysticism of the East, which is not in the least like the Agnosticism of the West. But it was not a fixed thing like my Catholicism; it ran silently threaded through his life, alternately with his mysticism, like the refrain of an opera.

He was proud of his Scottish and North England blood, he liked his Rob Roy descent, and also his Bourbon blood, and he used to laugh heartily when, sometimes, I was half-vexed at something and used to chaff him by saying, "You dirty Frenchman!"

Richard was a regular *gamin*; his keen sense of humour, his ready wit, were always present. He adored shocking dense people and seeing their funny faces and stolid belief, and never cared about what harm it would do him in a worldly sense. I have frequently sat at the dinner-table of such people, praying him by signs not to go on, but he was in a very ecstasy of glee; he said it was so funny always to be believed when you were chaffing, and so curious never to be believed when you were telling the truth. He had a sort of schoolboy bravado about these things that in his high spirits lasted him all the seventy years of his life.

But especially strong were the melancholy, tender, sad hours of the man, full of sensitiveness to pathos in all he said, or did, or wrote. The one paid too much for the other, if I may so express it.

Talking of the Bourbon blood and his *gaminerie*, during this visit to Ireland we were in Dublin, where we had the pleasure of knowing Sir Bernard and Lady Burke, and Richard and he were talking in his study over his genealogy and this Louis XIV. descent. He said, "I want this to be made quite clear." Sir Bernard said, "I wonder, Captain Burton, that *you*, who have such good Northern and Scottish blood in your veins, and are connected with so many of the best families, should trouble about what can only be a morganatic descent at best." I can see him now, carelessly leaning against the bookcase with his hands in his pockets, with his amused face on, looking at the earnest countenance of Sir Bernard and saying, "Why! I would rather be the bastard of a King, than the son of an honest man," and his hearty laugh at the shocked expression and "*Oh!* Captain Burton," which he had been waiting for.

One of the amusing things, and interesting as well, was going to Gerald's Cross by rail, and when we arrived, there was only one car. There was another gentleman and ourselves, and as we had telegraphed for the car, it was ours. Still we did not like to leave him without anything. So we asked him if we could give him a lift. He asked us where we were going, and we told him. So he said, "Well, you pass my house, so I shall be grateful." As we drove along for about half an hour between Gerald's Cross and Cashel, he told us that he was Bianconi, the first inventor of outside Irish cars, that his house was called Longfield, and the whole of his most interesting history. His house was a nice little residence in a garden with a lawn and trees in front, and he insisted upon taking us into it, and giving us afternoon tea, after which we drove on.

We visited Tuam, which we *both* thought a dreadful place; but the name of Burton was big there, on account of the Bishop

and the Dean, Richard's grandfather and uncle, and hundreds of the poor crowded round us for *bakshish* (presents). Richard had still some old aunts there, who came to dine with us, his grandfather's daughters. They had a large tract of land here, but Richard's father had made it over to the aunts, and I was very glad of it, as I should have been very sorry to have had to stop there. We were delighted with the fishing population of Lough Corrib, a cross between Spanish and Irish, who have nothing in common with the town; they are called Claddhah, pronounced Clather. We stopped long at the Armagh Cathedral, looking for Dreincourt tombs, of which there are plenty belonging to Richard's people. From Drogheda we went to see the Halls of Tara, the site of the Palace of the Kings, the Stone of Destiny, and then to the site of the Battle of the Boyne, afterwards to Maynooth College, where the boys cheered Richard. Then we proceeded to Blarney and kissed the stone; near Cork to see Captain and Mrs. Lane Fox, now General and Mrs. Pitt-Rivers; and also to Killarney, and thought it very pretty but *very* small. We enjoyed much hospitality at the Castle during our stay. During all our car-driving our little horse used to have a middle-of-the-day feed, with a pint of whisky and water, and she came in at the end of the time in better condition, and looking in every way better, and twice as frisky as when she started.

On the 17th of May the Polytechnic in London opened with an account of Richard's travels in Mecca, and a dissolving view of Richard's picture in uniform. It was arranged by Mr. Pepper of "Pepper's Ghost," and a quantity of little green pamphlets with the lecture were sold at the door. On the 22nd of May we dined with George Augustus Sala, previous to his going to Algiers, and also with poor Blakeley of the Guns, in his and Mrs. Blakeley's pretty little home; he died so sadly afterwards.

Richard was now transferred to Santos, São Paulo, Brazil.

CHAPTER XVII.

SANTOS, SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL—RICHARD'S SECOND CONSULATE.

“My native land's the land of Palms,
The Sabiá sings there.
In this drear land no song-birds' notes
With our sweet birds compare.

“More radiant stars bestrew our skies,
More flowers bedeck our fields,
A fuller life teems in our woods,
More love our Home-life yields.

“My wakeful thoughts—alone—at night
Full of sweet memories are,
Of mine own land,—the land of Palms,
Where sings the Sabiá.

“My land has sweetest fruits and flowers,
Such sweets I find not here.
Alone—at night—in wakeful hours
More pleasures find I there,
Mine own dear land,—the land of Palms,
Where sings the Sabiá.

“God, in His mercy, grant I may
To that dear land return,
Ere the sweet flowers and fruits decay,
Which here, alas ! I mourn ;
That once again, before I die,
I may the Palm-Trees see,
And hear again the Sabiá
Sing its sweet melody.”

DANIEL FOX (*translated from the Brazilian
of the poet Antonio Gonçalves Dias*).

DURING this stay at home we had represented to Lord Russell how miserable our lives were, being always separated by the climate of Fernando Po, and he very kindly transferred us to Santos, in the Brazils, where I *could* go. So Richard agreed that I should go out with him to Portugal for a trip ; that he should go on to Rio de Janeiro ; that I should return to London to wind up our affairs, and

then join him at Santos; and we set sail in May. I now began to learn Portuguese. We had very bad weather, and on the fourth day we arrived at Lisbon, and went to the Braganza Hotel.

Here was a totally new experience for me. Our bedroom was a large white-washed place; there were three holes in the wall, one at the bedside bristling with horns, and these were cockroaches some three inches long. The drawing-room was gorgeous with yellow satin, and the magnificent yellow curtains were sprinkled with these crawling things; the consequence was that I used to stand on a chair and scream. This annoyed Richard very much. "A nice sort of traveller and companion *you are* going to make," he said. "I suppose you think you look very pretty and interesting, standing on that chair and howling at those innocent creatures." This hurt me so much that, without descending from the chair, I stopped screaming and made a meditation, like St. Simon Stylites on his pillar, and it was, "that if I was going to live in a country always in contact with these and worse things, though I had a perfect horror of anything black and crawling, it would never do to go on like that." So I got down, fetched a basin of water and a slipper, and in two hours, by the watch, I had knocked ninety-seven of them into it. It cured me. From that day I had no more fear of vermin and reptiles, which is just as well in a country where nature is over-luxuriant. A little while after we changed our rooms, we were succeeded by the late Lord and Lady Lytton, and, to my infinite delight, I heard the same screams coming from the same rooms a little while after. "There!" I said in triumph, "you see, I am not the *only* woman who does not like cockroaches."

Here he insisted on taking me to a bull-fight, because he said I ought to see everything *once*. But there is a great difference between a Spanish and a Portuguese bull-fight. In Portugal the bull's horns are knobbed; he does not gore horses nor dogs—he tosses men softly, and if I do not mind that, it is because the men go in for it willingly, are paid for it, and are bred to it as a profession from father to son for endless generations. The only torment the bull has to endure is the darts thrown into the fat part of his neck. If he fights well, they are taken out afterwards and his wounds dressed with oil, and he is turned out loose to fight another day. If he won't fight, he is killed for beef; so you get all the science and the play without the disgusting cruelty. At first I crouched down with my hands over my face, but I gradually peeped through first one finger and then another, until I saw the whole of it; but it awed me so much that I was almost afraid to come out of our box, for fear we should meet a bull on the stairs.

We then went to Cintra, and to Mafra. Richard found an old mosque in Cintra, and we saw Mr. Cooke's beautiful house.* For people who have not been to Lisbon, I may say that Belem Church is, I think, quite the most beautiful thing in the world. It is one of the noted dreams in marble. From Lisbon we went on to Corregado, to Serçal and Caldas, to see Alcobaça, where there is a most beautiful monastery. In the days of rebellion and persecution, the days of Don Miguel, somewhere in the early thirties, the monks had to clear out, and my father took one of them, whose name was Antonio Barboza de Lima, to be our tutor and chaplain, when we were children (and he is now buried at Mortlake); so Richard and I took an extra interest in the details. We then went to Batalha, where there is another beautiful monastery, to Pombal, to Leiria, and to Coimbra. This seat of learning is one of the prettiest, dirtiest, and slowest places imaginable, and we soon made our way to Oporto, and went to Braga to see the Whit-Sunday *fête*, from thence to Malozinhos. This northern part of Portugal is ever so much more beautiful than Lisbon. The more you get into Douro, and the nearer you are to Spain, the larger and handsomer become the people.

However, our time was short, and, after a delightful two months' Portuguese exploration, we had to get back to Lisbon, where we saw another bull-fight, and Richard embarked for Brazil. I promised him to go back by the very next steamer that sailed. As I used to keep my word *very literally*, a few hours after his departure, a very tiny steamer came in, much worse than the West African boats; but I thought myself obliged to go, and we started at 9.20 in the evening, in spite of north-easterly gales, and had a bad time of it in the Bay of Biscay, she being only 428 tons. The route was from London to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Mazagan, Mogador, Canary Islands, coast of Spain, Morocco, and Portugal. On board, besides myself, having made the same mistake, was Dona Maria Rita Tenorio y Moscoso, who afterwards married the Portuguese Minister in London, Count Lavradio. We were in a tremendous fog off Beachy Head, went aground somewhere near Erith in the fog, and were very glad to land on the eighth day, having roughed it prodigiously. I note nothing important except some very interesting experiments at Mr. William Crookes's, both chemically and spiritualistically.

By end of August, *i.e.* in a month, my work was accomplished, and I may as well now say, that whenever we were going to leave England

* One of the lions of Cintra.

for any length of time, he used mostly to like to start *at once* in light marching order, go forward and prospect the place, and leave me behind to settle up our affairs, pay and pack, bringing up the heavy baggage in the rear. It saved time, as double work got done in the space; so, having completed all, I embarked from Southampton in one of the Royal mails. Heavy squalls and thunder and lightning began next day, and at Lisbon the thermometer was 80° in the cabin. We passed Santa Cruz, off Teneriffe, having a good view of the Peak. We got to St. Vincent in ten days, quite the most wretched hole in the world—only barren rocks, and the heat was like a dead wall. We had very charming people on board, mostly all foreigners, except Mr. and Mrs. Wodehouse, and Mr. Conyngham. Neptune came on board on the night of the 24th, we crossed the Line on the 25th, and the ceremonies of “crossing the Line” were gone through, the tubbing and shaving, the greasy pole and running in sacks, and a hair was drawn across the field-glasses, through which you were requested to look at the “Line.” The perhaps most striking thing to a new-comer going out, is losing the Great Bear and the Northern Star, and all that one is accustomed to, and exchanging them for the Southern Cross and others.

We arrived at Pernambuco on the 27th, and there I found all the letters that I had written to my husband since we parted, accumulated in the post-office, consequently I did not know what he would think had become of me. Here we had a very rough sea and boiling surf. I passed the evening miserably, thinking about the letters; though everything was looking very beautiful, and the band was playing tunes and everybody waltzing, I sat by the wheel and had a good “boo-hoo” in the moonlight. On the 30th we reached Bahía, and went ashore and lunched with Mrs. Baines, and visited Mr. Charles Williams. The women wanted to sell me small black babies in the market for two shillings. We sailed the same day, and had heavy weather. I rose at five, just before we went into the harbour at Rio. It is about the most glorious sight that a human being can behold, at sunrise and at sunset, the mountains being of most fantastic shapes, and the colours that of an opal. Richard said it beats all the scenery he had ever seen in his life—even the Bosphorus. He came on board at half-past eight in the morning, and we had a joyful meeting, and I handed him all the letters which, by some strange mischance, had accumulated at Pernambuco during our month's separation.

We stayed at the Estrangeiros Hotel, where there was quiet, fresh air, beautiful scenery, and several disadvantages, including cockroaches and mosquitoes. We enjoyed a great deal of hospitality,

both Naval and Diplomatic, and had several excursions and picnics. All nations have a "Flagship" and other ships in the harbour; there is a great deal of gaiety and *esprit de corps* amongst the Diplomatic and Consular service. Amongst others here was Mr. Gerald Perry, our Minister, Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, Chevalier Bunsen, the son of the great Bunsen, with whom we used to have learned discussions very often in the evening on "Geist" and other scientific subjects, and German metaphysics generally. Mrs. Elliot, the wife of Admiral Elliot, the Admiral of the Station, was a very kind friend to me, on this my first *début* into this kind of life. We had our first dinner-party at our hotel, and after all the formal people had gone, Richard and the young ones proposed a moonlight walk. We went down to the Botanical Gardens, and tried to get in, but the gates were locked—tall iron gates—and nothing would do but that, as we could not get in, we should scramble over them. It was quite contrary to law, but we had a nice walk about the gardens. There was either no watch-dog, or the guard being unaccustomed to such daring, was not on the look-out; but there were too many snakes about, and particularly the coral snake, of which nobody has any idea in England, because its colours fade as soon as it is put in spirits; so we all came back and climbed over the gate again, and got back without any danger.

But we had come out of hot rooms, and it was dewy and damp, so next day I had my first fever. It consisted of sickness and vomiting, colic, dizziness, faintness, shivering, heat and cold, delirium, thirst, disgust of food. The treatment was calomel, castor oil, hot baths, blankets, emetics, ice, starvation, and thirty grains of quinine. It did not last long, but my being delirious alarmed Richard very much, and he mesmerized me.

In Rio one generally takes a native steamer, which is not very comfortable, to go to Santos, one hundred and twenty miles south of Rio. As soon as I was able to move, Captain Napier took us on board H.M.S. *Triton* for Santos. It was very rough. The captain had given up his quarters to me; the stern ports were not closed, and at night a tremendous sea came in, and swept our cots. It continued very squally, and we anchored at Ilha Grande; next day the men practised gunnery and small-arms, and Captain Napier made me practise with a revolver. It was fifty-eight miles from Rio to Ilha Grande, a pretty mountainous island, which surrounds a lovely bay, with a few huts on it. We then proceeded seventy-eight miles further to St. Sebastian, which is a grand copy of the Straits of Messina (Scylla and Charybdis), and spoils your after-view of what people who have seen nothing bigger, think so wonderful. You

steam through an arm of the sea, appearing like a gigantic river, surrounded by mountains (whose verdure casts a green shade upon the water), dotted with houses, small towns, and gardens. The chief town is St. Sebastian, which is very populous. The water is calm; there is a delicious sea-breeze. When Richard went ashore they saluted him with the usual number of guns, and Brazilian local "swells" came off to visit us.

SANTOS, BRAZIL, HIS SECOND CONSULATE.

We awoke next morning, the 9th of October, 1865, off the Large. About eleven we were at the mouth, whence one steams about nine miles up a serpentine river, and at one o'clock anchored opposite Santos. We saluted, and the Consular corps came off to see us. We stayed on board that night, and we left the ship at half-past seven next day, loitering about Santos.

Santos was only a mangrove swamp, and in most respects exactly like the West Coast of Africa, the road slushy and deep. Tree-ferns, African mangrove, brown water full of tannin, patches of green light and green dark, in rare clearings here and there houses and fields near town, much water, and good rice. The sand runs up to the mangrove jungle; there is good fishing, and deer in the forests. The heavy sea sometimes washes into the gardens, spoils the flowers, and throws up whale-bones in all directions. At the time of our arrival, the railway from Santos to São Paulo, about eighty miles into the interior, was only just beginning, and a large staff of Englishmen were engaged upon it. Mr. J. J. Aubertin, now, since his freedom, poet, author, and traveller, was then superintendent of it. Richard had been here, and inspected the place before my arrival, although he had met me at Rio, and he had arranged, as there were *two places equally requiring the presence of a Consul* (São Paulo on the top of the Serra, and Santos on the coast), that we should live at both places, riding up and down as occasion required, thus keeping our health; and Mr. Glennie, the Vice-Consul—who had gone to Santos as a boy, had been there over forty years, had married there, was perfectly devoted to it, and the only hardship he would have known would have been to live out of it—could remain there. His one ambition of life was to be Consul of Santos, and when we left, some years after, and his nomination was just going out to him, he died—as Richard used to say, "so like Provy."

We therefore, that same day, went in trollies to Mugis, where we lunched. Richard and Captain Napier had started on foot, and soon after Mr. Aubertin and thirteen others joined us. We were

twenty-one people. Dr. and Mrs. Hood lived at the foot of the Serra, and they gave us a big tea-dinner. Mrs. Hood, the widow, with her now large grown-up family, strange to say, is now my near neighbour in Mortlake. Next day, what with mules, walking, riding, and occasional trollies, we got at the top of the Serra. There was a huge chasm over which the rail would have to pass on a bridge, with an almost bottomless drop. There were only planks across it; but, as I was on in front, supposing that was what we had got to cross, I walked right across it, about some two hundred yards. When I got to the other side, I turned round to speak, but nobody answered me, and facing round I saw the whole company standing on the other side, not daring to breathe, and my husband looking ghastly; so I turned round and was going to walk back again, when they motioned me off by signs, and all began to file round another way on *terra firma*. It was fortunate that I had such a good head, and did not know my danger.

The train line up the Serra is a very steep incline, one in nine, and is managed by a chain with a stationary engine at the top, a train being hooked on at each end of the rope. On one side was a mountain wall, and the other side a bottomless abyss, but the whole thing was quite beautiful through virgin forest. At this time it was not far advanced enough, and we rode up on mules. At the top a locomotive was kept to take us into São Paulo, which reminded us of Bergamo, in Italy, where we all dined at the little French inn. The next day we took a trip to what was then the end of the line, twelve miles beyond São Paulo, but at this time these trips were part mules, part trollies, part walking ones. We came back to dinner; there were speeches, and we wished the "Tritons" good-bye. Richard went down with them to set up his Consulate, and I remained to look for a house, and set up our *first real home*. After twelve or thirteen days, I went down to Santos by the diligence, by bad roads, but with a lovely panorama. The diligence takes one as far as Cubatão, where a little steamer plies for a couple of hours, first up a fine stream, between banks of tangled magnificence in the vegetation line, then an arm of the sea, or rather lagoons. The journey occupies seven carriage and two boat hours.

The worst of Santos, besides the steaming heat enclosed within and at the bottom of the hills, arising from the mangrove swamps, was the sand-flies and the mosquitoes. Richard was quite impervious to all other vermin, but the sand-flies used to make him come out all over bumps. For the rest, he used to say that he liked to have me near him—it was just like having "catch 'em alive" for flies, as everything came and bit me, and I was not fit to be seen, and spared him.

The fact is, I had fresh English blood, and it was rather a treat to them. The nicest thing was to drive out to the Barra. Captain Richard Hare, R.N., then came in, and we made a large party to stay there. The Barra was our fashionable bathing-place; the sea rolled right in to the strip of sand between it and the mangrove swamps, on the edge of which were (at that time) a few huts, with windows and doors opening on to the sand. In some there were no windows; they only closed by a wooden shutter.

After staying there for some time with Richard, I went up to São Paulo again, because I was getting feverish; it was wet and windy, and it took me eleven hours and a half. On going up, I engaged a very curious little fellow in our service, who deserves a few lines. Chico was thirty-five years of age; he was about four feet high, but perfectly well proportioned, as black as a coal, brimming full of intelligence, and could put his hand to anything. He had just been emancipated. He remained with us the whole time we were in Brazil, and became my right-hand man—more of him anon.

At last I found an old convent, No. 72, Rua do Carmo, which opened on the street in its front, and ran a long way back behind on an eminence, which commanded a view of almost boundless horizon into the country, and was exceedingly healthy. I immediately took it, cleaned it, painted and whitewashed it, and furnished it, and engaged slaves, paying their masters so much, and so much to them, as if they were free men. They were all Catholics, and I made a little chapel for them.

The slaves in Brazil, as a rule, formed, as it were, part of the family, and in ninety-five houses out of a hundred they were kindly treated and happy, but the remaining five out of the hundred were brutal; but, however, in *all* cases, the poor creatures were told, or, if not told, were allowed to believe, that they had no souls, and nothing to look forward to. I, on the contrary, taught them, and had regular lecture and catechism for them, that not only had they souls, but that, although they were condemned by class and colour and custom to be slaves upon earth, just as it was in the Bible, that once dead, they, and we, would stand equal before God. The priest used to come to my little Oratory, where I had the Bishop's leave to have Mass and the Sacraments, and we all received Communion together. They were very happy, the house went upon oiled wheels, and I never had occasion to dismiss a servant the whole time I was there. The differences were chiefly amongst themselves. Richard having settled his Consulate at Santos, and I having prepared our home in São Paulo, he came up and joined

me, and for the first time since our marriage we were absolutely settled in a home of our own.

Up the country in Brazil, people always get one or two things in their first few years. You either break out all over boils, so that you cannot put a pin's point between them, and if you have a weak place, they come there in clusters, and you can neither sit nor stand, kneel or lie, and you are an object of misery for some months; but if you have strength, and can pull through it, you bloom out with stronger health than ever after that. This happened to me. I had to be slung up. A friend gave me a barrel of porter, and it was alternately "faint" and a "glass of porter," which revived me for a few minutes, and then more faint and more porter, *ad infinitum*. By the time the barrel of porter was finished, I was convalescent, and when any new ones attempted to break out, a friend gave me two things to try—and I tell it for the sake of those who may follow me; it was to draw a ring of caustic round one, and a ring of laudanum round the other. The caustic ones did not answer, but the ring of laudanum made them disappear, and I got splendid health, which lasted at least seventeen years. Now, people who do not get the boils are bound to get one or more of the complicated diseases of the country, and that is just what happened to Richard. We had no doctors up there, that I am aware of.

On the 17th of January, 1866, we had an awful storm, worse than any known for twenty-five years; there was an awful blackness, the lightning was red, the wind drove in the windows, the hail was jagged pieces of ice one inch in diameter, sharp and long, and made round holes like a bullet, there was a network of flashes, rain from all quarters—a regular cyclone. It drove through the room fronting north, which was like a ship's cabin in a gale. We saw the cathedral struck, the cross knocked off, tiles blown away; the hotel room was like a shower-bath, with a continuous stream of rain. Several houses were struck, some of the doors split, and the streets quite flooded; people were frightened, and lighted candles, and brought out the Madonna. There were sharp rattlings like earthquake; it blew a clock against the walls away; the people all met as after a revolution in Paris. The windows were everywhere broken, and the water looked black. It was quite local, and did not touch the shipping. In the town four were killed and five wounded. The next day was very hot.

Santos is six thousand miles away from Europe, and we only got letters once a month.

Richard's study was the most important feature in the house. It was a long room, running out on an eminence forty feet long, with a

good terrace at the end of it, on which we had a telescope, and every convenience for astronomy and observations; and perhaps the other most striking part of the house was a large room, which occupied the whole centre of the house, and opened on the stairs. This was dining-room, receiving-room, and everything. Directly below that was a similar place, that was more like stables than room. It was my refuge for the needy and homeless after dark; they were fed and housed, and turned out in early morning.

On the 27th of July he notes in his journal: "Dream that a bad tooth fell out, followed by five or six big drops of blood; noted the day, and found that my poor friend Steinhäuser had died of heart disease quite suddenly in Switzerland that day." On the 14th of August, 1866, the first through-train went from Santos to Jundiáhy. There was a *fête* in consequence, and the company had the bad taste only to omit the Consul and his wife from the invitations to all the English. On the 22nd of August Richard went to stop with the priests of the seminary (Capuchins), which he often did, in their *chacara*, or country-house, where he studied astronomy with Fray João, and metaphysics, physics, and algebra, with Père Germain. Here he was engaged in writing "Vikram and the Vampire," and he got a concession for the lead mines of Iporanga, in São Paulo. On the 21st of December we went down to Rio for our Christmas, which we spent at Petropolis. On the 12th of November some one put a stone on the railway to throw the train off, and on the 19th it was said that a part of the rails was pulled up.

In Santos and São Paulo we remained from 1865 to 1869, and I may say that his career here was equally active and useful, both on the coast and in the interior. We thoroughly explored our own province, São Paulo, which is larger than France. (I do not bore you with two pages of Brazilian names of places, because very few would know where they were, unless they had lived there and had worked in wild places, which is not likely.) We spent a good time at the gold mines and diamond diggings of Minas Gerães. He canoed down the river of San Francisco, fifteen hundred miles. He went to the Argentine Republic of the Páta-Paraná; he went to Paraguay for the purpose of reporting the state of the Paraguayan War to the Foreign Office. He crossed the Pampas and the Andes to Chili and Peru, amongst the dangerous Indians, whilst on sick leave for an illness which brought him almost to death's door. He visited the Pacific coast to inspect the scenes of the earthquake at Arica, returning by the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro.

Letters from Richard to *Fraser's Magazine* appeared in three

numbers, headed, "From London to Rio de Janeiro." He likewise wrote three books—"The Highlands of Brazil," 2 vols., which I edited and brought out in 1869; "Vikram and the Vampire," one vol. of Hindú tales brought out in 1870; "Paraguay," 1 vol., brought out in 1870. He interested himself immensely in the coffee and cotton produce, Mr. Aubertin being at that time the "father of cotton" in Brazil, but his chief interest lay in the mining and mineral productions of the country. As I have said, he obtained the concession for the lead mines of Iporanga, and Sir Edward Thornton was very angry with him—took it in the sense of Consuls trading, and reported him home. Fortunately, we had the large mind of Lord Stanley (Lord Derby) at the head of the Foreign Office, and he, knowing how caged and misplaced Richard was at such a Consulate, thought he might at least be allowed that little bit of amusement, and sent back a despatch that he did not think that being interested in mineral production could be exactly classed under the head of trading.

Amongst other things, Richard discovered something remarkable. On one of our Expeditions we were stopping at a shanty close to a river, and seeing something glistening, he walked up the bed of the river, which was not deep, and scooped up some of the sand and put it in a jar. On washing it we found that it looked very like rubies. We sent it home to Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., the great chemical savant, and he wrote back, "If you get any more, bigger than this, throw up the Consulate and stick to the rubies." Now, Richard told me that this was only the dust washed down, and that the great stones must lie further up the head of the river. The shanty belonged to an old woman with a right for a good stretch up the river, and she would have joyfully sold it for £50. When I implored Richard almost on my knees to buy it, he would not, saying it would be quite wrong to defraud that poor woman out of her place, when she did not know that rubies were there; that if she *did* know, she would ask him an exorbitant sum; and, what was more, that no one could live there for three days without getting Brazilian fever, so that we should end by being like the dog in the fable, with the bit of cheese and the shadow in the water, and drop the reality for a shadow.

Life in Brazil, if in Rio, was very gay; life at São Paulo was very like a farmhouse life, with cordiality and sociability with the other farmhouses, and some of the good Brazilian society was very charming. The Brazilians are to the Portuguese what the Americans are to us. The Portuguese is heavy; the Brazilian is light, active, nervous, *spirituel*. Their parties are much enlivened by music and dance. They have several native dances, which are danced at the

balls—one especial one, which is called the *carangueijo*, which is very active, very amusing, and very significant. The gentlemen and ladies dance it as furiously as the common people, as the Hungarians do the *czardas*. The Music consists of the *modinha*, which answers to our ballad, and is generally mournful ; the *lundú*, which is mostly comic, and almost always in the minor key ; and the *recitativo*, which consists of playing a flowing melodious accompaniment, and in a voice pitched and attuned to that, reciting a story of love or war or anything, often improvised at the moment. The negroes have their balls in the Plaza, or Square, and they will dance furiously for three consecutive days and nights to the same tune. It is amusing to watch for about an hour out of a window. The negro girls come out *décolletée* in pink or blue cotton—those are the swells—the others dress like natives.

What is so beautiful is Nature, the luxuriance of vegetable and animal life. Everything is so large—the palms, the cacti, and all the things which here are treasured as plants and bushes, are there fine trees. I have seen arums of which one leaf would be six feet long and five broad, behind which a big man could easily hide himself. The virgin forests are unspeakably beautiful, with their wild tangle of creeper and parasite. Orchids, of which (during the rage that lasted in England for them) one single one would have sold for £60, here grow wild—one only had to go out with a knife and grub them up from the trees or rocks ; we sent boxes home to our friends. The fir of the country is the *araucaria* ; the gum *copaiba* is eighty feet high. Flights of gaudy-coloured parrots and all sorts of beautiful coloured birds are on the trees ; butterflies, some of which measure ten inches from one wing-tip to the other, when spread, float about the air like large sheets of paper—scarlet, peacock blue, emerald green, cream, white—in fact, every colour ; and coming in and out of your room, are little humming-birds the size of a large bee, looking like an emerald or a ruby flitting about, and if you have the sense not to offer to touch them, and put a little wet sugar in a saucer, they will stay there for days ; but if you try to catch them, they break their hearts and die. The tints of Brazil are always the tints of the opal in fine weather. The heat is awful, like the damp heat of a conservatory ; I flourished in it.

En revanche, Brazil has no history save three hundred years, which relates its discovery and its gradual transfer from Indian natives to the first Portuguese settlers. The Jesuits erected all the buildings on the best sites, made roads, and cultivated ; but the Indians are not exterminated—they are only driven inwards—and about ten days from our home our nearest Indians were the Botacudos. You may

see them in the Crystal Palace with their under-lip distended by a bit of wood. The nearest to us were friendly ones, and they would come down to São Paulo on rare occasions. They walk in Indian file, and when they passed our house, or any other friendly house, they threw their arms out towards the house—as if the whole file were pulled by a string—till they had gone by it; and that is their mode of friendly salute. When the railway was opened, they came down out of curiosity to see it. They looked upon the engine as a sort of malignant beetle, but at last they got less frightened, and all clambered upon it; but when it was time to start, and the driver gave the preliminary whistle, they sprang off like mad, and ran for their lives, nor could they be persuaded to mount again.

Another drawback was the reptiles and vermin. There is a large mosquito that fastens its prongs into your hand. I have seen a man let it suck, and then cut half its tail off, and it has gone on sucking and the blood running through—the mosquito being not in the least aware of its loss. Then there is a little grey, almost invisible, mosquito that makes no noise. In Trieste they call them *papataci* (papa-hold-your-tongue). There is the jigger, that gets into your flesh, generally under your toe-nail or under the sole of your foot, and the first time you are aware that there is anything the matter is by your limping, and you then discover that there is a something about the size of a pea in your foot. You send for a negress, who picks at your foot for a few minutes with a common pin—they won't use a needle or any other instrument, because if they did the bag would break, and the eggs would get into your blood—and presently, with a little hurting, she triumphantly holds it up at the end of the pin, puts on a soothing ointment, and you are all right at once. A man thought he should like to take a jigger home to show an English doctor, but it was six weeks from home, and his foot was cut off before he got there.

Another nuisance is the *carapato*. It is everywhere, but chiefly inhabits the coffee plantations. There are three sorts, which only vary in size and colour. It is a cross between a tick and a small crab; the biggest would be the size of a little finger-nail. If you ride through a coffee plantation you come out covered with them. I have more than once taken off my riding habit and found my jacket nailed to the skin from the outside; to pull them is to tear your flesh and produce a festering wound. You have to get into a hot bath, in which you put one or two bottles of *cachaça*, the spirit of the country, and that clears off most of them; and if any obstinate ones remain, you have to light a cigarette, and apply the hot end to their tails till they wriggle their own head and shoulders out from

under your skin. Cockroaches you don't count, but you must always look in your sleeves, and dress, and boots, for large horned beetles or spiders or other horrors.

Poor W. H. Bates (the naturalist of the Royal Geographical Society), who was a great friend of ours, was laughed at because he spoke of spiders as big as a toy-terrier; but it is perfectly true—there *are* such spiders, though they are not seen in towns, only out in the forest, and they are the size of a good-sized crab. The body is hairy, and when they are angry they kick up and throw their hairs on you, which are poisonous. I was going to hit one, and a native drew me back and made me run away, for, he said, "it can spring at you, and it is instantaneous death." Richard and I did not go so far as to believe this, unless your blood is in a very bad state, but we did believe in its making people ill for several days. A priest was once going to say Mass, and he took his vestment down from the wall where it was hung up, and put it on, when he suddenly felt something hard in the centre of his back. He called to the servers and asked them to remove his vestment gently, without touching his back, telling them there was something inside. They did so, and it was one of these big spiders; when it was removed he fainted.

The people eat a large black ant, an inch and a half long. They bite off the fat body, which has to them a pleasant acid, and throw the head and legs away. Another use they make of them is to dress them up like dolls and sell them. The *copim*, or white ants, build nests like milestones. The people here believe in a sort of house-that-Jack-built as regards animal feeding. They believe that toads eat ants, that snakes eat toads, that owls eat snakes, also the geese, and that is why they are cheap.

Snakes are everywhere—in your garden, in your basement, in your rafters; and there is every description of them, from the boa-constrictor in the wilder parts, to the smallest. It is a common thing to hear the rattlesnake in the grass, and to scamper quickly. Those who kill them cut out the rattle and give it you for good luck. I have one now. At night, when you walk out you go with a lantern at the end of a stick, for the snake called *jararaquassú* lies curled up at night on the road, looking exactly like a heap of dust, and you would certainly put your foot on it; it bites your ankle, and they say that you live about ten minutes.

These things, which sound so wonderful in England, become so common to us who live and travel in Brazil, out of towns and off beaten tracks, that we get quite accustomed to them, as everyday parts of our lives, as you do to showers in April and dying flies in September; so that I should not know now that they had ever hap-

pened if I had not written them down at the time. No one who means to write, should ever trust to memory, because scene after scene fades like a dissolving view and is never caught again, whilst others rise to replace them.

The storms were another thing to be somewhat dreaded. For our three summer months, which are December, January, and February (whilst the Thames is frozen over in London), we, maybe, have 115° in the shade, and you see a semicircle of clouds beating up. As our house was on a kind of promontory running out, not to sea, but to grassy plain, we used to have to make "all taut" as if we were on board a ship, because when it did come it was like a cyclone, lasting two or three hours, and then clearing off, leaving everything bright and beautiful, the earth and air barely refreshed; but while it lasted the thunder and lightning were close to you. I have frequently thought that if there was one more clap my head would split—it deafened one. The windows were generally broken, there were balls of fire flying through the air—blue, red, yellow; and on one occasion, on a pitch-black night, perceiving a light from an opposite angle in my husband's room, I thought the house was on fire. The door was locked for the night. I ran down the corridor, unlocked the door, and, going in, found that the lightning had broken a window and had set on fire one of my husband's large rolling atlases on canvas, which hung from the walls. I ran back and called him, and it made him very uncomfortable. He thought that one of these lightning balls of fire must have done it, but there was no aerolite or anything to show. There was no fireplace in the room, not even a box of matches.

At nine p.m. on the 20th of October, a meteor fell with a loud sound, and lit up the City of São Paulo. Martinico Prado and some others were standing near it, and he fell insensible. It fell on the hill near São Bemte; blue flame was seen in our house at the same moment. It was intensely cold, but bright, beautiful weather.

We bought horses—one that had something of the mustang in it, called Hawa, which always carried me, and Penha, a smaller one from Campos for Richard. When we drove, it was in an American buckboard, seat for two, with huge wheels, and a little place to hold a box, with a pair of wild mules that used to pull one's arm off. When Richard did not ride with me, Chico used to take the second horse.

Chico and I never had but one quarrel, and I will give it as an illustration. When I first arrived, Richard used always to laugh at me, because I was so miserable at the way the cruel people treat the blacks—just in the same way that I, and so many others, feel

about the treatment of animals—and he kept saying, “Oh, wait a bit, till you have lived with negroes a little; you philanthropic people always have to give in.” Well, about six weeks after I got Chico, I heard a tremendous noise, and shrieks of agony proceeding from the kitchen, and rushing in the direction I found Chico roasting my favourite cat at the fire. I made one spring at his wool, and brought him to the ground. Richard, who had also rushed out at the noise, saw me, and clapped his hands, saying, “Brava! brava! I knew it would happen, but I did not think it would be quite so soon.” I could only blubber out, “Oh, Jemmy, the little beast has roasted my cat.” He then punished him himself, and Chico was a good boy evermore. In begging for forgiveness, he told us that their fathers and mothers always instructed them, that when Christ was thirsty, if He asked a little dog for water, the dog would go and fetch it for Him, but if He asked a cat for water, that it gave Him something in a cup, which I cannot mention in polite society; and that all the little negroes were taught to be cruel to cats, and that he *had* done atrocious things to cats, but he would never do so any more.

A very amusing thing was that this little monkey used to imitate his master in everything. If Richard bought a suit of clothes, he used immediately to take it to the tailor and get it exactly copied in small, and his evening suit especially. To go to a ball he was the *exact* copy of his master—white shirt, white tie, little dress suit, little *gibus*, and all. We used to make him come and show himself to us when he was dressed, to amuse us. Then, unlike his master, he started a toilette-table with mirror, perfumes, and scents, and his pillow was all edged with deep lace. Each of the best families had one of these intelligent negroes; they used to give supper-parties, and then stand up and make speeches, just like us. Mr. Aubertin's used to talk about the railway shares, and the value of cotton, and the coffee produce; another, belonging to a reverend gentleman, used to stand up and speak of the “benighted state of the souls of the black man and the brother;” but our Chico used to declaim on “the Negro's place in Nature,” as he had heard Richard do in his lectures, and talk of the progress that they had made from the original ape (Darwinism), and how they might eventually hope to rise into a white man.

Portuguese studies got on very well, and the more I knew of it, the more I enjoyed myself; but it made me quite forget the Spanish I had learnt during my stay at Teneriffe, and whilst Richard occupied Fernando Po. Richard had always known Portuguese from his Goanese *Padre* in India. You cannot speak Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian at the same time; they are so alike, and yet so different.

Portuguese is the most Latin, and the most difficult of the lot, and has much more literature to reward you with than Spanish ; but Spanish is the grandest and the most beautiful, albeit with less literature. Still it once happened to me to be in company with a priest, an Italian, and a Spaniard, and we agreed to talk for an hour in each of the four languages. The priest took Latin, the Italian and the Spaniard each their own, and I Portuguese, and we could understand and answer each other, but we could not speak the other three languages. Italians come out to Brazil and can only speak Italian, not a word of Portuguese ; they then come to a crisis, when they can speak neither ; they then convalesce in Portuguese, speak it perfectly and remain with it—they forget their Italian. I speak of colonists.

We had two very charming picnic-places. One was the Tropic of Capricorn, just five miles from São Paulo ; your insurances suffer all the difference, whether you are on this side or that. A boy who was about to pass his examination for the army, who supported a poor widow mother, and consequently was extremely anxious about passing, and with no interest, was destined to be plucked ; so the arrogant and ignorant examiner asked the timid, humble boy, "How far is it from the city of São Paulo to the tropical line of Capricorn." The boy, radiant answered, "Between four and five miles, sir." "Go down, sir, you are plucked ; it is twenty miles." It was the last question. The boy grew red and white, and turned despairingly to go ; suddenly he remembered his mother, turned round, and said nervously, "Please, sir, of course you ought to know better than me, but I lived there five years, sir, and I had to walk it twice a week, to go home from school to mother's house on the Line, from Saturday to Monday." Chorus of laughter at the examiner, and the poor boy passed. (I have already quoted this in my "A.E.I.") Another charming place to picnic, in the mountains, was Nossa Senhora do O.

We occasionally had big dinners, when all the English of Santos and São Paulo assembled to do honour to some railway swell going home. We had for a time some fortnightly balls, at a good-sized hall at the corner of the Plaza, called the Concordia, and we had one curious case of sporadic yellow fever from there. Mrs. Ralston, the young wife of a very nice man (indeed a charming couple), came out of the ball-room with me at five o'clock one morning. I had only to run across fifty yards to my house ; they had about twenty minutes to walk home, and she was well wrapped up with shawls. She suddenly drooped her head on her husband's shoulder, saying she felt very queer, and he had to support her home. Almost directly he had laid her on her own bed, she turned round and

said, "Oh, is this death?" and died. Next morning, my maid ran in and without any preface said, "Mrs. Ralston's dead." "Oh, nonsense," I said; "I saw her seven hours ago;" and, thinking perhaps it was possible she might be ill, and require some woman-neighbour, I hastily threw on my things, and ran down to her house. The street door opened on to the principal sitting-room, and was unlocked, and to my horror the house was deserted and still, and something was lying covered up on the sofa. I drew back the sheet, and there was my young friend, dead. I knelt down and said a few prayers, and then, feeling rather faint, I stooped to kiss her forehead before covering her up again. The husband and child and servants had all been removed to another house; as I stooped to kiss her a dreadful effluvia knocked me back again, and I perceived that she was covered with large black spots. I fled and ran home again, and told Richard. He looked very grave, and rang the bell, and ordered the horses to the door. He fetched me a large glass of brandy, and made me drink it, with some bread. He said, "It does not matter; I have got to have a long ride to-day on business, and you have got to go with me." We rode about ten miles at a great pace, till I was in a good perspiration. When I got back he gave me a teaspoonful of Warburg drops. He kept me employed all day, and at night he took me to the little theatre, and then he told me that he had done that to save my life, without which I probably should have caught it, if I had not perspired, and partly from sympathy.

One thing I always regret in writing, is that I could recite so many amusing and interesting things that would immensely please a very large portion of English people; but England is so very queer, and I am become convinced it is not the same England that I used to know, that I do not like to venture them. They are not in the least risky, only amusing and adventurous, but being very honest and straightforward, would be sure to tread upon somebody's corns; blame or sneers would be sure to crop up from some quarter or another, and make me regret it. Richard was very fond of quoting the following lines to me over our writing:—

" They eat and drink and scheme and plod ;
They go to church on Sunday,
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

We had one very curious character at São Paulo. It was the Marchesa de Santos. She was a beauty and a favourite in the time of the present Emperor's father, and led a very brilliant and stormy life. She got finally banished by his Empress (they say) to Santos, with a pension for life, and she lived in a small house a few doors

from me. I used to see a great deal of her. She was quite *grande dame*, most sympathetic, most entertaining, full of stories of Rio and the Court, and the Imperial people, and the doings of that time. She had been obliged to adopt up-country habits, and the last time I saw her, she received me *en intime* in her own kitchen, where she sat on the floor, smoking, not a cigarette, but a pipe. She had beautiful black eyes, full of sympathy, and intelligence, and knowledge. She was a great bit of interest to me in that out-of-the-way place.

The Seminary was the most palatial building in that part, and was just beyond the town. It was inhabited by Capuchins, French and Italians from Savoy and Piédmont. One of the monks was a tall, magnificent, and very powerful man, an ex-cavalry officer, Count Somebody, whose name I forget, then Fray G——.

Before he arrived, there was a bully in the town, rather of a free-thinking class, so he used to go and swagger up and down before the Seminary and call out, "Come out, you miserable petticoated monks! come out and have a free fight! For God or the devil!" When Fray G—— arrived, he heard of this, and it so happened he had had an English friend, when he was with his regiment, who had taught him the use of his fists. He found that his brother monks were dreadfully distressed at this unseemly challenge, so he said, "The next time he comes, don't open the gate, but let the porter call me." So the next time the bully appeared, it was so arranged that the gate was opened by Fray G—— (the usual crowd had collected in the road to see the fun), who looked at him laughingly and said, "Surely, brother, we will fight you for God or the devil, if you please. Let us get well into the open, and the public will see fair play." So saying, the friar tucked up his sleeves and gown, and told his adversary to "come on," which he did, and he was immediately knocked into a cocked hat. "Come, get up," said the friar. "No lying there and whimpering; the devil won't win that way." The man stood three rounds, at the end of which he whimpered and holloed for mercy, and amidst the jeers and bravos of a large crowd, the "village cock" retired, a mass of jelly and pulp, to his own dunghill, and was never seen more within half a mile of the Seminary. Richard rejoiced in it, and used to say, "What is that bull-priest doing in that *galère*?" Richard used to stay a great deal with them, for they were the best-educated men in the province, and knew everything. He said he could always learn something from them.

During the time of the Paraguayan War provisions were very scarce. If muleteers came down to the town, they and their mules were seized for the war. They tried sending their women down with the mules, but then the mules and provisions were seized; the

consequence was that the towns were more or less in a state of famine. Chico and I used to sally forth, with paniers and ropes to our saddles, and forage about, and I found that by riding about ten miles out, I came to large flocks of geese and other poultry, and I also ascertained that as the geese were supposed to feed upon snakes, nobody ate them; they were chiefly kept for ornament, and so were cheap. So the first day I came back with both our horses laden with geese, and as I passed through the town the squawking was immense, and most of the Grundy, respectable English tried to avoid me, which made me take an especial pleasure in riding up to them and inquiring after their wives and families, and entering into a conversation, which I, perhaps, should not have otherwise done. When I got up to our house, Richard, hearing the noise, came out on to the balcony, and seeing what was the matter, he threw back his head and laughed, and shook his fist, and he said, "Oh, you delightful blackguard, how like you!" I turned the geese into our poultry-yard and fed them well, and from that, I issued forth to all the country round about, twice a week, and brought in various stocks of other provisions.

Mr. Aubertin, who was the Head of the railway, and whose *chacara* was about a quarter of an hour from us, had opportunities of getting up drinks and having a very tidy cellar, so I used to send down a neighbourly note—"Dear Mr. Aubertin, bring up the drink—I have got the food; dinner seven o'clock." Thus we contrived between us, to feed very well during the whole of the war, while provisions were scarce. Once we managed to give a ball; it was very amusing, and it was kept up till sunrise. We had a delightful American there, who was very witty, and used to keep us all alive, though in after years, for some unknown reason, he blew his brains out. I still recall some of his *bon mots*. I once asked him whether he did not think that a gentleman of our acquaintance was very conceited this morning. "Conceited, ma'am?" he said. "Why, God Almighty's waistcoat would not fit him." On another occasion, there was a rather pronounced flirtation going on, and I asked him if he did not think it would be a case. "A case, ma'am? Why, she nestles up to him like a chicken to a hot brick." He was constantly saying these things that one never forgot.

I think I may say in our own favour, that in this, as well as in all our subsequent Consulates, we never allowed any scandal to be told to us, or uncharitable talk, and we always forbid discussions on religion and politics, which served us in good stead in all our career. Indeed, in this particular place, there *was* a little bit of scandal, and we had seventeen calls on one Monday morning, but every one

went away without daring to deliver themselves of their intended tale. "What is the meaning of this?" said Richard to me. I said, "It means that there is some scandal afloat, and nobody dares tell it to us." But a few days afterwards we saw it in the papers. One day a gentleman called upon us, and a few minutes later a lady came, of whom he was rather fond. After a while the lady got up and went down the street, and about five minutes after the jealous husband arrived on the scene, and saw the gentleman sitting there—his supposed rival. Without saying "How do you do?" he turned on me and said, "Have you seen my wife?" "Yes," I said; "I saw her go down the street a few minutes ago." The lover had turned very pale. Richard looked hard at me over the top of his newspaper, and the man had hardly got down the stairs in pursuit of his wife, when my Irish maid poked her face through the door and said, "Well, after that, ye'd swear a hole through a tin p-hot." Now, what on earth would have been the use of making a row and a scandal, and setting on the husband to ill-treat his wife? He did not say, "Has my wife been here?"—he said, "Have you seen her?" Rousseau says, "*Mensonge plein d'honnêteté, de fidélité, de générosité, tandis que la vérité n'eut été qu'une perfidie;*" and without some feeling of this kind—not a lie, but a harmless throwing one's self into the breach to save another's reputation, not one's own, nor from base fear—the milk of human kindness would turn into cream of tartar.

I do not think that a list of the aboriginal tribes of Brazil at the time of its discovery (one hundred discovered by Cabral in 1500) would amuse my readers, or fit in with my subject, but they were mostly destroyed or driven inwards in three hundred and sixty-seven years.

There is an intervening race called the Caboclas; they are the progeny of the Indians and Portuguese settlers. They are a very handsome race, much addicted to superstition and fortune-telling, and the only thing I can remember was learning from them to tell fortunes by the cards, which I afterwards perfected amongst the Mogháríbehs in Syria; but it is a practice which, though it interested my husband enormously, and I constantly told them for him, I have long since given up as wicked. For those who tell them ill, it is foolery; for those who tell them well, it is better let alone.

I am not going to give a description of Brazil, because by so doing I should take away from the subject of the book, which is solely Richard Burton, and if I mention incidents, or myself, it is only because I or they are woven up with his life, and cannot well be separated from it, each one showing how he behaved, or what he did or thought on any particular occasion.

The 14th of February was the opening day of the railway, as far as Jundiahy, and this time we were invited and had a very gay time.

Here, in São Paulo, Richard worked hard at Camoens, and we both worked together at our translations—"Iraçema, or Honey-lips," and "Manuel de Moraes, the Convert," and the "Uruguay," all from great Brazilian authors; but we found, although we printed the two first, that they were not well received in England, because they were translations, and I could write a page or two upon the amount of literature and education we lose by boycotting that of other countries.

In spring of 1867 there was fighting in the streets for a couple of nights, about the election time.

The staple food of the people of the country, which takes the place of what the potato would be to the Irish, is a savoury mess of small brown beans, called *fejão*; a very coarse flour, called *farinha*, which looks like a dish of shaved horse-radish, is usually sprinkled over the beans, and then it is called a *fejoada*. It is delicious, and I should have been quite content to, and often did, dine on it. Another favourite dish is a scone of *milho*, the full-grown Indian corn, made hot and buttered. The only way to eat it, is to take it up in your two hands and gnaw it up and down like a bone, which is rather disagreeable, because it covers you with butter. A pepper-pot is also a usual thing, and is kept up *à perpétuité*; it comes on the table in its native earthenware pot, and everybody takes a little bit at the end to digest dinner, in lieu of cheese. Of course Europeans have their own dishes besides.

The greatest difficulty that I found was, that I was obliged to have five relays of every meal. First of all, Richard and I sat down, and our guests, if we had any; after we left the table, succeeded my Irish maid, who had become Donna Maria, and an Irish brother that she had imported, who was very like the "Mulligan" in "Perkinses' ball," and for whom I was fortunate enough to get a good berth on the railway at £200 a year, through the kindness of Mr. Daniel Fox and Mr. Aubertin, and he rose to £600 in course of time, traded, but unfortunately died after some years. After these the food was removed to some other room, where the German servants dined, because they would not sit down with the blacks. When they had finished the emancipated slaves sat down, who would not sit down with the slaves; these being too near their own kind, they obliged them to stand or to sit on the floor in the corners, where they gave them the leavings. But do not let anybody imagine that the slaves suffered, because when they had been about three months with me, from having had a little rice at their old masters', they would sometimes clamour for ducks and chickens, not being content with

the good meat and bread and everything else that they got in plenty.

At Rio we met with a very funny and interesting man—a certain Dr. Gunning, with a kind good wife. They lived in a pretty cottage somewhere along the rail up in the forests, and we went to spend a day or two with them. He was a tall gaunt Scotchman, with a good deal of character, and some very curious ideas. He used to do what some people did with horses in Trieste. He used to buy up diseased and useless negroes, treat them well, feed them up, cure them, and then make them work for him; so he got their labour in return for his outlay and his kindness and trouble, and he left in his desk their papers of manumission. Unfortunately, one day in a soft moment he told them so, so the next night they shot him; but as his skull was a good hard one it only gave him a wound, and after that he went on some different tack with them.

He had a curious way of treating snake-bites, of which many thousands die during the year. He told us this himself. He said, "When I am called to attend a negro for a snake-bite, I cauterize the wound, and tie a ligature, and then I give him an awful thrashing, and," he said, "that counteracts the torpor or sleep, produces perspiration, and stimulates the action of the heart; and then I give him spirits or milk in large quantities." However, we all liked him very much. One of the nicest things at Rio was the bathing in the sea. We used to go out of a little gate at the bottom of the garden, and walk along the beach till we came to some circular rocks which acted as bathing-machines, where we could undress, get into the sea and bathe, and come back. In my time there were no bathing-machines in Brazil, only sometimes it was very rough and very deep, and one had to be on the look-out. One day I put my maid to sit upon my clothes, and thought I would swim out to a log of wood, lying apparently about a hundred yards off, when to my horror I saw it move. I swam back for my life, where I found my maid in deadly terror; and, looking, we saw it was a shark, and a good big one too.

One thing that made staying at Rio so very pleasant was the great kindness of the Emperor and Empress to us. The Emperor delighted in scientific men, and the Empress liked good Catholics, so that we were frequently sent for—Richard alone to the Emperor, and I alone to the Empress, or both together. Richard gave two lectures at which all the Imperial family attended. The Imperial family consisted of the Emperor and Empress, the Imperial Princess Isabel, heir to the throne, her husband the Count d'Eu, and the Duke and Duchess de Saxe. These last, however, were less known, less cordial, and less popular in Rio. I can remember on one

occasion, when we were sent for to an audience, at which were present the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Isabel and her husband, her Majesty's little dog came in and sat on the rug in the centre of the circle, and sat up begging. They all burst out laughing very heartily. The Emperor was a tall, handsome, fair man, with blue eyes, and brimful of kindness and learning. The Empress was not handsome, but she was the kindest and best of Empresses—very devout, dressed very plainly, but was most imperial in her manners and carriage. The Princess also had the manner of her rank, and was soft and sweet. The Princess Isabel used to give balls every Monday fortnight during the season, to which all persons entitled to go to Court were invited. One night, at one of Princess Isabel's balls, the Emperor walked up to Richard and said, "How is it, Captain Burton, that you are not dancing?" "I never dance, your Majesty—that is, not often; but the last time I did so, it was with the King of Dahomè, to the music of cutting off heads—in pantomime, of course." The Emperor laughed, and he said, "The best of it was, Sir, that the authorities at home were in an awful rage with me, as her Majesty's Commissioner, for dancing with him; but I should like to have seen *them* refuse his dusky Majesty, when, at a single moment of impatience or irritability, he had only got to give a sign, to have fifty spears run into one, or to be instantly impaled."

It was very pretty to see the Princess and her husband go down to the door, the street door, and receive and kiss the hands of the Emperor and Empress. They circulated freely amongst us, and talked to us. The Empress would draw her chair over to me or to any other lady that she had a fancy to talk to, and sit down and chat as affably as any other great lady without ever abating one little bit of her Imperial dignity.

I remember one night Richard and I were giving a large dinner to nearly all the Diplomatic corps at the hotel, after the reception at the palace. At the latter there was a room for the Ministers to wait in, and a room for the Consuls. We were, of course, put into the Consular room. Presently a messenger came and took us into the Ministers' room. This rather offended official etiquette, and *they* said, "Oh, you must not come here; you must go into the Consuls' room." "But," we said, "we have just been fetched out of the Consuls' room and put in here, so we do not know what to do." There was an immense long wait, and several times a messenger came to let in somebody else, and we all stood up in our places, expecting the Emperor. After a long time, when everybody was getting very impatient, a messenger arrived, and said, "This way." They all flocked to the door, and we hung back, thinking we must

not have audience with the Ministers. Then the messenger said, "No, no! not for you, gentlemen, but Captain and Mrs. Burton." The poor humble people were exalted; their Majesties had sent for us to their private drawing-rooms, and gave us a long sitting-down audience. As we were driving home, Richard said, "I am afraid all the other fellows will be awfully angry;" and the fact of the matter is, that though we waited dinner for a long time, there were a great many empty chairs that night, which disappointed us sorely; but they were all right next morning.

Whenever we were sickly we used to go down to the Barra, near Santos, which I described before as our fashionable watering-place, where somebody generally lent us a hut. We used to sit in the water and let it roll over us, and walk about without our shoes and stockings (there was not a soul to see us). We took to making collections of butterflies, reptiles, snakes, and ferns, of which there are some four thousand specimens; the orchids we used to send home. I can recollect on some occasions, being down there alone, and being asked to dinner about a mile and a half along the sands from my hut, I used to put my dress and my shoes and stockings up in a parcel, and mounting barefooted, with waterproof on, ride the small pony lent to me; sometimes I used to have to get down and lead him through the streams that were rushing to the sea, to which he had a dislike; so we used to wade through, and then I would get up and ride him on to the next one, and when we reached the hospitable door I was conducted into a room to put on my shoes and stockings and my dinner dress. However, we were not *décolleté*, nor did we wear flowers or diamonds on that lonely coast.

Whenever we went down to Rio, it always meant a great deal of gaiety with the Diplomats and the Squadron, and receptions at the palace. It was especially gay in Sir Edward and Lady Thornton's reign, and I think we all look back to that time as a happy and a very pleasant and lively one.

One of the great charms of Rio, was our little club, numbering about twenty-five intimates, all belonging either to the Diplomatic corps or the Navy. We used to give each other some very nice dinner-parties, and ours was by necessity at the hotel; we mostly dined together at one house or the other every night. Then, besides the frequent palace entertainments, was the Alcazar, where there was a charming French troupe, of which the star was Mdle. Aimée, and we used to have all Offenbach's music and operas.

One time we went up to Robeio and to Ubá, the end of the railway, and I was given a treat to go on the engine and drive it, with the engine-driver by me.

On the 12th of June we started on a delightful Expedition. We sailed in a steam launch across the Bay of Rio, which is like a beautiful broad lake studded with islands and boulder rocks and bordered by mountains. Two hours brings you to a rickety wharf, where a little railway, running for eleven miles through a mangrove flat, lands you at the foot of the mountains. Here a carriage waits for you, drawn by four mules, and you commence a zigzag ascent for two hours up these most regal mountains, and arrive at a table-land some distance from the summit, where the small white settlement called Petropolis lies. It is a German town with Swiss valleys, pretty views, rides, and drives. The Cascadinha leads down a winding path, or a steep wooded mountain, and as you reach its depths, facing you from opposite, comes the body of water frothing and bounding over the boulders. From the top of the Serra there is a lovely panorama of Rio and its bay, seen as from an inverted arch of mountains. The little settlement of Petropolis possesses a theatre, a Catholic church, the Emperor's palace, and two small hotels; the Court of Ministers and the Diplomats have snuggeries here, and form a pleasant society. The climate is fine and cold when it does not rain, and the scattered houses are like Italian *cascine*.

Here we took coach, which is very much after the fashion of the old diligence, and we drove to Juizdafora. These coaches are drawn by perfectly wild mules; they stand straight on their hind legs. While the passengers are getting in, the coachman is already mounted with reins and whip, and two or three men hang on to each mule. When all is ready the driver shouts "Larga!" The men fall back and the mules rush on at full gallop, swaying the coach from side to side. After three months, when the mules are trained and tamed down, they are pronounced no longer fit for their work, and are sold for carriage-driving.* My pleasant recollection of Juizdafora is of lying all day on the grass under the orange trees, and picking about nine different species overhead, just within reach of my arms. I have never tasted oranges equal, before or since. We then started for Barbaçena, which terminated the coach journey. After this there was no means of getting along except on horseback. We had to discard our boxes and leave them under the care of a trustworthy person, and to make up a pack that we could carry behind us on our saddles, such as a change of linen, tooth-brush, a cake of soap, and a comb. We then mounted and rode twenty

* In travelling, the mules are mostly difficult to treat, and one never passes their noses or their heels without care. I have seen a fine mule spring like a goat on the top of a piano case in the yard, to avoid being saddled. I never before understood the French expression, *Méchante comme une âne rouge*.

miles to Barrozo, a small village with a ranch. We rose at three next morning, and rode twenty-four miles further, and so on, and so on, till we reached San João d'El Rey, where we saw the Mines. We then went on to S. José. Our next place was Cerandahy to Lagos Dourado; here we met a party of English engineers.

On the 24th—a great feast, St. John Baptist—they were laying the foundation for a new railway, and we enjoyed the fun very much. We then, after breakfasting by a brook with the engineers, rode on to an awful place called Camapuão. Here we found the stables better than the house, and we slept by the side of the mules and horses. At one of these shelters that we asked to sleep at, the accommodation was fearful, but the reception was kind and cordial. There was not much to eat. In the middle of the night I woke, and could hear loud hoarse whisperings through the thin partition wall; it sounded like the man and his wife disputing. At length I heard the man say distinctly, “Don't bother me any more; it will be quite easy to kill them both, and I mean to do it.” My hair stood on an end, as the saying is, and I softly got up and walked on tiptoe over to Richard, touched him, and said in a whisper, “Hush! don't speak; I have something to tell you.” I told him exactly what I had heard. He said, “You will make less noise than I; go softly to that table and take our weapons, hand me mine, and creep into bed with yours. We will sit and watch the door. If it opens, I'll let fly at the door; and if a second comes in, then *you* fire.” However, nothing came, though we lay awake till daylight, with our pistols cocked. Next morning they brought us for our breakfast a couple of nice roast chickens, and he said, “My wife and I had a regular quarrel in the night; we had only these two hens, and *she* did not want to kill them, but we had nothing else, and I was determined that you should have them both.” So we said to him, “You shall not lose anything by it.” Nor did they, for we paid four times the value; but we were glad when he went out of the room, that we might laugh.

Next day we rode on to Sassuhy, to Congonhas do Campo, about twenty-two miles. We saw the church of Congonhas and the seven stations of the Cross. We left at midday, and riding through a difficult country, arrived at Teixeiros. Next day was a very hard day. We started at half-past three in the morning; at half-past ten we breakfasted under a tree by the river. We crossed different rivers about twelve times, wading our horses through. We passed through virgin forests, and up and down scarped rocky mountains till dark, and arrived at Corche d'Agua, a miserable place, where there were no beds or food. We started again before dawn, rode about twelve miles in the dark, passed two villages, and about nine a.m. arrived at

Morro Velho, our destination, where we were most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and family (Superintendent of all the Mines), and soon had bath and breakfast, and our animals quartered in good stables under the care of the host's English groom.

Here we stayed with our kind host for five and a half weeks, making excursions, and seeing most interesting things concerning the Mines. The Establishment consisted of the Superintendent and his family, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, two sons, and two daughters, and twenty-five officers (English); under them, about three thousand negroes (slaves), who work the mines. On Sunday we went to their church, saw their hospital and the stables, which contained some sixty horses, and we saw an Indian dance.

Here there was much of interest—the muster of the slaves, and pay-day on Saturday. We saw baptisms, and marriages, and burials. We went to see the quicksilver washed in the amalgamation house, and Mr. William Crookes's amalgamation; but this last did not succeed.

We started again after we were rested, passing through interesting mining places, sleeping the night at a friendly *fazenda*; next day we rode on to S. José de Morra Grande, Barro, Brumado, Santa Barabara, and Cates Atlas. There we slept. Next morning we rode to Agua, Queule, Fonseca, Morreia, and Affeixonada; from thence to Benito Rodriguez, then Comargo, then S. Anna, and then Marianna. Here we slept, went to church, visited the Bishop, the Seminary, the Sisters of Charity, hospitals, orphanage, and schools, and rode to Passagem, where we slept. Next day we went down the Passagem mines (gold), forty-five fathoms down, and in another place thirty-two fathoms, and saw the stamps; and then we went and did the same at the S. Anna mines. This day we were so near Mr. Treloar's house, that we gave away all our provisions, saying, "By breakfast-time to-morrow we shall be in a English house." Imagine our horror, on arriving, to find that poor Mrs. Treloar had died the evening before, and that her poor husband was in such a state that it was impossible for him to receive us. He thanked God for Richard's coming, because there was no church, no clergyman, and no burial-ground, and an English Consul performing the burial service is valid; so the sorrowful ceremony was performed, winding up the hill-top, where she was buried, and I was left in charge of all his negroes. They had prepared something for us to eat, for which I had given them five *milreis*, about ten shillings. They all squabbled so violently over this, as to draw their knives, and to begin to stab each other; so, with that ascendancy which whites generally have over blacks, I ordered them all to come into my presence and to

put their knives down near me, and I asked them if they were not ashamed, when their poor mistress was being carried up the hill to her last burial-place, to behave in so unseemly a fashion, and, ordering them all down upon their knees, I took out my Prayer-book and read the burial service too; and I read it over and over again, until the party came back from the grave.

We then started immediately for Ouro Preto. Here Richard went up the Itacalumi, and I visited the two martyrs of Ouro Preto, the house of Gonzaga. We then slept and dined, and had champagne, and we went to tea at Mr. and Mrs. Spiers', who had a party. Next day we rode on to Casa Branca, S. Vicente, to Rio das Pedras, where we joined some American emigrants. Afterwards we had a very weary and hard ride to Corele d'Agua, our old sleeping-place, where we took a cup of coffee and rode to S. Antonio. We had a pelting rain, and we breakfasted at a *troupeiro's* ranch; thence to S. Rita, and from thence to Morro Velho, six leagues away, arriving like wet dogs.

On the 24th of July we went down the big mine at Morro Velho. Now, this was a great event; few men visitors had been down, and no woman. I forget the positive depth of it, but am under the impression *now* that it was three-quarters of a mile straight down into the bowels of the earth, including the last thirty-five fathoms to the depths. We were dressed in miners' dresses, with the usual candle in our caps, and we got into a basket like a caldron hanging to the end of a long chain, and then we began to descend. It seemed an eternity, going down, down, and down, and of all the things we ever have done, it seemed to me that it was the one that required the most pluck, so dark, so cold, and slimy it looked, and yet suffocating, and if anything happened, you felt that ne'er an arm or leg would ever be found; it realized more than any amount of sermons could do "the bottomless pit." The chain had broken a little while before, and we had seen the poor smashed negroes brought up, and it did break the next day, but *our time was not yet come*. I have got the broken link of that chain now; Mr. Gordon gave it to me, and it is my one relic of those days. After an apparently interminable time we began to see lights below, at a great distance, as you see a seaport town from a mountain as you come down at night, and by-and-by we began to hear voices, and finally we touched ground, and were heartily received by those who had previously gone down to take care of us, including Mr. Gordon himself. They gave us a hearty cheer. We were shown all over the mine, and all its workings, and I must say I think Dante must have seen a similar place wherewith to make his Inferno.

There were the large dark halls with vaults and domes; they were covered with negroes, each with a candle stuck in his black head, hammering in time to some tune to which they were all singing. It would have been a wonderful picture for a painter. How often all my life I have regretted not to have been an artist, instead of musical! The negroes are healthy and well doing; they only work eight hours a day, and have over-pay for anything extra. The mulattoes were the most surly-looking ones. After having seen everything we ascended again, and if I may say so, I think the ascent was worse than the going down, and nobody knows, until they have tried that sort of darkness, what daylight and sunlight and fresh air mean. After long mounting, you see at last one star sparkling in the distance like an eye, which appears miles off, and that is the mouth of the shaft.

In the evening there was a concert and a ball amongst ourselves. On the 27th Richard lectured; there were some private theatricals in which I took a part, and forgetting the drop behind the open-air theatre when I backed off, I fell. I sprained my ankle so badly that my leg was all black, and I could not move. Now, the worst of it was that we were going to canoe down the San Francisco river, to come out at the falls of Paulo Affonso, issuing at Bahía, and back to Rio by steamer; but it was impossible to take a woman who could not walk. We could embark at Sabará, a short distance from where we were, and as Richard's time was very short, and he could not take a lame woman, he had to start without me, and I went in the litter to see him embark in the boat *Elisa*.

As soon as I got well, Mr Gordon, who was an exceedingly liberal, large-minded man, recognized that having three thousand Catholic negroes under him, manned by twenty-five English Protestant officers, it was quite possible that in a religious sense, things might be made more comfortable to them, and he asked me, as an educated English Catholic, to go the rounds of Church and Hospital, and find out if there was anything that could improve their condition. Having been for some time in Brazil, and seeing the wants of the negroes, I thought I could put my finger on the right spot at once. There was one particular ward in the hospital where incurables were put, and a black cross over their beds told them Dante's old words, "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate" ("Leave every hope (outside), all ye who enter (here)"). I dismissed the attendant, for fear they should be afraid to answer, walked round the wards and sat

by them, and I will take one case as a specimen of the whole. She was dying of diseases which need not be named here. I said to her—

“Has your case been given over by the doctor?”

“Alas! yes,” she said; “I have only got to wait.”

“Should you like to live?”

“Yes, of course I should.”

“Has the priest been to hear your confession? Have you sent for him?”

“Oh no; I should not dare do that.”

“Why not? What is he for?”

“Oh, lady, we must not *ask*, and he doesn't come to us in *this* ward, only to those who go to church.”

“Do you mean to tell me that none of you in this ward get the last Sacraments?”

“Oh no; we should be so ashamed to see his Reverence.”

“Why, you are not ashamed to see the doctor? What is the difference between the doctor and the priest, except that one is for your body and one is for your soul? You say you are afraid of the priest; will you not be more ashamed of God, whose servant he is?” That seemed to strike them; so, wishing them good-bye, I trotted off to the *Padre*. No matter his name, but he appeared to take things very easy when I told him. He said he “could not administer the Sacraments, because he had not a pyx nor any of the vessels to convey them in.”

“Well,” I said, “Father, I have been commissioned by the Superintendent to examine into these things, and to report to him what *is* done and what *ought* to be done, and he is going to see it carried out; so will you oblige me by going to hear all those confessions, *now at once*, and taking the holy ingredients in a wine-glass, and administering Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and say a few consoling words to them, and let us see the results? You know that you can break these glasses into little atoms, and you can burn the remnants in one of the furnaces, or keep them for that purpose until I send up the proper things from Rio.”

Well, this was done, and, to cut a long story short, that woman was back to work in a fortnight; and when Mr Gordon saw the immense advantage produced by relief of mind, and the consideration of their feelings, and the action of the brain upon the body, he made it an institution, and commissioned me to send up all the necessary things from Rio.

As soon as I was well enough for a long ride, Mr. Gordon supplied me with horses—one for me, one for Chico, and one for our small baggage—a sail and a few poles to make a tent in the day, a gypsy-kettle on three prongs, a bag of maize for the horses, and rice and other things for ourselves, and taking an affectionate leave of the whole company there, and especially my kind host and family, whom we have always remembered with the sincerest affection, and sadness too, for poor Mrs. Gordon died eventually from a horrible shock (her youngest and favourite son was caught in the machinery in an instant and ground to death—a subject too sad to dwell upon), I commenced my long ride home—a very pleasant ride.

I rose at dawn; we made some tea in our kettle. Replenishing our sack of provisions at every village, and having fed, watered, and groomed the horses, we rode until it was too hot. We put up our bit of sail and rested during the heat, and then we rode on till nightfall; after this we fed again, looked after the horses and picketed them. Some of the country, and especially the forests, were lovely. Whenever we came to a village or a ranch, we and our animals got housed; and when we did not, which was rare, we camped out, for it was very warm. We never met with a single scrap of danger the whole way, nor a rude word; for defence we had only a penknife, our toasting-fork, and an old pistol that would not go off. I had given my weapons to Richard, whose journey was longer and more dangerous than mine.

We arrived in Rio about the fifteenth day. I had never enjoyed anything more; but as I had been out for three months without any change of clothes, I was a very curious object to look at, to say nothing of my face and hands being the colour of mahogany. I had been told before getting in that the *Estrangeiros*, where I had left my maid and baggage, was full, so I waited till night, and then went straight to the next best hotel in the town. The landlord naturally did not recognize me, and he pointed to a little place on the other side of the street, where sailors' wives went, and he said, "I think that will be about your place, my good woman, not here." "Well," I said, "I think I am coming in here all the same." So, wondering, he took me upstairs and showed me his rooms; but I was so mighty particular, that it was not till I got to his best rooms that I stopped and said, "This will do. Be kind enough to send up this letter for me to the *Estrangeiros*."

Presently down came my maid, who was a great swell, with my

boxes. After a bath and dressing, I rang the bell and ordered some supper. He came up himself, as I was such an object of curiosity. When he saw me again he said, "Did that woman come to take the apartments for you, madam? I do beg your pardon; I am afraid I was rather rude to her." "Well," I said, "I am that woman myself; but you need not apologize, because I saw myself in the glass, and I don't wonder at it." He nearly tumbled down, and when I had explained my adverse circumstances to him, begged my pardon till I was quite tired of hearing it. I went up to Santos for some time; and when I thought Richard could arrive, I went down to Rio to meet him, and used to go on board every steamer that came in from Bahía in the hopes of his being there. At this time came out to Rio Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and his sister Alice. I went on board ship after ship to meet Richard, but as he never came, I got at last very anxious and miserable, and only used to make a fool of myself by crying when I did not find him. He had been gone over four months. At last the first steamer that I did *not* go to meet, he arrived in, and was quite angry to find that I was not on board to meet him. He had had a very jolly journey, canoeing down the river to the "falls of the Paulo Affonso," and sleeping at different ranches on the banks of the river. It was something like fifteen hundred miles, coming out eventually at Bahía, where he had a great friend, an old gentleman popularly known as "Charley Williams," who gave him hospitality till he embarked, or could catch a steamer to Rio. We then went down to Santos together.

As Richard was canoeing down the San Francisco river, he found a lot of stones called Pingua d'Agua; they are formed by congealed rain in the rocks; they get fossilized, and if polished have the glitter of diamonds. Richard met an Englishman, who told him that he had come over with all he had in the world, £1500, and expended it in diamonds, of which he fondly believed he had got about £30,000 worth, and was going home with them. So Richard told him that he had just come from the diamond mines, and that he should immensely like to see them. When he showed them to him, Richard's face fell, and he said, "What is the matter?" "Well," he said, "I hardly like to tell you, but I am afraid you have been done. Some one has passed off these Pingua d'Agua upon you for diamonds, and I am afraid you have exchanged £1500 for thirty shillings' worth." So the man said, "Oh, you must be a fool!" "Well," said Richard, "if it isn't that I am so sorry for you, I should say 'serve you right,' because I really do happen to know."

About the 17th of April, 1868, Richard, who had been looking queer and seedy for six weeks, but persisting all the time that he was

perfectly well, felt feverish and agueish, and went to bed. I gave him calomel and castor oil, and then every sort of thing that I could think of. He got worse and worse, and I was in despair, for there were no doctors; but at last, after some days, a doctor did arrive from Rio, and I sent for him at once, and he passed the night in the house. Of course it was purely Brazilian treatment for a Brazilian disease, and nothing we knew touched it. He had six cuppings, with thirty-six glasses and twelve leeches, tartar emetic, and all sorts of other things, and there was something to be given or rubbed every half-hour, of which a very large ingredient was orange tea. The doctor came twice a day, and the number of remedies was wonderful, every half-hour, and I never left him day or night. They blistered him terribly.

When Richard thought he was dying, he sent me for Fray João, with whom he had been learning astronomy; but Fray João was gone on an expedition up country for two months, and he would not have anybody else for the Sacraments; but he accepted the Scapular, which all Catholics will understand, and to others it is not needful to explain, and he wore it to the day of his death. One night he gave me a terrible fright; he asked me to give him twenty drops of chlorodyne. I objected, but he was so imperative about it that I thought he had been ordered it; fortunately, I only gave him fifteen. He found it too strong, and, also fortunately, he spat it out, and asked me to mix him another of ten, which he drank. He soon frightened me by feeling sick and faint, and I gave him lukewarm water to make him bring it up, and sent for the doctor, who was very frightened about him. He was insensible an hour. He gave ether pills, applied mustard to the calves of the legs and inside the thighs, and then Richard had a calm and good sleep all night, and from that got a great deal better. He was able to go into his study after a month, and took his first drive five weeks after he was taken ill, and at the end of seven weeks I was able to take him down to the Barra, where Mr. Ford had kindly lent us his bungalow, where Richard could sit on the sands and let the sea roll over him, and here he got much better. I may now tell a horrid little story, as it illustrates Richard's power of mesmerizing.

Richard was a great mesmerizer, a thing which everybody who knew him will understand.* He always preferred women, and especially of the blue-eyed, yellow-haired type. I need not say that he began with me as soon as we married; but I did not like it,

* Captain Gambier tells me that he used to mesmerize him when he was a child, and tell him to go up to some room in the dark, and fetch him some particular article or book which he only thought of.

and used to resist it, but after a while I consented. At first it was a little difficult, but when once he had complete control, no passes or contact were necessary; he used simply to say, "Sleep," and I did. He could also do this at a distance, but with more difficulty if water were between us, and if he tried to mesmerize anybody else and I was anywhere in the neighbourhood, I absorbed it, and they took nothing. I used to grow at last to be afraid to be in the same room with a mesmerizer, as I used to experience the greatest discomfort, and I knew if there was one in the room, the same as some people know if there is a cat in the room; but I could resist *them*, though I could not resist Richard. He used to mesmerize me freely, but he never allowed any one else, nor did I, to mesmerize me. Once mesmerized, he had only to say, "Talk," and I used to tell everything I knew, only I used to implore of him to forbid me to tell him other people's secrets, and as a matter of honour he did, but all my own used to come out freely; only he never took a mean advantage of what he learnt in that way, and he used laughingly to tell everybody, "It is the only way to get a woman to tell you the truth." I have often told him things that I would much rather keep to myself.

In the particular instance that I am about to recount, he had mesmerized me to consult about an expedition that he was going to take, as he had previous to his illness meant to start, and I had said to him, "Don't start, because you are going to have a very bad illness, and you will want me and your home comforts;" so he now re-mesmerized me to know what he should do, and I said to him, "Don't take the man that you are going to take with you, because he is a scoundrel; don't buy the things that you are going to buy for the expedition, because you will never use them. You will go a long journey south for your health." I then said to him, "Look! what a curious procession is passing our door, a long procession of people in white, and headed by Maria and Julia"*—who were our old cook and her daughter, aged about seventeen—"they are all in white, with flowers on their heads. What can it mean?" I raved all night about this procession, till Richard got up and shut the shutters, and closed the door, which opened out on to the sands, the night being very hot. The next day this procession made an impression on him, and for curiosity's sake he sent up a mounted messenger to São Paulo to know if anything had occurred, or if there was any news. We had brought no servants with us, had left my maid and everybody behind.

* We were then at the Barra.

Now, on a former occasion, about three months back, he had mesmerized me, and I had had this very cook called to me, and I had said to her, "Maria, go to confession and communion, then send to a lawyer and make your will. You have got a little cottage, and you have saved £150; you have a few boxes of clothes and things. Leave everything to Little Peter"—her son aged six—"and don't trouble about Julia." When I came to, she told me the extraordinary things I had been saying to her, and how frightened she was; but she said, "I will do all that you have told me, only I can't leave Julia without anything;" and I said to her, "I am not conscious of having said anything; but in that case, you had better say that whatever you leave to Julia goes to Peter at her death." Well, this was the news that we got by the mounted messenger: The old cook had died that day in an apoplectic fit, and before the maid had time to call or send for the daughter, she walked in, looking very ill, and sat upon the sofa, rocking and moaning, and she said, "I have come from my mistress to die *here*. I feel so very ill, I will not leave you." From all she told the maid, and the strange way she was going on, the maid inferred that the girl was in a particular kind of trouble, and it would be impossible to keep her there, and she begged of her to let her fetch a carriage and conduct her back to her mistress, where at least if she was ill she could be taken care of, and seeing her in such a state, she was afraid to inform her that her mother was lying dead. One of the slaves fetched a carriage, and they put her into it, and were conducting her home, but she was so bad on the road they had to lift her out, and take her into a little *venda* (a place where they sell wine), and run to fetch a priest, who was just in time to give her the last Sacraments, when she expired. The blood oozed from her eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and from all the pores of her skin. She died very shortly and was buried, and the smell was so bad in the *venda* that the walls had to be scraped and re-whitewashed, although she was only there a few hours. It was afterwards proved that she and the black cook at her mistress's were both in love with the same man, and as she had announced her intention of visiting my house, the cook had given her a cup of coffee before she set out, and had said, "Go! you will never come back." The body was exhumed. It was supposed she had received in the coffee a Brazilian poison, mixed with powdered glass, made of some herbs of which the negroes have the secret. Little Peter would have now become practically, though not theoretically, a Brazilian slave, and his little property would have been absorbed; but by the will made at the Consulate, he was under the protection of the Consul. His education was undertaken, and he was sole

inheritor of the cottage, £150, and the boxes of clothes and other property.

At Santos we had a regatta, a separate boat for each nation, about nine or ten in all. The English blustered awfully, and the Americans also—talked a great deal about “Bull’s Run,” and so forth. All the other people sat very quiet, expecting to be beaten; the consequence was the Portuguese won, and the English came in last, and we sent up and hauled our flag down. The sea was very rough, and surrounded our bungalow; we walked through bare-legged, and went into Santos, and then went back again, and eventually to São Paulo, partly on an engine, and partly walking—butterfly-catching.

When we got back to São Paulo, Richard told me that he could not stand it any longer; it had given him that illness, it was far away from the world, it was no advancement, it led to nothing. He was quite right. I felt very sorry, because up to the present it was the only home I had ever really had quietly with him, and we had had it for three years; but I soon sold up everything, and we came down to Santos, and embarked on the 24th of July, 1868. Here he applied for leave, as the doctors advised him not to go to England at once, but to go down south to Buenos Ayres for a trip, and he asked me to go to England and see if I could not induce them to give him another post. I saw Richard off down south, and taking an affectionate leave of all kind friends, embarked for England.

OUR SEPARATE JOURNEYS.

Richard had a splendid journey to the Argentine Republic and the rivers Plata-Paraná and Paraguay, for the purpose of reporting the state of the Paraguayan War to the Foreign Office. He crossed the Pampos and the Andes to Chili and Peru amongst the bad Indians. He went to the Pacific Coast to inspect the scene of the earthquake at Arica, returning by the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, and Rio to London.

During his delightful trip, which completely recovered his health, he fell in with the Tichborne Claimant, and travelled with him for a week, and never having seen the real man, and as he appeared very gentlemanly, and when he gambled, lost his money and won it without any emotion, he concluded that he was the real thing until he came home. He acquired all the history of the ins and outs of the war, and later produced his book on Paraguay—“Letters from the Battle-Fields of Paraguay,” which did not see the light till 1870.

I had, as usual, all my work cut out for me. First I was to try and work the Iporanga mines in London, whole mountains of lead

and quicksilver, also gold and copper (twenty-eight square miles). I was to bring out his "Highlands of Brazil," the "Journey of Lacerda," and a second edition of "Mecca," "Uruguay," "Iracema," and "Manoel de Moraes."

I also had a small adventure on the way home at Bahía. I went ashore with a friend from the ship to dine with "Charley Williams," my husband's friend. He was very fond of keeping a menagerie; besides having his garden stocked with wild beasts, his hall contained cages of snakes, amongst them two rattlesnakes. After we had dined in his *chácara*, he insisted on showing me his snakes, and he quietly took one up (out of its cage) near its head. He was used to doing this, but whether he was agitated or what I cannot say, but the snake slipped through his hand, and bit him on the wrist. The friend had bolted upstairs the moment the cage was opened; Mr. Williams just had time to dash it back into the cage and lock it, and staggered against the wall.

Richard had always taught me how to be ready on such emergencies travelling up the country, but the only thing in the hall was a box of wooden lucifer-matches, so I struck them one after another, and kept cramming them into the mark on his wrist made by the snake till I had made a regular little hole. I tied my handkerchief tightly above it, called out loudly for the servants, told them what had happened, and to go and get a bottle of whisky. By degrees I got the whole bottle down his throat, and then my friend and I and the negroes kept walking him up and down for about three hours. We then allowed him to go to bed, and next morning he was no worse for what had happened. I think the bite must have been very feeble not to have done more harm—probably the snake had only time to graze the skin; anyway, the dear old man was so pleased, he brought me home a riding-whip of solid silver up to the lash, which I keep now as a memento.

We had a bad sea and strong trade winds most of the way; the ship was horribly lively off Finisterre, and the hatches down. We found it bitterly cold in August, and on the 1st of September my family met me at Southampton. They were then all puffing and panting and fanning themselves on account of the "tropical weather," as they called it, and I found it so bitterly cold, I had to have several blankets and a big fire, showing the difference of the climates. There was great amusement when my sisters came on board. I took them to my cabin, which was considered the best in the ship. The Captain was showing it off, when one of them, who had never been at sea in her life, turned round to me and said, "Now, Isabel, do you *really* mean to say that you have lived in that housemaid's closet

for a month, and slept on that shelf?" The Captain laughed, "Really, ladies," he said, "this is considered a very swell ship, and everybody fights for that cabin."

I did my work well, carrying out everything according to Richard's directions, and Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, whose sound sense and great judgment knew exactly the man to suit the post, and the post to suit the man, gave him the long-coveted Consulship of Damascus, and was brave enough not to heed the jealousy and spite which did its best to prevent his being allowed to take the post. The Missionaries raised up their heads on the one side, and the people who wanted it for their friends, did all they could to persuade Lord Stanley that it would displease the Moslems, because he had been to Mecca. Richard was delighted when he got the intelligence of his transfer from Brazil to Damascus. He heard it casually in a *café* at Lima, where he was congratulated, having missed most of his letters. He hastened back at once, and he wrote and guaranteed to Lord Stanley that all would be well with the Moslems, as it had ever been from the starting of his career in 1842 up to the present time, 1868—a period of twenty-six years; consequently the appointment was signed, with a thousand a year. Richard's prospects were on the rise, and it was hinted that if he succeeded *there* he might eventually get Marocco, Teheran, and finish up at Constantinople. In fact, we were on the zenith of our career. I had one very pleasant dinner at Mr. Froude's to meet Giffard Palgrave, Mr. Ruskin, and Carlyle. I brought out Richard's "Highlands of Brazil" for Christmas. I was not successful with the mines, and I found no market for the Brazilian translations, though I published two of them.

This year, before Richard arrived, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker; I was very much fascinated by the latter, and thought her very pretty. Next day I lunched with them. I also saw a good deal of the Petherwicks, and amongst others on his return we dined more than once with my husband's old Egyptian friend, John Larking, at his place, "The Firs," Lea, Kent. At last the time came round when I got a telegram to say that the *Douro*, Royal Mail, would be at Southampton, with Richard on board; so I went down to Southampton, and at four o'clock in the morning, when Richard looked over the side, I was the first person he saw, and when the plank was thrown across, I was the first to go on board. As far as clothes went, he was pretty nearly in the same condition that I was in, when I arrived from the mines; but for all that, as soon as he had had bath and breakfast, we drove to Netley Abbey, and went to the flower show; then came up to town, and drove to a haberdasher, tailor, and hatter, that he might be fit to dine with my people, who

had a party and an enthusiastic reception for him. He went straight to the Foreign Office next day to report himself, and call on Lord Stanley and Lord Clarendon, who had succeeded to the Foreign Office, and went a round of publishers, mappers, and commissions. That night we had to go to the Admiralty party, and from thence to the Foreign Office party, and the next night, at the Literary Fund, Richard made a speech. He dined with Sir Roderick Murchison, and he went to the Royal Geographical Society Meeting, found it slow, and *was not satisfied with his reception*; he also went to the Levée. We then went down to Shrewsbury, to stay with Mr. Henry Wace, a bachelor lawyer and a faithful friend, and drove to Uriconium, the Pompeii of Shrewsbury, and then to Haughmond ruins, formerly a Cistercian monastery. Amongst other pleasant things was a lunch-party at Bernal Osborne's, and delightful dinners at Shirley Brookes'. At last we crossed to France, visited our old haunts where we met as boy and girl. Boulogne, however, was very much changed since our days. She was then "a girl of the period"; she was now "*vieille* and *dévoté*." From here he sent me back, as usual, to "pay, pack, and follow." He was going to Vichy, to take a month's course of the waters, after which he would drop down to Brindisi and go to Damascus. Soon after Richard had started to Vichy, I began to get unhappy, and wanted to join him, and I did not see why I could not have the month there with him and make up double-quick time after; so I just started off with Mr. J. J. Aubertin (of Brazil memory, whose many works have made him well known, and whose charming "Wanderings and Wonderings" is attracting the literary world now), who was also going there to join him. As soon as I arrived at Vichy, Richard, with Swinburne, came to the station to meet me, and we were joined by Sir Frederick Leighton, and later on, Mrs. Sartoris.

They were very happy days. We made excursions in the day, and in the evenings the conversation, I need not say, was brilliant; everybody contributed something that made him or her valuable. Swinburne recited poetry, Mrs. Sartoris sang to us. All will remember her exquisite contralto voice, and she sang *en intime* without accompaniment. We went to the Château Bourbonnais at Bussy, and then to Ardoisière cascade and cave, and lovely walks to Malavaux, where there is a châlet at the foot of the mountain and a steep ascent. Here is the ruin of a convent of Templars, who are said to have committed atrocities, who blew up a château containing their only neighbours with gunpowder. There were no roads this way, and they were Lords of the soil. There is a cemetery in the distance, and close to us the Devil's Well, said to have no bottom, and also the Blessed Virgin's Well. Whilst we were at the top, the harvest moon arose; there was a glorious scene of beautiful lights and shadows.

From St. Armand there is a splendid view of Vichy, and also for forty-four leagues, if it is clear enough to see around; and the drives are lovely through the mountains and ravines. There was another splendid view from the Montagne Vert. We went to St. Germain des Fosses, and drove all over Clermont, where we visited the Cathedral, all the Churches, Museums, and springs, and bought some of the wonderful petrifications.* We then made our way to Langéac, from whence we drove thirty-six miles through a most interesting country to Puy. The descent to Puy is very beautiful. It is a curious and striking-looking town; mountains of rock, like huge combs, rise out of its heart. On the top of one of these is a huge statue of the Blessed Virgin, sixteen metres high, cast in iron from the metal cannons of Sebastopol, and we got up into its head to look out of the eyes. When we were in the head we were nearly five hundred feet high from the plain. The Child's head holds three people. The Cathedral has a miraculous black Virgin, and St. Michael has his church too. All these great heights mean climbing five hundred feet, and then ascending two or three hundred steps. On another cone stands an old church. There are basaltic masses just like organ-pipes. We drove to the old Castle and Fortress of Polignac, and to the basaltic rocks, and then we went to see the Museum of Puy. We made our way by the train to Lyons. The country was beautiful, with mountains, gorges, rivers, and old ruined castles, which spoke of feudal times; but two hours before reaching Lyons it is as bad as the black country in Lancashire. Here Swinburne left us for Paris. Richard and I went to Fourvières to make a pilgrimage.† We went to the Cathedral, and the great shrine of Notre Dame de Fourvières. From here Lyons spreads out under your feet like a map; on a clear day you may see Mont Blanc. We visited the source of the Rhone and Saone, and then went on to Culoz; thence to Aix les Bains, where we went to look at the Roman ruins. We changed trains at S. Michel for "Fell's Company" across the Mont Cenis (the railway not being made in those days as it is now). Mr. Bayless, the superintendent, and his secretary met us, and took us on the engine, and showed us everything. The scenery was splendid all day; the rise began from S. Michel to Lanslebourg, which is four thousand four hundred feet high. The ascent was most amusing; we whisked about in the most frolicsome way, close to frightful gorges and over ravines. From inside, you

* Faubourg St. Alyre, "la Fontaine petrifiante" (like Matlock), issues from volcanic tufa on granite. Carbonic acid dissolves calcareous matter.

† There were three things Richard could never resist—a pilgrimage to a holy shrine, mining, and talking with and enjoying gypsies' society.

could sometimes hear little hysterical squeaks, or people taken worse, as the curves were very sharp and the pace good. Lanslebourg is a group of old broken-down châlets, and two broken-down chapels, grouped in a corner. It has a new chapel now. A mountain-torrent sweeps through the village, and the new railway runs by it. Magnificent piles of mountains rose on all sides; the lower range are pine-covered, the higher by snow and glaciers—the snow and fresh mountain air are most exhilarating. I can remember passing this place ten years before, in March, with a carriage and eleven mules, and, owing to the snow, we were five days and nights travelling from Venice to Geneva. It was then a savage country; now every available spot is cultivated in little patches. We had a charming evening at the inn, and dined on fresh mountain trout. The descent next day was marvellous. How little Napoleon I. thought, when he was making a road, that he was only the pioneer for an English railway, thereby making their labour and expense only half of what it would have been! We went from here to Susa and Turin, and from Turin we drove up the Collina, and got a splendid view of the City and of Mount Rosa before going to bed. Here I saw Richard off to Damascus; he was to catch the P. and O. at Brindisi. My train Londonwards left a few hours after, and I did not stop till I reached Paris.

I worked in earnest during my few weeks in England, to be able to join him the quicker. First, I had to go down to Stratford, to the Essex flats, to see the tube-wells worked, as Richard was anxious to be able to produce water, if possible, wherever we stopped in the desert. I had many publishers and mappers to see. Not knowing exactly what Damascus was like, I invested in a pony-carriage, and Uncle Gerard gave me a very handsome old family chariot, which was out of fashion in England, and must originally have cost at least three hundred guineas. Lord Houghton made a great many jokes about our driving in our chariot drawn by camels. I very prudently left it in England until I saw what sort of place it was, but took out the pony-carriage. There was only one road in the country, of seventy-two miles, so I sold it, and was actually lucky enough to find a willing customer, who kept it as a curio. I took lessons about taking off wheels and patent axles, and oiling them and putting them together again, and taking my own guns and pistols also to pieces, cleaning and putting them together again. The time passed in buying things to stock the house with. Richard did not receive any of my letters, just as at Pernambuco, so I had to telegraph to him.

At last the day came round when everything was bought and paid for, and packed and sent off, and I was at liberty to start; and the same night that my arrangements were complete, I left my mother's house for Dover. It was blowing a hurricane, waves mountain high, and a black night, and my brother and sisters, who accompanied me, decided that I must not go on board. I have told that story in my "Inner Life of Syria." Next morning, however, we picked up the poor passengers, who had crossed the night before, and had come to grief. At Paris I found that two of my nine boxes were missing; one contained all my ship comforts, and the other £300 in gold—my little all. I had already taken my passage at Marseilles, and I had to choose between losing my money and losing my passage. I went to the station-master, registered my tale, omitting all about the money, told him where to forward the baggage,* travelled on, and was just in time to catch the P. and O. *Tanjore* before she steamed out, and I immediately, on arrival at Alexandria, took my passage on board the first steamer for Beyrout, which was a Russian, the *Ceres*, which passes or touches at Port Said and Jaffa and Kaifa, the ancient Helba of the tribe of Aser, St. Jeanne d'Acre, and then I arrived at Beyrout.

* They both arrived five months later, and, strange to say, intact.

CHAPTER XVIII

DAMASCUS—HIS THIRD CONSULATE.

THERE was no husband to meet me, and I felt very indignant, just as had happened at Rio last year to him. (Here I met Madame de Persigny.) I at once started for Damascus by road, in a private carriage, and drove for seven hours, putting up at Shtorra, where I was obliged to sleep. Next day I drove on and on, and reached Damascus at sunset ; went straight to the inn, which by courtesy was called a hotel, known as Demetri's. It had taken me fifteen days and nights without stopping from London to Damascus. After an hour Richard came in, and I was glad that I had waited for nothing but necessity, as I found him looking very old and ill. He had arrived, and had had a most cordial reception, but he had been dispirited by not getting a single one of my letters, which all arrived in a heap afterwards. He had gone down over and over again to meet me, and I had not appeared, and now the steamer that I had come in, was the only one he did not go down to meet, so that when he came in from his walk, it was a pleasant surprise to him to find me ensconced comfortably in his room ; and I found the enclosed scribbled on the corner of his journal, anent my non-arrival—

“ 'Twas born, thou whisperest, born in heaven,
And heavenly births may never die ;
While truth is pure of leasing's leaven,
I hear and I believe then—I !
Heaven-born, thy love is born to be
An heir of immortality.

“ And yet I hear a small voice say,
But yesterday 'twas not begot ;
It lives its insect-life to-day,
To-morrow death shall be its lot.
Peace, son of lies ! cease, Satan, cease
To mumble timeworn lies like these ! ”

A few persons who disliked the appointment, and certain missionaries who feared that he was anti-missionary, and have since

handsomely acknowledged their mistake, took measures to work upon Lord Clarendon on the plea that he was too fond of Mohammedans, that he had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, and that their fanaticism would lead to troubles and dangers. On becoming aware that he had lived in the East, and with Moslems, for many years after his pilgrimage, Lord Clarendon, with that good taste and justice which always characterized him, refused to change his appointment until that fanaticism was proved. He had the pleasure of reporting to him a particularly friendly reception.

He wrote before he left London—

“I now renew in writing the verbal statement, in which I assured your lordship that neither the authorities nor the people of Damascus will show for me any but a friendly feeling; that, in fact, they will receive me as did the Egyptians and the people of Zanzibar for years after my pilgrimage to Mecca. But, as designing persons may have attempted to complicate the situation, I once more undertake to act with unusual prudence, and under all circumstances to hold myself, and myself only, answerable for the consequences.”

Though he had not received his *barat* (*exequatur*) and *firman* till October 27th, he exchanged friendly unofficial visits with his Excellency the *Wali* (Governor-General) of Syria. Then he was honoured with the visits of all the prelates of the Oriental Churches, as well as by a great number of the most learned and influential Moslems, and of the principal Christians. Amongst them were his Highness the Amir Abd el Kadir, his Excellency the Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, the Syrian Orthodox and the Syrian Catholic Bishops, the Archimandrite Jebara of the Russian Orthodox Church, the Shaykh el Ulemá (Abdullah Effendi el Hálabi), the Shaykh el Molawíyyeh of Koniah, Ali Pasha el Aazam, and Antun Effendi Shami; Said Effendi Ustuwáneh, President of the Criminal Court of Damascus and its dependencies; Mohammed Effendi el Minnini, Vice-President of the Criminal Court of Appeal; the Mufti Mahmúd Effendi Hamzeh; Shaykh Mohammed Effendi el Hálabi, member of the Lower Court, and several others.

All these dignitaries evinced much pleasure and satisfaction at his being appointed H.M.'s Consul in their City. Some of them, indeed, earnestly requested him to interest the English public in forming a company for making railways through Syria, that being the sole means of bringing about the civilization of the country.

In conclusion, notwithstanding Abdullah Effendi, the Chief of the Ulemá, being the most learned, influential, and Orthodox Moslem, and though it is not consistent with his principles to call upon any

Christian before being visited, he did so ; and, after an interview of fifty minutes, departed with a promise to renew the visit.

Owing to the great quantity of fountains and tanks about the house, neuralgia had set in, and Richard had not been getting any sleep ; so the following day we cast about for a better sort of living-place, and a quarter of an hour away, through the gardens of Damascus, higher up than Damascus, and just under and on the north of Jebel Kaysún, the Camomile Mountain, in what is *called* a wild and lawless Kurdish village, we found a house that suited us,* and we took it, and moved into it next day, starting with a small quantity of furniture, but soon made it very comfortable. After all said and done, although some of the houses in Damascus were very grand and very romantic, they were all damp ; cold in winter ; suffocating, from being closed in, in summer. If there is an epidemic, it is like being hived. If there is an *émeute*, you are like a mouse in a trap. If there is a fire at night, you are safely locked within the town gates. Ours was a freer and wilder life ; you could mount your horse, and be out in the desert in ten minutes, or in Damascus either.

Mr. and Lady Adelaide Law arrived in Damascus, and I took her to Lady Ellenborough and to Abd el Kadir. It was her father, Lord Londonderry, whose diplomacy with Louis Napoleon delivered this great hero from imprisonment in the Château d'Amboise, and he received her with effusion. Later on came Lord Stafford (present Duke of Sutherland), Mr. Crawley, and Mr. Barty Mitford.

We were soon installed, and bought horses, and I began to study Arabic. The first thing Richard determined to do was to go to Tadmor. This journey was an awfully difficult thing in those days, though I am not aware whether it is now. First of all, six thousand francs used to be charged by the El Mezrab, who were the tribe who escorted for that journey. It was the tribe of Lady Ellenborough and her Bedawin husband, and she was more Bedawin than the Bedawi. There was no water, that is, only two wells the whole way, and only known to them. The difficulties and dangers were great ; they travelled by night and hid by day. You may say that camels were about ten days on the road, and horses about eight days. The late Lady Ellenborough was the third of a small knot of ladies, of whom I had hoped to make the fifth—Lady Mary Wortley

* “We were living at the foot of the eastern spur of the Anti-Libanus, upon whose south-eastern slopes lies the large northern suburb of Damascus, El Salahiyyah (‘of the Saints’), facetiously changed on account of its Kurdish population into El Talahiyyah (‘of the Sinners’). Our friend Bedr Beg was its Chief.”
—R. F. B.

Montagu, Lady Hester Stanhope, Lady Ellenborough, and the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne.

Lady Ellenborough was married to a Bedawin, brother to the Chief, and second in command of the tribe of El Mezrab, a small branch of the great Anazeh tribe. She aided the tribe in concealing the wells and levying blackmail on Europeans who wished to visit Palmyra, which brought in considerable sums to the tribe, whose demand was six thousand francs a head (£240). Richard was determined to go, and we had not the money to throw away; he asked me whether I would be willing to risk it, and I said, what I always did, "Whither thou goest, I will go." Lady Ellenborough was in a very anxious state when she heard this announcement, as she knew it was the death-blow to a great source of revenue to the tribe. She was very intimate with us, and distantly connected by marriage with my family, and she would have favoured us, if she could have done it without abolishing the whole system. She did all she could to dissuade us; she wept over our loss, and she told us that we should never come back—indeed, everybody advised us to make our wills; finally, she offered us the escort of one of her Mezrabs, that we might steer clear of the Bedawi raids, and be conducted quicker to water, *if it existed*. Richard made me a sign to accept the escort, and we did.

From our earliest married days, one of his peculiarities (used rather, I suspect, for training me to observe him, and to understand his wants) would be that he would not tell me directly to do a thing, but I used to find in a book I was reading, or some drawer that I opened every day, or in his own room, marked by a weight, a few words of what he wanted, conveying no direct order, and yet I knew that it was one. I grew quite accustomed to this, and used regularly to visit the places where I was likely to find them, and if I missed there was a sort of "Go seek" expression on his face, that told me that I had not hunted properly, and I knew (by another expression) when I had succeeded. I used to call these "African spoors." We could almost talk before outsiders in this way, without speaking a word out loud.

On the same principle, he used to teach me to swim without my arms, and afterwards to swim without my legs, using either one or the other, but not both, in case of falling out of a steamer and being entangled.

I mention this, because we always talked before people without their perceiving it, and he told me in this way exactly what to say to her; but we provided ourselves with seventeen camels, laden with water, in case of accident. We had each two horses, and

everything necessary for tenting out, and were armed to the teeth. We had a very picturesque breakfast, affectionate farewells—the *Mushir* and the whole cavalcade to see us out of the town. We cleared Damascus and its environs by a three hours' march; then Richard, according to his custom, called a halt, and we camped out and picketed, because, he said, it would be so easy to send back for anything, if aught were missing.

We eventually reached Da'as Agha, the Chief of Jerúd, who has a hundred and fifty fighting men. These little villages in the middle of a desert are sometimes very acceptable for the renewal of provisions. This Jerúd was a large one, and was surrounded with salt and gypsum. After this there was only one more village, Atneh, till the Great Karryatayn, in the heart of the desert. Here we were told of some underground curiosities, and we stopped to dig, and discovered an old catacomb. The women only wear one garment; they are covered with coins, and bits of stone made into necklaces and charms against the evil eye. After this we had a long desert ride, and were caught in a dust-storm. A dust-storm is no joke; you may lie down and perhaps make your horse lie, and cover yourself up with rugs, but if it is a bad storm, like a snowstorm, you may be buried. Richard advised our galloping through it, laying the reins on the horses' necks, and letting them go where they would, for, he said, they would know a great deal more than we should; so, covering our faces up in our *kuffiyyehs*—for, as far as heads and shoulders went, we dressed like natives—we gave our horses their heads, and they went at a rattling pace, and about three hours took us out of the storm. Richard and I were alone; all the rest lagged behind. When the horses once got out of the storm (they seemed to understand all about it—one was desert bred and took the lead), they relapsed into a walk till they got cool. We then went by the compass in the direction we meant to take, and were joined eventually by our followers.

We now had to sleep in our clothes, revolvers and guns at our sides, and make our men take turn to watch, in case of an attack from a *ghazú*, or Bedawi raid, and we took off the camels' bells. A *ghazú* may pass you in the night, and if you are quite silent, and a foal does not whinny, nor a dog bark, you are all right; but those are the two things you have to dread. I ought to have said that, though we accepted the escort, we were not hoodwinked. I kept taking stock of our Mezrab between Damascus and our first halt, and I thought he had an uncanny and *amused* look; so I rode up to Richard, and told him, in a language that was not understood, what I thought. Richard gave a grim smile, as Ouida says, "under his

moustache," and said, "Yes, I have thought all that out too. Mohammed Agha, come here."

Whatever Richard told Mohammed to do, he did it thoroughly. If he wanted a culprit that had run away, he would say, "Bring me So-and-so, Mohammed." "Eywallah! ya Sidi Beg" (Yes, by Allah, my Lord Beg); and he would go off, saying, "If he were in hell I would have him out." Once he brought a man kicking and struggling under his arm, and put him down before Richard, saying, "There he is, your Excellency."

This faithful Afghan had served him in India, and he had accidentally found him in Damascus, and made him his chief *hawwás*. He now rode up. Richard gave him a few orders in Afghani, which no one else understood. He saluted and retired. When we got about three hours away from Damascus in the open desert, the Bedawin had his mare and his arms taken from him, and was mounted on a baggage mule. Every kindness was shown to him, and he enjoyed every comfort that we had, but two mounted guard over him day and night, and he was thus powerless. We knew quite well that the Bedawin, on his thoroughbred mare, would have curveted off in circles, pretending to look for wells, when in reality he would have fetched the tribe down upon us, and we should have been captured; orders would have been given to respect and treat us well, and then we should have to be ransomed, and this would have *proved* the impossibility of visiting Palmyra without a Bedawi escort at six thousand francs a head, and the Foreign Office would have smartly reproved, and perhaps recalled, their Consul for running such a risk. We stuck our Mezrab up for a show, to prove that we had a Bedawin escort, whenever Bedawi raids were near, but he was not allowed to move or to make a sign. Da'as joined us with ten of his men, and whenever there was the smallest occasion for joy or self-congratulation, they used to do a *Jerid*. When I say the men are riding *Jerid*, I mean that they are galloping about violently, firing from horseback at full speed, yelling, hanging over in their stirrups with their bridles in their mouth, playing with and quivering their long feathered lances in the air, throwing them and catching them again at full gallop, picking things from the ground that they have thrown there, firing pistols, throwing themselves under the horses' bellies and firing under them at full gallop, yelling and shouting their war-cry, as Buffalo Bill's cowboys do, only far more picturesque figures, with their many-coloured dresses, and better mounted on their beautiful mares. The wildness of the whole spectacle is very refreshing; but you have to be a good rider yourself, as the horses simply go wild.

On one occasion we saw a large body, apparently of mounted Bedawi. We waved and whistled our stragglers in, and drew up in line; the others did the same. We fully expected a charge. By this time I had transformed myself into a boy (Richard's son)—found it more convenient for riding long distances, and for running away. It *sounds* indecent, but all Arab clothes are so baggy and draping that it little matters whether you are dressed as a man or woman. So he let me ride out with two other horsemen from the ranks forward (it would have been undignified for *him* to do so, being in command of the party); they did the same, and this is what it proved to be—the Shaykh and his fighting men on the part of a distant village, and a priest on the part of the Archbishop of Karryatayn, with invitations. All the men embraced, my hand was kissed, and we were escorted back in great triumph, riding *Jerid* as before. We rode to the village of the Shaykh, and we sent on others with our letters to Omar Beg, the Brigadier at that time commanding troops at Karryatayn, because they expected a revolt of the tribes.

We eventually arrived at Karryatayn. We were treated with great hospitality by Omar Beg, and when we left he accompanied us a little way with an immense cavalcade, which was very picturesque and pretty. We saw a mirage that day in the desert, and were very tired, and had to sleep with our arms, without undressing. We then had a somewhat dangerous defile to pass through mountains, where we found a well. I had invented a capital way of watering the beasts. Man can always draw water, but nobody thinks of the horses, and in a cup or tin pot you cannot get enough water for them. I had bags made of skins, exactly like a huge tobacco-pouch with ropes, and whenever we came to inaccessible water *these* were lowered until every animal had drunk its fill. At each of these places, Jerúd, Atneh, and Karryatayn, several who had been longing to go to Tadmor wanted to join us, secure of protection, of food for themselves, and corn for their animals without paying a farthing for it. We increased to a hundred and sixty persons, and some had one and some two animals. I had one man with me as my own servant, a Syrian Christian, who gave us a great deal of trouble. He was very clever, and the best dancer; but the second or third day after a hard day's ride, the horses were dead beat, and instead of taking his horse and watering and feeding it, and putting it in shelter as I desired, he drew his sword and cut its throat, in hopes of being allowed to ride my second horse, so I ordered him off to the baggage in the rear. No Moslem would have done such a thing. I never liked him after. We could not turn the man out to die in the desert, but the day that we got back to Damascus, my

husband sent him to prison, for that and thefts in the houses where we stayed.

We met with another *ghazú* before we arrived, but we imposed on them by calling a halt, planting the flag, showing our Bedawin, and ordering breakfast to be spread. We then improvised a *tir* by planting a lance in the sand at a good distance, with a pumpkin at the top, or an orange, and showed them how far our rifles would carry, and the *ghazú* being mounted on mares, not camels, we were not attacked. A few of ours curveted about, preparatory to bolting, but my husband called out to the men to form into line, and then he shouted, "The first man who leaves this line, I'll shoot him in the back as he rides away." That made them settle down.

The first sight of Palmyra makes you think it is a regiment of cavalry drawn out in single line on the horizon; it was the most imposing sight I ever looked upon, though I have seen plenty of other ruins. It is so gigantic, so extensive, so bare, so desolate, rising out of, and partially buried in a sea of sand. There is something that almost takes your breath away about this splendid City of the Dead. When you are alone and gazing in silence upon her solitary grandeur, you feel as if you were wandering in some unforgotten world, and respect and wonder bid you hush like a child amidst the tombs of a long-closed and forgotten churchyard. This was the Tadmor built by Solomon, as a safe halt for the treasures of India and Persia passing through the desert (2 Paralipomenon or Chronicles viii. 4), "And he built Tadmor in the wilderness, and all the store cities, which he built in Hamar." Read also 3 Kings or 1 King ix. 18.

I shall never forget the imposing sight of Tadmor. There is nothing so deceiving as distance in the desert. At sea you may calculate it, but in the desert you never can. A distant ruin stands out of the sea of sand, the atmosphere is so clear that you think you will reach it in half an hour; you ride all day and you never seem to get any nearer to it, just as if it receded in proportion as you advanced. We camped outside, close to the great colonnade. We had five tents, our free-lances ten, the rest of the party theirs, and the animals close by. There were four sulphurous streams; we kept one to drink, and one to bathe, and two for the animals. There is a height of rock on which is a castle; the mountain-top was cruised all around with an infinity of labour to form a drawbridge and moat. The ascent is exceedingly steep. On two sides is a fine range of mountains, on the other two a desert of sand, stretching far away like a yellow sea. The ruins and a small oasis caused by the foundation lie at our feet. It is possible that Tadmor once spread over all the irrigated part of the plain. A few orchards, and the

splendid ruins, and a handful of wretched people have huts plastered like wasps' nests within them. The whole City must have been composed of parallel streets, and similar streets crossing them, some formed by immense columns, and stretching far over the plains, and cornered by temples and castles. The Temple of the Sun was carved from great blocks of rock from the mountains; has some fine cornices, some still perfect. In one direction there is a falling wall on the slant, as if it was arrested in falling. It has a square court of seven hundred and forty feet each side, encompassed by a wall seventy feet high. The central door is thirty-two feet high and sixteen wide. The temple still has one hundred columns standing. The few people who live there are disgusting and ophthalmic.

The tombs are a great interest—tall square towers with a handsome frontage. Inside are four stories. The ceilings are beautiful; the entrances are lined with Corinthian columns and busts. There are tiers to the very top for bodies. One contained one hundred bodies. One bore a 102 B.C. date, one Anno Domini 2—evidently a very swell family, and all speaking of sad ruined grandeur. The ruins are enormous and extensive, and simply splendid. I cannot describe the sensation of being in a great City of the Dead, and thinking over all the story of Zenobia and her capture, especially by moonlight. The simoom blew our tents nearly down part of the time. Richard discovered caves, and he spent several days excavating. We found human curios, human bones, and skulls with hair on them, which we brought home. There is a sulphurous river, bright as crystal, and tepid with the properties of Vichy. Water issues from a cavernous hole in the mountain, and streams through Palmyra. A separate spring, of the same quality, bubbles up in the sand near it. The Damascenes send for Vichy water; why don't they get it from here? We also found some Greek statues; one of Zenobia, life size. Some of our men were taken with *wahdeb*, a disease peculiar to Syria, and hereditary—a sort of convulsions or hysteria. They generally get a firstborn to tread up and down the back, but I brought them to quicker with doses of hot brandy and water. We returned by a different route part of the way. There is a well-known river and outwork six hours' ride away from Palmyra, called Selamíyyah, and bearing east-south-east of the Mount of Hamah. Here begins a high rolling ground called El Aláh, which we come to later on. We had very bad weather, and our tents were nearly carried away at night. We had a wild-boar hunt on the way. We fell in with fifty Bedawi; they were not strong enough to attack us, but we had to stick to our baggage. Our usual day in the desert (in which we lived off and on) was as follows:—

The usual travelling day is that those who had anything to do rose two hours before starting, but those who had not got into their saddles at dawn. Being, as one may say, head *sais*, or groom, I saw the horses groomed, fed, watered, and saddled. Our dragomans* attended to striking the tents and the baggage. We started at dawn, and rode until the sun was unbearable; we then halted for one or two hours. The animals were ungirthed, fed, and watered, and we had our food and smoke, and perhaps a short sleep; after which we mounted, and rode till near sunset. We then halted for the night. The tents were pitched. If we were near an inhabited place Richard sat in state on his divan and received the Chiefs with *narghileh* and sherbet; I saluted, and walked off with the horses. I had drilled my people so well that they were all drawn up in line; at one word of command, off with the bridles, and on with the head-stalls; at another word the saddles off, the perspiring backs rubbed with a handful of *raki*, to prevent galls, and the horse-cloths thrown on. They were then led about to cool for a quarter of an hour, then ridden down to water, if there was any, or watered out of the skins if there were not, and their nose-bags put on with *tibn*—straw chopped up as fine as mincemeat, the hay of this country—then picketed in a ring, heels out, heads in, hobbled fore and aft, and grooms in the middle.

I would then go back to my husband, and sit on the divan at a respectful distance and in respectful attitude, speak little, and be invited to have a sherbet or *narghileh*. I then saluted, and went to see the horses groomed for the night, and get their suppers; then I returned to my husband's tent, supper and bed, and to-morrow *da capo*. The baggage animals, with provisions and water, are directed to a given place so many hours in advance by the compass. One man of our riding-party slings on the saddle-bags, containing something to eat and drink; another hangs a water-melon or two to his saddle, another the skins to draw water for the horses, and another or two, nose-bags with corn. We ride on till about eleven, and dismount at the most convenient place, and water as we go along, if there is any. The horses' girths are slackened, their bridles changed for halters; they drink, if possible, and their nose-bags are filled with one measure of barley. We eat, smoke, and sleep for one hour or two; we then ride on again till we reach our tents.

We are supposed to find them pitched, mattresses and blankets spread, mules and donkeys free and rolling to refresh themselves, baggage stacked, the gypsy-pot over a good fire, and perhaps a

* If any one wants dragomans, let them give preference above all to Melhem Wardi, of Beyrout, and consult his brother Antun.

glass of lemonade or a cup of coffee ready for us. It does sometimes happen that we miss our camp, that we have the ground for bed, the saddle for pillow, and the water-melon for supper. Richard used to take all the notes, sketches, observations, and maps, and gather all the information. The sketches and maps were Charles Drake's business, when with us. I acted as secretary and aide-de-camp, and had the care of the stable and any sick or wounded men; I could also help him with the sextant, and with some of his scientific instruments.

A short day's riding would be eight hours, a very long one would be thirteen, and we generally stayed at any place of interest till it was exhausted. In this way we saw all Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land off the beaten tracks, and through the deserts, the Haurán and wild places included. I do not like to say too much about it, because my two volumes of "Inner Life of Syria," which were published in 1875, and "Unexplored Syria," written by Richard, Charley Drake, and me (2 vols., 1872), have mostly told everything. These will be republished in the Uniform Library.

Camping out is the most charming thing in the world, and its scenes will always live in my memory. It is a very picturesque life, although hard, but one gets so used to it, as quite to dislike a house. I can never forget some of those lovely nights in the desert, as after supper we all sat round in circles; the mules, donkeys, camels, horses, and mares picketed about, screaming, kicking, and holloaing; the stacked loads, the big fires, the black tents, the Turkish soldiers, the picturesque figures in every garb, and wild and fierce-looking men in wonderful costumes lying here and there, singing and dancing barbarous dances (especially the sword-dance); or stories told, or Richard reciting the "Arabian Nights," or poor Palmer chanting Arab poetry, or Charley Drake practising magic to astonish the Mogháribehs, though neither of these two were with us *then*. A glorious moon lights our tripod and kettle; the jackals howl and chatter as they sniff the savoury bones, and if you can remain breathless, it is the prettiest thing to see them gambol in the moonlight, jumping over one another's backs, but if one, smelling food, runs round your tent when all are asleep, the shadow on the white canvas is so large that it frightens you. A distant pack coming along sounds like the war-cry of the Bedawi booming down upon you; their yell is unearthly as it sweeps by you, passes, and dies away in the distance. I used to love the sound, because it told me I was in camp, by far the most delightful form of existence when the weather is not too cruel.

Madame Omar Beg's two pets were a hyæna, which received me

at the gate, and a lynx that lay upon the divan. The first put its fore-paws on my shoulders and smelt my cheek, and did "pouf" (like a bellows blowing in your face) to frighten me; and the other sprang at me and mewed and lashed its tail. For sheer fright I stood stock still and they did nothing to me, and amused Madame Omar immensely when she came in.

Camel-riding is very pleasant, if it is a *delul* with a long trot, but a slow walk is horribly tedious, a baggage animal is bone-breaking, and a gallop would be utter annihilation. A *shugduf* or *takhtarawdn* shakes you till you are sore. The nicest mount is horse or mare—mare safer; but Richard did a very wise thing—he chose *rahwáns*. They run an American trot, and there is no more fatigue in riding them than sitting in an armchair. You have only to sit still and let them go, and they cover enormous spaces in the day; so he used to arrive perfectly fresh when we were all tired out. I possessed a couple of stallions. I was headstrong and foolish, and I would ride them, because I hated the *rahwáns'* paces; so I took a great deal more out of myself than I need have done, as they generally danced for a couple of hours before they settled down to their work. However much you may love the desert and camp life, when you have had your fill of it, I cannot tell how refreshing it is to see the first belt of green, like something dark lining the horizon, and to long to reach it. When you enter by degrees under the trees, the orchards, the gardens of Damascus, you smell the water from afar, and you hear its gurgling long before you come to the rills and fountains; you scent and then see the fruit—the limes, figs, citron, water-melon; you feel a madness to jump into the water, to eat your fill of fruit, to go to sleep under the delicious shade.

Such is entering Damascus. You forget the bitter wind, the scorching sun, the blistering sand; you wonder if it is true that you are going to have a bath, to change your clothes, to sleep in a real bed, without having to watch against Bedawi, or if your brain is hurt by the sun, or if your blinded eyes are seeing a mirage. Your tired, drooping horse tells you it is true; he pricks his ears, he wants to break out into a mild trot; done up as he is, he stops to drink at every rill, and, with a low whinny of joy, gathers a mouthful of grass at every crop. You who have never travelled in the desert do not know what *water* means. I have seen forty Bedawi race to a hole in a rock where as much rainwater had gathered as would fill a hand-basin, fling themselves off their horses, bend and put their lips to it, and then courteously make way for each other. You will see people in the East sitting, in what would appear to you a placid idiocy of delight, by a little trickling stream not a foot wide, with



THE BURTONS' HOUSE IN SALAHÍYYAH, DAMASCUS.

By Sir Frederick Leighton.

a *narghileh*, and calling it *kayf*, which means *dolce far niente*, or "sweet do-nothing."

OUR HOUSE.

"Though old as history itself, thou art fresh as the breath of Spring, blooming as thine own rosebud, as fragrant as thine own orange flower, O Damascus, Pearl of the East!"

Our house in Damascus overhung the road and opposite gardens, with projecting lattice windows, was bounded on the right by a Mosque, on the left by a *Hammám* (Turkish bath), and front and back by gardens. On the other side of the road, among the apricot orchards, I had a capital stable for twelve horses, with a good room for *saises* (grooms), and a small garden with the river running through it. As soon as you got out of our village there was a bit of desert sand, and a background of tall yellow-coloured mountain, called *Jebel Kaysún*, or the Camomile Mountain, and that was what our village smelt of. When you entered our house, you came into a square courtyard, coarsely painted in broad stripes of red, white, and blue. All around were orange, lemon, and jessamine trees, a fountain playing in the middle, opposite the *liwán*, a raised room with one side taken out of it, open on to the court, spread with carpets and divans, and the niches filled with plants. Here, on hot days, one receives and offers coffee, lemonade, sherbet, chibouques, *narghilehs*, and cigarettes. On one side is a dining-room, on the other a cool sitting-room; all the rest is for servants and offices. Upstairs, six rooms run round two sides of the courtyard; a long terrace occupies the other two sides, joining and opening into the room at either end. There is a cool house-top with plants, to spread mats and divans, to sit amongst the flowers under the trees and by the Mosque-minaret, to look either towards our mountain, or over Damascus and the gardens, and inhale the desert-air from the other side of Damascus.

We also made a beautiful arbour in the garden opposite, which contained chiefly roses and jessamine. By lifting up the overlaid vines and citrons, and branches of the lemon and orange trees, and supporting them on a frame-work, so that no sun could penetrate their luxuriance; we had a divan made under them for the cool summer evenings near the rushing river, and many happy hours of *kayf* we passed there. The Mosque next door to us, seemed to be built round and clung to a huge vine tree, which spread up and down all over it and its terrace, and the *Muezzin's* Minaret and my study window were cheek by jowl. The village was charming—

domes and minarets peeping out of trees, bubbling streams, the music of the water-wheel.

Whenever we were in Eastern life, whether in Syria or elsewhere, we always made a point of being thoroughly English, and European in our Consulate ; but, when *not* obligatory, we used to live a great deal *with* the natives, and *as* the natives, for the purpose of experience. We wore European dress in Damascus and Beyrout, and we wore native dress up the country or in the desert. It was as easy for me to wear men's dress as my own, because it was all drapery, and does not in the least show the figure. There is nothing but the face to tell by, and if you tuck up your *kuffiyyah* you show only half a face, or only the eyes. Thus we would eat what they ate. If I went to stay with a harem, I always went in my own clothes ; but if I went to the bazar, I frequently used to dress like a Moslemah with my face covered, and sit in the shops in the bazar, and let my Arab maid do all the talking lest I might be suspected, that I might hear all the gossip, and enter something into their lives. And the women frequently took me into the mosques in the same way, knowing who I was. We attended *every sort* of ceremony, whether it was a circumcision, or a wedding, or a funeral, or a dervishes' dance, or anything that was going on, or any religious ceremony—my husband to the Cafés and the Mosques, the evening story-tellers haunts ; I to the charm shops, where the *khosis* (fortune-tellers) hang out and administer love philters, or, in short, every sort of thing, and mix with all classes, religions, and races and tongues. The small rides and excursions round Damascus are innumerable and beautiful ; they lead through garden and orchard with bubbling water, under the shady fig and vine, pomegranate and walnut. You emerge on the soft yellow sand, and you throw off your superfluous strength, by galloping as hard as you will. There is no one to check your spirits ; the breath of the desert is liberty. It was very pleasant for us, as we used to get acquainted with all the Shaykhs and people for two or three days' ride all round Damascus, and if we felt dull—which, by the way, we never did—we could run out and pay them a visit, such as Shaykh Sali's camp, passing El Bassúleh to Hijáneh. Lakes are marked on the maps a day's journey from Damascus. There are four lakes supposed to receive the Abana and Pharphar, but they are generally dry, the rivers evaporating or disappearing in the sand. You ride across the Ghutah plain, the Merj, and Abbs (the plains of Damascus) into the Wady el Ajam. It is also pleasant to ride down to the coast, seventy-two miles, and take a steamer going to Tyre, Sidon, and other coast places.

Richard's day, as I said, was divided into reading, writing, studying, and attending to his official work. There was one kind of duty

within the town, another without the town, to scour mountain and desert, to ride hard, and to know everything that is going on in the country, and *personally*, not through dragomans only. His talents were particularly Eastern, and of a political and diplomatic kind; his knowledge of Eastern character was as perfect as his languages. He was as much needed out of the town as in it, and very often when they thought he was far away, he was amongst them, and they wondered how he knew things. I interested myself in all his pursuits, and I was a most fortunate woman that he allowed me to be his companion, his secretary, and his aide-de-camp. I looked after our house, servants, stables, and animals. I did a little gardening. I helped my husband, read and wrote, studied Arabic, received and returned visits, saw and learnt Damascus through, till I knew it like my own pocket, looked after the poor and sick of my village and its environs. Sometimes I galloped over the plains, and sat in the Bedawi tents, sometimes went up all the mountains. Summer times I smoked *narghilehs* by the waterside in a neighbour's garden. Sometimes I went to pass two or three days with a harem. Our lives were wild, romantic, and solemn. After sunset the only sounds were the last call to prayer on the Minaret top, the howling of the wild dogs, the cries of the jackals in the burial-ground outside the village, the bubbling of the fountains, the hootings of the owls in the garden, the sougning of the wind through the mountain gorges, and the noise of the water-wheel in a neighbour's orchard. There was often a free fight in the road below, to steal a mare, or to kill. We have often gone down to take some poor wretch in, and bind up his sabre-cuts.

I used to have a large reception every Friday, and not only of the Europeans, but the Authorities as well as the natives of every tongue, race, and creed, who used to assemble in our Divan for *narghilehs*, sherbet, and coffee. It used to begin at sunrise, and go on till sunset. How I look back to those romantic days when the assembled party, being afraid to remain in our quarters after the sun was down, used to file down through the orchards and gardens to the safe shelter of the Damascus gates at sunset, and the mattresses and cushions of the divans were spread on the housetop, backed by the romantic Jebel Kaysún, with a bit of desert sand between it and us, and on all the other three sides a view over Damascus, and its surrounding oasis, and the desert beyond!

Then the supper was prepared on the roof, and there remained with us the two most interesting and remarkable characters of Damascus, the two who never knew what fear meant—the famous Abd el Kadir and Lady Ellenborough, known there as the “Hon. Jane Digby el Mezrab.” Abd el Kadir was a dark, handsome,

thoroughbred-looking man, with dignified bearing and cool self-possession. He dressed in snowy white, both turban and burnous. Not a single ornament except his jewelled arms, which were splendid. If you saw him on horseback you would single him out from a million; he had the seat of a gentleman and a soldier. He was every inch a Sultan. His mind was as beautiful as his face. He spoke the perfection of Arabic, he was a true Moslem, and he and Richard were both Master-Sufi. All readers will know his history. He was the fourth son of the Algerine Marabout Abd el Kadir Mahi ed Din, and was born in 1807. You all remember his hopeless struggles for the independence of Algeria, his capture, his imprisonment in France from 1847 to 1852—a treacherous act, and a tarnish to the French Government. Lord Londonderry earnestly entreated Louis Napoleon to set him free, which he did, going to the prison himself to let him out, and treating him with the greatest honour. He pensioned him and sent him to Damascus, where he was surrounded by five hundred faithful Algerines. He divided his time into prayer, study, business, and very little sleep. He loved the English, but he was loyal to Louis Napoleon. When the massacre in 1860 took place, he used to sleep at his own door, lest any poor Christian wretch should knock and petition to be saved from slaughter, and for fear his Algerines, being Moslems, should turn a deaf ear; and he saved many, sending guards down to the convents of women, and to his friends.

Our other friend was the Hon. Jane Digby, of the family of Lord Digby, married to Lord Ellenborough, and divorced. She made her home in Damascus, and eventually married a Bedawin Shaykh (Mijwal el Mezrab), the tribe of Mezrab being a branch of the great Anazeh. She was a most beautiful woman, though at the time I write she was sixty-one, tall, commanding, and queen-like. She was *grande dame au bout des doigts*, as much as if she had just left the salons of London and Paris, refined in manner and voice, nor did she ever utter a word you could wish unsaid. My husband said she was out and out the cleverest woman he ever met; there was nothing she could not do. She spoke nine languages perfectly, and could read and write in them. She painted, sculptured, was musical. Her letters were splendid; and if on business, there was never a word too much, nor a word too little. She had had a most romantic, adventurous life, and she was now, one might say, Lady Hester Stanhope's successor. She lived half the year in a romantic house she had built for herself in Damascus, and half her life she and her husband lived in his Bedawi tents, she like any other Bedawin woman, but honoured and respected as the queen of her tribe,



SALAHÍYYAH, DAMASCUS IN THE OASIS. THE DESERT BEYOND.

By Charles Tyrwhitt-Drake.

wearing one blue garment, her beautiful hair in two long plaits down to the ground, milking the camels, serving her husband, preparing his food, giving him water to wash his hands and face, sitting on the floor and washing his feet, giving him his coffee, his sherbet, his *narghilehs*, and while he ate she stood and waited on him, and glorying in it; and when in Damascus they led semi-European lives. She looked splendid in Oriental dress, and if you saw her as a Moslem woman in the bazar you would have said she was not more than thirty-four years of age. She was my most intimate friend, and she dictated to me the whole of her biography, beginning 15th March, 1871, and ending July 7th.

After I left a report came home that she was dead. I answered some unpleasant remarks in the Press about her, throwing a halo over her memory, in which I stated that I being the possessor of the biography, no one had a right to say anything about her except myself. She reappeared again, having only been detained in the desert by the fighting of the tribes. Her relatives attacked her for having given me the biography, and she, under pressure, denied it in print through one of the missionaries, and then wrote and asked me to give it back to her; but I replied that she should have had it with the greatest pleasure, only having "given me the lie" in print, I was obliged for my own sake to keep it, and she eventually died. I have got it now, but I shall never publish it.*

RICHARD AND CHILDREN.

Richard's love for children was quite extraordinary. If there was a child in the room, even a baby in arms, no one could get a word out of him; but you would find him on the floor, romping with them, and they were never afraid of him. I do not think there could possibly be a better illustration than the very admirable and striking account given by Salih, who was one of the missionaries in Damascus:—

"Burton at Damascus.

"My first sight of Captain Burton revealed not only the man in his complex character, but supplied the key to the perplexing vicissitudes of his extraordinary career.

"On his arrival in Damascus, Burton called at my house. My study adjoined the drawing-room, into which he was shown by a native servant. I heard him command the Arab to fetch me in harsh, peremptory tones, which were meant to be obeyed. The servant, not thinking that I was in the study, went to seek me elsewhere. I advanced, in noiseless Damascus slippers, to the drawing-room door, and I came upon a scene never to be forgotten.

"At one side of the room stood my curly-headed, rosy-cheeked little boy of five, on the other side stood Burton. The two were staring at each other. Neither was aware of my presence. Burton had twisted

* The MSS. has now been destroyed.—W. H. W.

his face into the most fiendish-like aspect. His eyes rolled, exposing the whites in an alarming manner. The features were drawn to one side, so as to make the gashes on his jaw and brow appear more ghastly. The two cheeks were blown out, and Burton, raising a pocket-handkerchief to his left cheek, struck his right with the flat of his right hand, thus producing an explosion, and making the pocket-handkerchief fly to the left as if he had shot it through his two cheeks.

“The explosion was followed by a suppressed howl, something between the bark of a hyæna and a jackal. All the time Burton glared on the little fellow with the fiery eyes of a basilisk, and the child stood riveted to the floor as if spell-bound and fascinated, like a creature about to be devoured. Suddenly a very wonderful thing happened. The little boy, with a wild shout of delight, sprang into the monster’s arms, and the black beard was instantly mingled with the fair curls, and Burton was planting kisses all over the flaxen pate. The whole pantomime was gone through as quick as lightning, and Burton, disentangling himself, caught sight of my Arab returning without me, and, instead of waiting for an explanation, hurled at him a volley of exasperating epithets, culled from the rich stores of spicy and stinging words which garnish Arabic literature. Burton had revealed himself to me fully before he saw me. The child’s clear, keen instinct did not mislead it. The big, rough monster had a big child’s heart behind the hideous grimaces. The child’s unerring instinct was drawn by affinity to the child’s heart in the man.”

SYRIA.

Each year in January we rode out with the Meccan Caravan, or Haj, as far as Ramsah, the third station, and one year returned to Damascus *viâ* Izra (the Edhra of the Handbook) and the celebrated Haurán valley plain, inspecting the chief settlements and making acquaintance with the principal Shaykhs. Richard writes—

“I had business at Hums (Emesa), generally written Homs, and Hamáh (Hamath Epiphaneia), on the northern borders of the consular district of Damascus. From there I examined and sent home native facsimiles of the four unique basaltic stones, whose characters, raised in cameo, apparently represent a system of local hieroglyphics peculiar to this part of Syria, and form the connecting link between picture-writing and the true syllabarium. A friend was kind enough to give me some valuable papers, amongst them two maps noting the most important of the three hundred and sixty villages, which he had traced himself by aid of native information. These stud the plain known as El’Aláh; the same number of villages are allotted to the Lejá. This plain is a high rolling ground beginning at Selamíyyah, the well-known ruin and outwork of Palmyra, six hours’ ride from, and bearing east-south-east of the Mound of Hamáh. It extends five days’ journey to the north, and from east to west two or

three days'. Some call it the 'Great Syrian Desert;' but the Seleucidæ here kept their immense studs of elephants and horses. The whole is virgin ground, as are also the eastern slopes of the Jebel Kalbíyyah, on the left bank of the Orontes, and of the country extending from the parallel of Hums to that of Selamíyyah. In the first five hours we had examined five ruins; and the basaltic buildings are exactly those of the Giant Cities of Bashan. We returned to Damascus by Jebel el Húlah; saw the fine crusading castle called Husn el Akrád, the plain of the Nahr el Kabír, the Eleutherus river. Our hardships were considerable; the country was under water, and the rushing torrents and deep ditches caused long detours. We had heavy and continuous rains, furious blasts, snow and sleet like Norway. One of the followers sickened and died, and we were all frostbitten. In all my trips and peregrinations, I had business to do as well as pleasure.

"Throughout Syria, when the basaltic soil runs to any depth, the earth is loose and treacherous, fatiguing to traverse in summer, and impassable in winter. In some places the water is sulphurous or brackish, but in most places without any unpleasant taste; it is strongly diuretic."

UNEXPLORED SYRIA.

Taken from Richard's journals of excursions to the Libanus with Charley Drake and me, and once with Drake alone, the Tulúl el Safá, the Anti-Libanus, the Northern Libanus, and the 'Aláh. We collected eighty-one original Greek inscriptions in the Haurán mountain, and in the 'Aláh, a collection of Alpine plants from the Libanus, shells, and geological specimens. Charley Drake did the plans and sketches and maps, Richard and I the writing.

Richard wrote—

"The fact was we had long been tantalized by the sight of the forbidden Tulúl el Safá, or Hillocks of the Safá Pyramids, looking at the distance like baby finger-tops, dotting the eastern horizon within sight of our housetop, and, thinning out northwards, prolonged the lumpy blue wall of the Jebel Durúz Haurán, which appears to reflect the opposite line of the Anti-Libanus. Many also were the vague and marvellous reports which had reached our ears concerning a cave called by the few who knew it Umm Nírán, the mother of fires. The difficulty and danger of visiting these places arose in my time simply from the relations of the *Wali's* government with the hill tribes of Bedawin, who, mixed up with the Druzes, infest the Trachonic countries. The hill tribes proper are Agaylát, the Hasan, the Shurafát, the Azámát, and the Masá'id. The Safá is tenanted by the Shitayá, the Ghiyás, and the Anjad, whilst the Lejá belongs to the Sulút, as clients of the Druzes. These are nine hordes intermarried, who combine together in the warfare of the tribes. They are the liege descendants of the refractory robbers of the Trachonitis, who, to revenge the death of their Captain Naub, rose up against the garrison of three thousand Idumæans stationed in their country by Herod, son of Antipater. Their prowess as plunderers is still famous.

“To the scandal of every honest man, they are allowed to scour the plains, carry off the flocks, and harry the flocks and herds of the peasantry. They served as ready implements of revenge against all those disaffected to or disliked by the petty autocrat [Rashíd Pasha] who then disgraced the land by his rule. They are small and slightly made, with oval face, bright brown eyes, and restless roving look of the civilized pickpocket. The features high and well formed, the skin a clear olive yellow. They wear long love-locks of raven-wings’ tint, well buttered. Their dress scanty and irregular. The action, like the eyes, is wild and startled; the voice is a sort of bark. When attacked, they put the women, children, and cattle in the rear, form a rude line, carefully guard against being out-flanked, and advance file-firing with great regularity. They attack strangers, and they have no sense of hospitality, and for this reason it was not really safe to ride alone three hours beyond the Eastern gate of Damascus. The Subá’a, therefore, made the plain of Damascus a battle-field, and the Wuld Ali levied black-mail in Cœle-Syria.

“Dust was thrown in the eyes of the civilized world whilst the *Wali* employed hordes of banditti to plunder its own hapless subjects, whilst the satellites had the audacity to publish, ‘*Le désert est cultivé, les Bedouins sont soumis, et le brigandage anéanti.*’ So it came to pass that all the broken-down Gassanian convents had never to our knowledge been visited by any European traveller. Mr. Porter was told that a hundred horsemen would not attempt a journey to El Diyúra. We received no damage, and nighted in the old temple of Ba’al, called Harrán el’Awámid. However, the Ghiyás found us out, advanced in a steady line, treated us to a shower of bullets, severely wounding in the leg our gallant companion and friend, Bedr Beg. As we were well mounted and armed, and the riding ground good, we could have brought down as many of them as we pleased, for we were all armed with six-shooters, and eight shot rifles, but, as we wanted to avoid a blood-feud, we did not return fire. After Rashíd Pasha was gone, the mystery of their attacking us was cleared up.

“These convents are in an excellent state of preservation. What we have to complain of is that the spirit of clique too often succeeds in ignoring the real explorer, the true inventor, the most learned writer, and the best artist. The honour is denied to the right man. Party is successful against principle. The Pharisee, with his aggressive, vigorous, narrow-minded nature, with his hard thin character, all angles and stings, with his starch inflexible opinions upon religion, politics, science, literature, and art, with his broad assurance that *his* ways are the only right ways, rules with a rod of iron the large herd of humanity, headed by Messrs. Feeblemind and Ready-to-halt. We find in our national life, when the Battle of the Creeds, or rather of ‘Non-Credo’ *versus* ‘Credo,’ has been offered and accepted; when every railway station is hung with texts and strewed with tracts for the benefit of that British-public-cherished idol the working-class; when the South Kensington Museum offers professional instruction in science and art for women before they

become mothers, suggesting that creation by law may be as reasonable as creation by miracle ; when Secularism draws the sword against Denominationalism ; briefly, when those who 'believe' and those who do not, can hardly keep hands off one another in a *mêlée*, it suggests a foretaste of the mystical Armageddon."

Richard and Charley Drake sketched and fixed the positions of some fifty ruins which are fated to disappear from the face of the earth. They took squeezes of from twenty to twenty-five Greek inscriptions, of which six or seven have dates, and explored the Harrah, or 'Hot-Country,' the pure white blank in the best maps, and took hydrographic charts, as they found that the guide-books and the maps teemed with mistakes.

"I thought," he said, "when I came here that Syria and Palestine would be so worn out that my occupation as an explorer was clean gone, but I soon found that although certain lines had been well trodden, that scarcely ever a traveller, and *no tourists*, have ever ridden ten miles off the usual ways. No one knows how many patches of unvisited and unvisitable country lie within a couple of days' ride of great cities and towns, such as Aleppo and Damascus, Hums, and Hamáh.

"Where the maps show a virgin white patch in the heart of Jaydur, the classical Ituræa, students suppose that the land has been examined, and has been found to contain nothing of interest. The reverse is absolutely the case. Finally, as will presently appear, there are valid reasons for that same, for the unexplored spots are either too difficult or too dangerous for the multitude to undertake. To visit carefully *even* the *beaten* tracks in the Holy Land occupies six months, and none *except a resident* can afford leisure or secure health for more, and the reason that these places have escaped European inspection is, that they do not afford provisions, or forage, or water ; they are deadly with malarious fever, they are infested by the Bedawi. They do not often detain you for ransom, nor mutilate you ; but they will spear you. They will not kill you in cold blood ; that is only done for a *Thar*, which is the blood-feud between tribes. Still, under these mitigated circumstances, travellers may know that their escorts will turn tail, and will hardly care to expose themselves, their attendants, and baggage to a charge of Bedawin cavalry. Indeed, the running away of the escort is the traveller's safeguard. If the tribe could seize all, it knows that dead men are dumb, but it knows that the fugitives have recognized them, and that before evening the tale will be known through all the land.

"There is no reverence in this ancient place for antiquity. Syria would *willingly* change from ancient and Oriental to modern and European. The ruins of the 'Aláh are pulled to pieces to build houses for Hamáh. The classical buildings of Saccæa are torn down and

made into rude hovels for the Druzes, who fled from the Anti-Libanus and Hermon. Syria, north of Palestine, is an old country, geographically and technologically and other ways, but it is absolutely new. A land of the past, it has a future as promising as that of Mexico or the Argentine Republic. The first railway that spans it will restore the poor old lethargic region to rich and vigorous life. 'Lazare, veni foras!'—it will raise this Lazarus of Eastern provinces, this Niobe of nations, from a neglected grave. *There is literally no limit that can be laid down to the mother-wit, the ambition, the intellectual capabilities of its sons. They are the most gifted race that I have as yet ever seen, and when the curse shall have left the country—not the bane of superstition, but the bane and plague-spot of bad rule—it will again rise to a position not unworthy of the days when it gave to the world a poetry and a system of religion still unforgotten by our highest civilization.*

"My object was to become acquainted with the Haurán and its Druzes, to see the Umm-Nírán Cave, called the 'fire cave,' of which one hears such extraordinary legends, and the Tulúl el Safá, which is the volcanic region, east of the Damascus swamps.

"The South Pacific Coast, and Mediterranean Palestine, are two pendants in the world, only the East is on a much smaller scale. The lakes and rivers, plains and valleys, cities and settlements, storms and earthquakes, in fact, all the geographical, physical, and the meteorological, as well as the social features of the two regions, show a remarkable general likeness with a difference of proportion.

"The world is weary of the past. In these regions there is hardly a mile without a ruin, hardly a ruin that is not interesting, and in some places, mile after mile and square mile after square mile of ruin show a luxuriance of ruin. There is not a large ruin in the country which does not prove, upon examination, to be the composition of ruins more ancient still. The mere surface of the antiquarian mine has only been scratched; it will be long years before the country can be considered explored, before even Jerusalem can be called 'recovered,' and the task must be undertaken by Societies, not by *individuals*.

"Of history, of picturesque legend, of theology and mythology, of art and literature, as of archæology, of palæography, of palæogeography, of numismatology, and all the other 'ologies and 'ographies, they have absolutely no visible end. If the New World be bald and tame, the Syrian old world is, to those *who know it well*, perhaps a little too fiery and exciting, paling with its fierce tints and angry flush the fair vision which a country has a right to contemplate in the days to be. There is a disease here called 'Holy Land on the Brain,' which makes patients babble of hanging gardens and parterres of flowers. The 'green sickness' attacks tourists from Europe and North America, especially where the sun is scarce. It attacks the Protestant with greater violence than the Catholic (the Catholic from long meditation is prepared for it). The Protestant fit is excited and emotional, spasmodic and hysterical, ending in a long rhapsody about himself, his childhood, and his mother. It spares the Levant-

time, as 'yellow Jack' does the negro. His brain is too well packed with the wretched intrigues and petty interest of material life to have any room for excitement at 'the first glimpse of Emmanuel's Land.' The sufferer will perhaps hire a house at Siloam, and pass his evenings in howling from the roof, at the torpid little town of Jebus, 'Woe! woe to thee, Jerusalem!' Men fall to shaking hands with one another, and exchange congratulations for the all-sufficient reason that the view before them 'embraces the plain of Esdraelon.'

"A long and happy life should be still before it. The ruined heaps show us what has been; the appliances of civilization, provided with railways and tramways, will offer the happiest blending of the ancient and the modern worlds. It will become another Egypt, with the advantages of a superior climate, and far nobler races of men. Time was when I dreamt of the Libanus as my future *pied à terre*. When weary with warfare and wander, one could repose in peace and comfortable ease. I thought of pitching a tent for life on Mount Lebanon, whose *raki* and tobacco are of the best, whose *Vino d'oro* is compared with the best, whose winter climate is like an English summer, whose views are lovely, a place at the same time near and far from society—it was *riant* in the extreme;* but in the state of Syria in my time, the physical mountain had no shade, the moral mountain no privacy, the village life would have been dreary and monotonous, broken only by a storm, an earthquake, a murder, a massacre. Such is the rule of the *Wali* in this unfortunate time, when drought and famine, despotism and misrule, maddens its unfortunate inhabitants.

"We now determined the forms and bearings of the Cedar Block, the true apex of the Libanus. We then went to the unknown and dangerous region called Tulúl el Safá, the Hillocks of the Safá district, a mass of volcanic cones lying east of the Damascus swamps called lakes. Then we explored the northern Anti-Libanus, a region which is innocent of tourists and traveller, and appears a blank of mountains upon the best maps. Of my fellow-traveller Charley Drake I can only say that every one knows his public worth. At the end of my time here came three tedious months of battling unsupported, against all that falsehood and treachery could devise; the presence of this true-hearted Englishman, staunch to the backbone, inflexible in the cause of right, and equally disdainful of threats and promises, was our greatest comfort: I can only speak of him with enthusiasm. Our journey to the northern slopes of Lebanon, and the 'Aláh or the highland of Syria, is an absolute gain to geography, as the road lay through a region marked on our maps 'Great Syrian Desert,' and the basaltic remains in the extensive and once populous plain lying north-east and south-east of Hamah have been visited, sketched, and portrayed for the first time. We found lignite, true coal, bituminous schists and limestone, the finest bitumen or asphalt, mineral springs of all sorts, and ores of all kinds, and plants and rhubarb. And then the duty of a

Consular officer in Syria is to scour the country, and see matters with his own eyes, and personally to investigate the cases which are brought before him at head-quarters, where everything except the truth appears.

“After our visit to Ba'albak and the northern Libanus, we ‘did’ the southern parts of the mountain, the home of the Druzes as opposed to that of the Maronites; then we ascended Hermon, then we had our gallop to the Waters of Merom, that hideous expanse of fetid mire and putrefying papyrus. We paid a visit to the only Bedawin Amir in this region, the Amir Hasan el Fa'úr of the Benú Fadl tribe, and then we visited most of the romantic and hospitable Druze villages which cling to the southern and eastern folds of Hermon.”

We used to spend all the summers in the Anti-Lebanon. Bludán is a little Christian village, Greek orthodox, which clings to the Eastern flank of the mountain overlooking the Zebedáni valley, which is well known to travellers, because it leads from Damascus to Ba'albak. In it we found the *official* sources of the Barada, the river of Damascus, but its *real* source is a pool just behind our quarters, fed in winter by the torrent of Jebel el Shakíf. The Bludán block is a few miles north of the site of Abila, the highest summit of Anti-Lebanon, and is fronted on the west by Jebel el Shakíf, or “Mountain of Cliffs,” with gaps and gorges. Bludán lies twenty-seven miles to the north-west across country, away from Damascus.

Ours was a large claret-case-shaped house of stone; the centre was a large barn-like limestone hall with a deep covered verandah; a wild waste of garden extends all round the house, a bare ridge of mountain behind; a beautiful stream with two small waterfalls rushes through the garden. It is five thousand feet high—an eagle's nest, commanding an unrivalled view. The air was perfect, only hot at three p.m. for an hour or two, and blankets at night. There was stabling for eight horses; no windows, only wooden shutters to close at night. We see five or six ranges of mountains, one backing the other, of which the last looks down upon the Haurán. We can see Jebel Sannin, which does not measure nine thousand feet above sea-level, monarch of the Lebanon, and on the left, Hermon, king of the Anti-Lebanon. The Greek villages cling like wasps' nests to our mountain, and Zebedáni, on the plain beneath, contains thirty-five thousand Mohammedans.

The utter solitude, the wildness of the life, the absence of *luxé*, and no society, the being thoroughly alone with Nature and one's own thoughts, was all too refreshing; we led half-Eastern lives and half-farmhouse life. We made our own bread, we bought



THE BURTONS' HOUSE AT BLUDÁN, IN ANTI-LEBANON.

By Charles Tyrwhitt-Drake.

butter and milk from the Bedawi, we bought sheep or kids from passing flocks. We woke at dawn, and after a cup of tea, we used to take the dogs, and have long walks over the mountains with our guns.

The game were bears (very scarce), gazelles, wolves, wild boars, and a small leopard called *nimr*, but for these we had to go far, and watch in silence before dawn. But Richard had opinions about sport; he only wanted to kill a beast that would kill us if we did not kill it, and the smaller game, partridges, quails, woodcocks, hares, and wild duck, we never shot unless we were hungry, and we would not have the gazelles hunted. He had the greatest contempt for the Hurlingham matches, and the battue slaughters in English parks, where, instead of honestly walking for your game, and bringing it home to eat, the young men of to-day have a gentle stroll to eat *pâté de foie gras*, drink champagne, and the keeper hands them a gun with a pheasant almost tied to the end of it to blow to pieces. And what Richard thought about sport I heartily agreed with. The hot part of the day was spent in reading, writing, and studying Arabic. He sent home from Bludán, during 1870, "Vikram and the Vampire" (Hindú tales), "Paraguay," and "Proverbia Communia Syriaca" (Royal Asiatic Society, 1871)—three works he had been long preparing.

His three literary necessities were Shakespeare, the Bible, and Euclid, and they were bound up together, with three large clasps, like a breviary, and went everywhere. *His* method of language-learning he has described in his autobiography. He taught me this way. He made me learn ten new words a day by heart. "When a native speaks, then say the words after him to get his accent. Don't be English—that is, shy or self-conscious—if you know five words, air them wherever you can; next day you will know ten, and so on till you can speak. Don't be like the Irishman who would not go into the water until he could swim. Then take a very easy childish book, in the colloquial language of the day, and translate it word for word underneath the original, and you will be surprised how soon you find yourself unconsciously talking."

At twelve we had our first meal; in the afternoon native Shaykhs, or English from Beyrout or Damascus, came to visit us, or rare tourists would crawl up to see what sort of people we were, and how we lived. They all used to say, "Well, it is glorious, but the thing is to get here." We set up a *tir* (shooting-place) in the garden, and used to practise pistol or rifle shooting, or fence, or put on the *cavesson*, and lunge the horses if they had had no exercise. When the sun became cooler, all the poor within sixteen miles round would come to be doctored;

the hungry, the thirsty, the ragged, the sick and sorry, filled our garden, and Richard used to settle grievances, and they all got money or clothing, food or medicine, and sympathy. Before dinner we used to assemble in the garden to eat a few mouthfuls of *leban* salad and drink a liqueur glass of *raki*, which was quite necessary to give us sufficient appetite. Divans were then spread on the housetop, and we used to watch the moon lighting up Hermon, whilst we smoked the after-dinner *narghileh*. The horses were picketed out all these summer nights, and the *saises* slept with them. The last thing was to have night prayers, and then to go the rounds to see that everything was right, turn out the dogs on guard, and then to bed.

The mails came once a fortnight, and Richard would ride into Damascus and see that all was well. Sometimes we used to give a picnic to some of our Moslem neighbours, and we would gallop out in the plain, and stay in the black tents of the Arabs. I used to have to ride down to the Moslem village Zebedáni every Sunday for church. The path was steep, and covered with rolling stones, so that the horses used mostly to slide down, and it occupied about an hour and a half. The most curious part was that the Shaykhs and chief Moslems always accompanied me to Mass. The thing that astonished the Shaykhs the most, was the small acolytes being able to read and sing in Latin, and they constantly exclaimed, "Máshálláh!"

We were much grieved about this time to hear the sad news of poor Lord Clarendon's death. Few amongst us that have not some happy recollection of that kind, true heart. He belonged to a breed of gentlemen that with one or two exceptions may be said to have died out. R.I.P. At this juncture Mr. E. H. Palmer and Charley Drake had come back from Sinai and the Tih Desert, and came to stay with us.

We wandered about for a long time together. On a long day we might easily zigzag forty or fifty miles, and thirty or thirty-six on a short day. We never rode straight to a place, and always rode two horses, as there is so much to be seen on both sides of a direct way.

Ba'albak is far more beautiful, though much smaller than Tadmor, and can be seen without any danger. Tadmor is more romantic, picturesque, more startling, and there is the attraction of the danger, and being in the absolute desert. Londoners and Parisians would consider Ba'albak in the desert, but we from Damascus do not. This was the holy place of the old Phœnicians, and I do not know a finer sight, from a distant height, when Ba'albak is lit up by the setting

sun. The fertile plain of the Buká'a, with its black Turcoman tents and camels, lies in the distance. There is a big stone still lying there, which would weigh eleven thousand tons. The Hajar el Hablah, or pregnant stone, is a huge unfinished block. Our measurements were seventy feet long, fourteen feet two inches high, and thirteen feet eleven inches broad. The extraordinary sight makes you exclaim, "Something must have frightened them before they had time to carry it off."

Riding about, you come to the Turcomans' tents, who have wandered about Syria since the days of the Crusaders, and have preserved, like their neighbours the *Nuwar* (gypsies), their ancestral language and customs. We then went to live for a short while with the Maronites, two hundred thousand people, under the rule of their Patriarch, and we camped for some time under the cedars of Lebanon. There are only nine of these large and ancient trees left; the four largest are in the form of a cross, and three smaller. There are 555 trees (newer than these nine), all told, and they are 7368 feet above sea-level. While stopping with his "Beatitude the Maronite Primate of Antioch, and of all the East," whom his flock calls "our Patriarch, our Pope, and our Sultan," we saw for once the simplicity and sincerity of the Apostolic ages.

B'sherri, Jezzín, and Sadád produce a manly, independent race of Christians, fond of horses and arms, with whom I am not ashamed to own community of faith. In all my life I have never seen worse riding than the Kasrawán; it consists of nothing but *débris* of rock, fields, valleys, and mountains, all of the largest jagged stones. Our horses had to do the work of goats, and jump from one bit of rock to another, and it lasted over twelve hours at once. We lost our camp, but after seeing our exhausted horses groomed, fed, watered, and tethered in a warm spot, we were glad to eat a water-melon, and sleep on our saddle-cloths in the open. The next day was just as bad until we reached Affka, but the scenery was glorious. We had three days of this awful riding, which the Syrians call "Darb el Jehannum," the "road of hell." We visited Mr. Palgrave's old quarters, a monastery of fifty or sixty Jesuits, where Mr. Palgrave was a Jesuit for seventeen years. Here we all got fever.

Upon the 26th of August, Richard received at night, by a mounted messenger, the two following letters from Mr. Wright, Chief Missionary at Damascus (No. 2), and from Mr. Nasif Meshaka, Chief Dragoman of the British Consulate (No. 1). I give them as they were written:—

No. 1.

“DEAR SIR,

“The Christians in Damascus are in great alarm; most of them have left for Saïdnayah, and others are about to leave for elsewhere. Their alarm was occasioned from the following facts: signs of crosses were made in the streets in the same way which preceded the massacre of 1860. On the 23rd instant a certain Mohammed Rashíd, a Government inspector (*teftish*), being in disguise, caught a young Jew, twelve years old, in the service of Solomon Donenberg, a British-protected subject, making signs of crosses in a cabinet of a mosque at Súk el Jedíd. Yesterday another young Jew, in the service of Marco, a French Jew, was caught also. Both of these two boys were taken to the Government; being under age, they were at once released by order of Mejlis Tamiz Hukúk. It is believed that the Moslems are the authors of these signs, either directly or indirectly, to stop the Government from taking the Redíf (militia), which is managed in a very oppressive manner, that is, leaving many families without males to support them. Such kinds of Redíf prefer rather to be hanged than seeing their haríms without support or any one to maintain them in their absence. A certain Nicolas Ghartous, a Protestant from Ain Shára, reported to me yesterday that while waiting on Mr. Anhourí, near the barracks of the Christian quarter, being dressed like a Druze, three soldiers of the same barracks came to him and said, ‘Yakík el ‘ijl,’ a technical term used by the Druzes, meaning, ‘Are you ready for another outbreak?’ Ghartous replied, ‘We are at your disposal.’ The soldiers replied, ‘Prepare yourself, and we will reap our enemies from here to the Báb Sharki’ (the Christian quarter), and thus they departed. Hatem Ghanem, a Catholic member in the Haurán, came here to recover some money due to him by Atta Zello of the Meydán Aghas. While claiming the money he was beaten, and his religion and Cross were cursed by his debtor, who was put in prison at the request of the Catholic Patriarchate. Twenty to thirty Redífs of the Meydán ran away to the Lejá’a, to take refuge there. The Redífs will be collected next Saturday, the 27th instant, some say at the Castle of Damascus, others at Khabboon and Mezzeh. The report is current that on that day there will be no work in town, and that there will be an outbreak. Although Ibrahim Pasha, the new Governor, arrived on the 23rd instant, he will not undertake his duties till the return of the *Wali*. The Governor, as well as some Frenchmen, through M. Roustán, who is now at Jerusalem, intend to propose to the *Wali* to leave Holo Pasha to continue occupying his present function under the present circumstances. The *Mushir* left on the 19th instant. The *Wali* is absent. The *Muffetish*, whom you know his inefficiency, is the Acting Governor-General. Consuls are absent (that is, the French and English). The presence of the high functionaries, and especially the Consuls, is a great comfort to the Christians in general.”

No. 2.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have just got in from Rasheiya, and before I sat down several Christians and one Moslem came in to ask if I knew what was coming. They seemed to be very much afraid; but, except that people don't act logically, I see no reason for fear. The fear, however, *does* seem *very* great. I know nothing. Any English of us here should be ready at the worst to fight our corner. Many thanks for your prompt action in our affairs. It is something to have

‘One firm, strong man in a blatant land,
Who can act and who dare not lie.’

“W. W.”

It appeared that one of those eruptions of ill-feeling, which are periodically an epidemic in Damascus, resulting from so many religions, tongues, and races, was about to simmer into full boil between Moslem and Christian. The outsiders are fond of stirring up both, for they reap all the benefit. It appeared that a slaughter-day was fixed for the 27th of August, 1870; all the Chief Authorities, by an accidental combination of affairs, were absent as well as the Consuls. Wednesday is the Moslem's unlucky day, and also, I believe, the 23rd; it is thought it will be the day of the end of the world. There would be nobody to interfere, and nobody to be made responsible. It was the night of the 26th when he got these letters. Richard ordered the horses to be saddled, the weapons to be cleaned. In ten minutes he told me what his plans and arrangements were. He said, “We have never before been in a Damascus riot, but if it takes place it will be like the famous affair of 1860. I shall not take you into Damascus, because *I* intend to protect Damascus, and you must protect Bludán and Zebedáni. I shall take half the men, and I shall leave you half. You shall go down into the plain with me to-night, and we shall shake hands like two brothers and part; tears or any display of affection will tell the secret to our men.”

So it was done, and at six o'clock the next morning he walked into the *mejlis* (council chamber). He was on good terms with them all, so he told them frankly what was going on, and said, “Which of you is to be hanged if this is not prevented? It will cost you Syria, and unless you take measures at once, I shall telegraph to Constantinople.” This had the desired effect. “What,” they asked, “would you have us to do?” He said, “I want you to post a guard of soldiers in every street; order a patrol all night. I will go the rounds

with Holo Pasha. Let the soldiers be harangued in the barracks, and told that on the slightest sign of mutiny the offenders will be sent to the Danube (their Cayenne). Issue an order that no Jew or Christian shall leave the house till all is quiet." All these measures were taken by ten o'clock a.m., and continued for three days. Not a drop of blood was shed, and the frightened Christians who had fled to the mountains began to come back. There is no doubt that my husband saved Damascus from a very unpleasant episode. Mr. L. Wright, Mr. Scott, and the other missionaries, his own dragomans, and a few staunch souls who remained quietly with him, appreciated his conduct, and he received many thanks from those on the spot. The diligence was so much in request (nearly all the Christians and Europeans had tried to leave) that a friend of mine could not get a seat for three weeks; yet these people, so soon as they sighted the Mediterranean, were brave and blatant. "Oh! *we* were not at all frightened; there was *no* danger whatever!" Mr. Eldridge, who had lived for ten years safely on the coast, and had never ventured up to Damascus in his life, a civilian whose dislike to the smell of powder was notorious, wrote me a pleasantly chaffing letter, hoping I had recovered my fever and fright, and giving Richard instructions how to behave in time of danger. When Richard had gone I climbed back to our eyrie, which commanded the country, and collected every available weapon and all the ammunition. The house was square, looking every way. I put a certain number of men on each side with a gun each, a revolver, and bowie-knife. I put two on the roof with a pair of elephant guns carrying four-ounce balls, and took the terrace myself. I planted the Union Jack on the flag-staff at the top of the house, turned our bull-terriers into the garden, locked up a little Syrian maid, Khamoor (the Moon), who was very pretty (Richard used to say her eyes were of the owlified largeness of the book of beauty), in the safest room, and my English maid, who was as brave as a man, was to supply us with provisions. I knew that I could rely upon our own men, so I filled all the empty soda-water bottles full of gunpowder, and laid fuses ready to stick in and light, and throw amongst the crowd. I then rode down to the American mission—the only other people near—to tell them if there was the slightest movement to come up and shelter with me; and then into the village of Bludán, to tell the Christians there to come and camp in our garden; and lastly to Zebedáni, where there were a few Christians living amongst the thirty-five thousand Moslems, and I sent them up at once, because there would be no time for *them* to reach me if danger came suddenly. The others were close by. I then rode down to the Moslem Shaykhs, and asked them what *they* thought. They told me

there *would* be a fight. "One half of our village will fight *with* you and yours, the other half will destroy the Christians here and at Bludán. They will hesitate to attack *your* house, but if matters are so bad as that, they shall pass over our dead bodies, and those of all our house, before they reach *you*." And every night they came up and picketed round the garden till my husband came back.

This lasted three days, and all subsided without accident. At this time also there was a tremendous row between a Moslem and a Christian woman; he tore the woman's ear down, smashed her black and blue, bruised her, and took all her gold ornaments from her. The case of Hassan Beg, on whose account my husband was reported, by the British Syrian School missionaries, to be recalled *on account of my conduct*, happened a whole year before my husband's recall. After this, when we rode desert-wards, the tribes used in the evening to dance especially for Richard. The men formed a squad like soldiers; they plant the right foot in time to tom-tom music, with a heavy tread, and an exclamation like that used by our street-menders when the crowbar comes down with a thud upon the stones. When they are numerous it sounds like the advance of an army, and they would burst out into song, of which the literal translation would be—

" Máshálláh ! Máshálláh ! At last we have seen a man !
Behold our Consul in our Shaykh !
Who dare to say ' Good morning ' to us (save Allah) when he rules ?
Look at him, look at the Sitt !
They ride the Arab horses !
They fly before the wind !
They fire the big guns !
They fight with the sword !
Let us follow them all over the earth !"
(Chorus) " Let us follow, let us follow," etc., etc.

We were very fond of animals, and especially of wild ones. Holo Pasha had given us a panther cub trapped in the desert to show his appreciation of what Richard had done. We brought him up like a cat. He grew to be a splendid beast, and never did any of us harm, but he frightened the other animals a little sometimes. We kept him very well fed, in order that he might never attack them. Our cat was very frightened of him, and the only animals that he was frightened of were the bull-dogs. He used to sleep by our bedside. He had bold bad black eyes, that seemed to say, " Be afraid of me." He used to hunt me round the garden, playing hide-and-seek with me as a cat does a mouse. When he bit too hard, I used to box his ears, when he was instantly good. But he grew up and was large. There was a certain baker that the bull-terriers used to bite, and the panther, who also saw in him what we did not, worried

him. At last the peasantry, who were frightened of him, gave him poison in meat. He withered away, and nothing we could do did him any good, and one day, when I went to look round the stables, he put his paw up to me. I sat down on the ground, and took him in my arms like a child. He put his head on my shoulder, and his paws round my waist, and he died in about half an hour. Richard and I were terribly grieved.

There are charming rides across the Anti-Lebanon through a mountain defile to Ain el Bardí, where we found black tents and flocks feeding by the water. There is very much to be seen in the plain of El Buká'a, beginning at Mejdél. Anjar is a little village on a hillock standing alone; on its top is a small gem of a temple built by Herod Agrippa in honour of Augustus, with a very graceful broken column; below it are the ruins of Herod's Palace, and a twenty minutes' further ride in the plain lie the ruins of Chalcis. From the temple above named we could see the greater part of the Buká'a, walled in at either side by the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, and dotted with seventy-two villages. Anjar is bisected by the Litani river, falsely called the Leontes. Having feasted our eyes, we rode on to the square ruins of Chalcis in the plain, and to Neby Za'úr to see the tomb, and we carried off skulls and bones. We crossed the plain, ascended the Lebanon, and when near its summit turned to our left across a mountain called Jebel Barúk, in the territory of El Akkúb.

A favourite ride was into the Druze country, beginning at Barúk, a stronghold in a wild glen. They are a fine, tall, strong, and manly race, who can ride and fight and shoot, and are fit to be our allies. There is no cant about them; they are honest and plain-spoken, and do not know intriguing, lying, stealing, or spying. A Druze house has huge black rafters in the ceiling, and straight tall columns down the middle; there is a private room for council. The women have one blue garment, and one white veil showing one eye. They are chaste, and good wives and mothers. They have clean, comfortable homes, and give a warm welcome, and we rested here for some time. People often say, "What is the real religion of the Druzes?" No one ever knew who was not a Druze; they conform to the national religion, the Moslem. In speaking to you or me, they would appear to have a particular leaning to our respective faiths. They have a secret creed of their own, which, although women are admitted to the council chamber, is as mysterious as Freemasonry. Some Moslems pretend that they worship Eblis, and some Christians say the bull-calf El Ijl.

On our road we came to another stronghold, like an ancient

convent, where lives Melhem Beg Ahmad, a Druze chief, a dare-devil-fine-old-man, who, when he mounts, takes his bridle in his teeth, puts his musket to his shoulder, and charges down a mountain that an English horse would have to be led down. He lives in great style; he threw his cap in the air, drank to our health a thousand times, and his sons waited on us at dinner. Muktára hangs on a declivity in a splendid ravine in wild mountains in the territory of Esh Shuf. The house we were going to is like a large Italian *cascine*, nestled amidst olive groves, that are, so to speak, the plumage of the heights. It is the Syrian palace of the Jumblatts, the focus and centre of the Lebanon Druzes. Here reside this princely family, headed then by a Chieftainess, the "Sitt Jumblatt."

Long before we sighted Muktára, wild horsemen, in the rich Druze dress, came careering down, jeriding on beautiful horses, with guns and lances, the sons and retainers of the house heading them. They were splendidly mounted, and one of the sons had a black mare, so simply perfect I infringed the tenth commandment. We descended into a deep defile, and rose up again on the opposite side, the whole of which was lined with horsemen and footmen to salute us, and the women trilled out their joy-cry. Ascending the other side was literally like going up stairs cut in the rock; it was a regular fastness. We rode our horses up the flight of stairs into the court. We received the most cordial and gracious hospitality from the *Sitt*, who had all the well-bred ease of a European *grande dame*. Water and scented soap was brought in carved brass ewers and basins to wash our hands, incense was waved before us, we were sprinkled with rose-water, whilst an embroidered gold canopy was held over us. Coffee, sherbet, and sweets were served. The next morning the palace was filled with grey-bearded and turbaned scribes, with their long brass inkstands, and the *Sitt* explained to Richard that her affairs were entirely neglected at Beyrout, and asked him to do something for her. He explained that it was a great embarrassment to him, as he was subordinate to Mr. Eldridge, but that, whatever she chose to write, he would make a point of going himself to present her wishes to Mr. Eldridge. Richard notes in his journal that day among others, "Eldridge does nothing, and is very proud of what he does. Consular office awfully careless; sick of dyspepsia; nothing to do body and mind."

We sat down to a midday meal equivalent to a dinner, and then went to the *Jerid* ground, where the sons and their fighting men displayed their grace and skill. The stables are solid, and like tunnels with light let in, containing sixty horses, all showing blood, and some quite thoroughbred. At nightfall there was a big

dinner, to which all the retainers flocked in ; there was dancing and war-songs between the Druzes of the Lebanon and the Druzes of the Haurán, ranged on either side of the banqueting hall ; they performed a pantomime, they sang, and recited tales of love and war far into the night.

An amusing thing was, that after the *Sitt* had dined with us, I found her shortly after sitting cross-legged on the floor of the kitchen, devouring a second dinner. I said, "Ya Sitti, I thought you had eaten your dinner with us ; what are you doing ?" She laughed, and said, "My dear child, you don't suppose for an instant that I got a bit into my mouth with those knives and forks ; I was only doing pantomime for the honour of the house. Now I am getting my *real* dinner with my fingers !" We were accompanied out with the same honours as those with which we were ushered in. How sorry we were to leave ! Our friendship always lasted. We used to begin, "My dearest sister," and she used to say all those sweet things which only Easterns can say, such as—"My eyes sought for you many days till my head ached ; when will you come to repose them, that I may not see your empty place ?"

We went on to Deir el Khammar to the palace of Bayt el Din (B'teddin), where Franco Pasha (the best governor the Lebanon has ever known) lived, and was restoring this ruined castle of the late terrible Amir Beshir Sheháb, from whence the view is splendid. He had about five hundred soldiers, and was doing enormous good. He had a band, a school, was planting pine trees and wheat, teaching carpet-making, tailoring, shoemaking, making roads, teaching religion and loyalty to God, to the Sultan, with liberality and civilization. He produced an electric shock upon us by the invisible band playing "God save the Queen." We sprang to our feet, and in that wild place it made me cry. In this region we met the only real *prince* in Syria, the Emir Mulhem Rustam. We had an immense quantity of deputations of Druze Shaykhs ; those of the Haurán were something like bears, with huge white turbans, green coat, massive swords, some in red, and all exceedingly wild-looking. We then went to Ali Beg of Jumblatt, at Baderhan. We passed innumerable Druze villages, until we came to Jezzín, one of the three manly Christian villages. Usuf Beg, their Chief, was a delightful Shaykh.

Sometimes these breakfasts on the march were very amusing, where there were a mixture of races and religion. You would see forty intrigues round a dish of rice. At Rasheya there was no water ; here we were on Druze ground again. From this we went to the top of Mount Hermon, *i.e.* it has three tops, and we put a *kakú* of stones on the highest for a remembrance. The view is immense. We

found a cave and saw a hare. When we got to the bottom, there was hardly a shoe or a rag left amongst us. Here we met some very charming Druze chiefs, and went with them to Hasbeya, because Richard was convinced that the sources of the Jordan were not as they are given in books; and he was perfectly right. There is a slanting rock with some figs growing out of it, and oleanders growing in luxurious clumps in the sand all around, and out of this rock rushes a stream, which we traced to the Jordan. Near is a mine of bitumen.

From thence to Kefayr, another Druze village, after which we rode to Banias. Of course, there are loads of things to see all the way—caves or temples, or what not; but, then, all those can be got in books. The sources are supposed to be here, at Banias, and are made much of; and all visitors go to the fountain of Jordan, the cave of Pan, the temple of Herod and Augustus, with the three niches. The water trickles from beneath under the stones, separating into eight or nine streams, but they are not the real source.

We had a large escort to-day. Ali Beg Ahmadi and his cavalry, Shaykh Ahmad, and many others, came to escort us, and we had a delicious gallop over the plain of Ghyam, which is part of the Ard el Húleh, through which runs the Jordan, and another portion of the same is called the Abbs. We came to Arab tents, and drank milk with the Bedawi; we found many of them down with fever, and stopped to doctor them with Warburg's drops. We had to ride all day, and at last through marshy, rushy places under a burning sun, without a breath of air.

This valley of the Jordan, if drained and planted, would be immensely rich, but it teemed now with luxurious rankness, fever, and death. We pitched our tents under a large tree, divided from the lake by papyrus swamps; a most unwholesome spot, where we were punished by every sort of insect and crawling thing in creation; and we all got headache and sore throat at once.

The Bahret el Huleh, or the Waters of Merom in Josh. xi. 5-7, anciently called Lake Semachonitis, is a small blue triangular lake, the first and highest of the three basins of the Jordan. We had all our escort with us; we had scarcely any food; there was none for the horses. We had to turn them all loose to forage for themselves, except the stallions, and they had to be led. It was a hideous expanse of foetid mire and putrefying papyrus. We had a frightful night, a stifling heat, a very blizzard of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, and we were camped under the only tree in the plain. It was black dark; the ground was bad-smelling black mud; we

passed the dark hours in holding our tent-pole against the wind, and digging trenches outside to let the water off. There were no dry clothes to be had, and the various vermin would not let one rest. We were like that for three days; so we piled up the trunks and sat at the top of them, and read "Lothair," by Disraeli, which we had brought with us. The description of the great houses of England read so funnily sitting in this black mud in the centre of desolation, surrounded by feverish swamps.

In spite of the difficulties of moving in such weather, Richard and I were agreed that if we stayed there any longer, we should all perhaps get in such a state as not to be able to move at all; so we saddled our horses, and ordering our followers and escort to strike tents, pack, load, and follow, we mounted and waded our horses through the water, scrambled over stones and slippery rocks, and in and out mud and slush for two hours, often sinking deep, till we reached the mountain roots and began to ascend.

After some hours' climbing we arrived at the seventy-two tents of the Shaykh Hadi Abd Allah; he instantly gave us hospitality, barley for our horses and food for ourselves. They were all yellow and sickly, and, even at this height, dying like sheep of fever from the miasma arising out of the plain that we had been in for three days. They had lost many children, and double sorrow when sons. One boy was dying as we entered. Our tents came up to us late that day with all our belongings. Our animals and people were fed. We stayed with the tribe long enough to doctor them all round, and to leave remedies and directions; and I baptized the incurables and the dying children.

Then came down the Amir Hasan el Fáu'r of the Benú Fadl, or Fazli tribe. He heard of our being in the neighbourhood, and took us off to his camp on the summit of a mountain called Jebel Haush, a day's ride away, where we found his three hundred tents. The whole tribe turned out to meet us, mounted and couching their lances, and jerked the whole way back. The reception tent was fifty feet long, and each divan was twenty-five feet long. The retainers cleared a space for our camp, corn was brought, horses picketed; an excellent dinner on a large scale in the big tent was cooked, lambs and kids roasted whole, stuffed with pistachios and rice, bowls of *leban*, unleavened bread, honey, and camels'-milk butter, bowls of clear sparkling water. I love to think now of those dark, fierce men, in their gaudy flowing costumes, lying about in different attitudes, the moon lighting up the scene; the lurid glare of the fire on their faces, the divans and pipes, *narghilehs* and coffee, their wild and mournful songs, their war-

dances, their story-telling; and on that particular night, and on all these sort of nights, my husband would recite to them one or another tale out of the "Arabian Nights"—those tales which he has now translated literally for the London world; and I have seen the gravest and most reverend Shaykhs rolling on the ground and screaming with delight, in spite of their Oriental gravity, and they seemed as if they could never let my husband go again.

I can remember that night, when he and I went to our tent and lay down on our respective rugs, he called me over, for he was stung by a scorpion, but when I struck a match there was nothing but a speck of blood, as though from a black ant; so we lay down again, and he called out, "Quick, quick! I *know* it is a scorpion." I ran over and struck another light, and plunged my hand into the shirt by the throat, and the scorpion caught my finger. I drew it out and shook it off, and killed it; but it did not sting me, being, I supposed, exhausted. I rubbed some strong smelling-salts into the wounds, and, seeing he was pale, ran off to the provision-basket and got a bottle of *raki*, and made him drink it, to keep the poison from the heart, and he woke in the morning quite well.

I now discovered that though they were treating us with this splendid hospitality, that behind the scenes they were also dying in their tents of fever, although they were in the purest air; so here we again stayed to doctor, and nurse, and baptize, and leave directions and remedies.

We then went on to most of the romantic and hospitable Druze villages which cling to the southern and eastern folds of Hermon—Mejdel Esh Shems to Birket er Ram, or Lake Phiala,* a little round lake which we found interesting enough to come back to afterwards. Mejdel is on a declivity of a mountain defile—their favourite position—a Druze stronghold, very fighting and turbulent, where we were received and treated like relations. Then we got to Beyt-Jenn, where we had a mixed Druze and Christian place. We came in for a very interesting Druze wedding at Arneh, at the foot of Hermon, just above which rise the sources of the Awaj, which waters El Kunayterah. We then went to a Druze village called Rimeh, to look for a stone with an inscription, which we found in a stable, and then to the Bukkásim, which is the Druze frontier. Here our Druze cavalcade took an affecting leave of us. As we rode away I could see them for three-quarters of an hour standing on a high rock to watch us out of sight, one or two of them with their faces buried in their mares' necks.

* The cave near Affka forms the Orontes, the Jura sends forth the Bárada of Damascus, and Lake Phiala Josephus makes the highest water of the Jordan.

THE WULD ALI.

Our escort of free-lances one day, as we were riding to some of our usual environs, soon perceived that we were making for the desert, towards the direction where the dreaded Mohammed Dúkhi was known to camp, and they began the well-known dodges of making their horses curvet and prance and wheel in circles as if they had become unmanageable, and every round became so much larger that they gradually dropped out of sight. Presently some cast a shoe, or another had broken a girth, and stopped to rectify it. The fact is, Richard had been determined to make friends with the Wuld Ali tribe, of which Mohammed Dúkhi is the Chief, and rules five thousand lances. At last we found ourselves alone, so we rode on all that day, slept by our horses at night in a ruined *khan*, and got in sight of the Wuld Ali encampment late next day. Richard said to me, "Now mind, when they see us two horsemen, they will come galloping across the sand in a body with their lances couched; if we were to turn and run, they would spear us; but if we sit our horses, facing them like statues on parade, just as the Life Guards sit in their sentry-boxes at the Horse Guards at home, they will take us in with great applause, and our horses will stand it, because they are used to desert manners."

I said "All right," as I always did when he gave me an order, and I was glad he put me up to it, for, sure enough, when they saw our two dusky figures galloping from a distance across the sand towards them, the whole tribe charged with their lances couched, and we reined in and stood stock still, facing the charge; but as soon as they got within a few yards, they seemed by instinct to recognize the man they were charging. They lowered their lances, opened their ranks to enclose us, and with one cry of "Ak-hu Sebbah!" (Brother of the Lion), jumped off their horses, kissed our hands, galloped in with us jeriding, and held our stirrups to alight. I need not say that we were treated with all the true hospitality of real Bedawi life, and we remained several days with them. My husband's object was to make peace between the Wuld Ali and the Mezrabs. We visited the lakes which are near them, and they were all dried up except a bit of water in the sand about the size of a small duck-pond. "What, then," said Richard, "becomes of the Bárada and the Awaj, the so-called ancient Abana and Pharphar?" They have been partly drawn off, and partly evaporated before reaching their basements at 'Utaybah and Hijánah, where we then were.

The Arabic of Damascus, *especially* the Christian Arabic, Richard found so grating to the ears after the pure speech of the Bedawi—and that of the Nejd and El Hejaz.

Richard writes an account of a trip—

“A little later on Charley Drake and I again started to revisit the Tulul el Safá, and our first eight days was over the old ground. This trip added considerably to our scanty geographical knowledge of these regions off the tracks. In one week we collected some hundred and twenty inscriptions, and three lengthy copies of Greek hexameters and pentameters from the Burj, a mortuary tower at Shakkah, a ruin long since identified as the Saccæa of Ptolemy. We went to the top of Tell Shayhán, whose height is 3750 feet, which showed us that the Lejá, the Argob of the Hebrews and the western Trachon of the Greeks and Romans, is the gift of Tell Shayhán. It is a lava bed, a stone torrent poured out by the lateral crater over the ruddy yellow clay and the limestone floor of the Haurán valley, high raised by the ruins of repeated eruptions, broken up by the action of blow-holes, and cracked and crevassed by contraction when cooling, by earthquakes, and the weathering of ages. ‘The features are remarkable. It is composed of black basalt, which must have issued from the pores of the earth in a liquid state, and flowed out until the plain was almost covered. Before cooling its surface was agitated by some powerful agency, and it was afterwards shattered and rent by internal convulsions and vibrations’ (Porter). Two whole days were spent at Kanawát, the ancient Canatha, a city of Og.

“There are now hundreds of Druzes, and we may remark for the first time ‘the beauty of Bashan,’ the well-wooded and watered country. We then went along the Jebel Kulayb and visited the noble remains of Sí'a, where we met with three Palmyrene inscriptions, showing that the Palmyra of Ptolemy extended to the south-west far beyond the limits assigned to it. We then got to Sahwat el Balát, where lives my influential friend, Shaykh Ali el Hináwí, a Druze Akkál of the highest rank; and here they gathered to meet me and palaver. We crossed the immense rough and rugged lava beds which gloom the land. Jebel el Kulayb was bright with vetch, red poppy, yellow poppy, mistletoe with ruddy berries, hawthorn boughs, and the vivid green of the maple and the sumach, the dark foliage of the ilex oak scrub, and the wild white honeysuckle. There was cultivation; the busy Druze peasantry at work, the women in white and blue. The aneroid showed 5785 feet, the hygrometer stood at 0°, the air was colder than on the heights of Hermon in June, and the western horizon was obscured by the thickest of wool packs. Here we made two important observations. The apparently confused scatter of volcanic cratered hill and

hillock fell into an organized trend of 356° to 176° , or nearly north-south. The same will be noticed in the Safá, and in its out-layers the Tulul el Safá, which lie hard upon a meridian; thus the third or easternmost great range, separating the Mediterranean from the Euphrates desert, does not run parallel with its neighbours, the Anti-Libanus and Libanus, which are disposed, roughly speaking, north-east 38° , and south-west 218° .

“The second point of importance is that El Kulayb is not the apex of the Jebel Durúz Haurán, though it appears to be so. To the east appeared a broken range, whose several heights, beginning from the north, were named to us. Tell Ijaynah, bearing 38° , back by the Umm Haurán hill, bearing 94° ; the Tell of Akriba (Wetz Stein), bearing $112^{\circ} 30'$; Tell Rubáh, bearing 119° ; and Tell Jafnah, bearing $127^{\circ} 30'$. We believed that Tell Ijaynah was 6080 English feet high, and we thought that Jebel Durúz must be greatly changed since it was described by travellers and tourists.

“Here the land, until the last hundred and fifty years, was wholly in the hands of the Bedawi, especially of the Wuld Ali, and the nine hill tribes already named. At last the Druzes, whom poverty and oppression drove away from their original home, the Wady Taym and the slopes of Libanus and Hermon, settled here. In Rashíd Pasha's reign seventeen mountain villages have been repeopled, and in 1886 some eight hundred families fled to this safe retreat; nor can we wonder at the exodus, because of half the settlements of the Jaydur district, the ancient Ituræa, eleven out of twenty-four have been within twelve months ruined by the usurer and the tax-gatherer, and at one time a hundred and twenty Druze families went in one flight from their native mountains to the Haurán.

“They found here a cool, healthy, but harsh climate, a sufficiency of water, ready-made houses, ruins of cut stone, land awaiting cultivation, pasture for their flocks and herds, and, above all things, a rude independence under the patriarchal rule of their own chiefs. In short, the only peaceful, prosperous districts of Syria are those where home rule exists, and there is scarcely any interference by the authorities. It is a short-sighted and miserable management which drives an industrious peasantry from its hearths and homes to distant settlements where defence is more easy than offence.

“This system keeps the population of the whole province to a million and a half, which in the days of Strabo and Josephus supported its ten millions and more. The European politician is not sorry to see the brave and sturdy Druze thrown out as a line of forts to keep the Arab wolf from the doors of the Damascene, but the antiquary sighs for the statues and architectural ornaments broken up, the inscribed stones used for building rude domiciles, the most valuable remnants of antiquity white-washed as lintels, or plastered over in the unclean interiors. The next generation of travellers will see no more ‘mansions of Bashan.’

“At Shakkah (Saccæa) there are still extensive ruins and fine specimens of Hauránic architecture, especially the house of Shaykh Hasan Brahm with its coped windows and its sunken court.

Here we were received by the Druze Chief, Kabalán el Kala'áni, who behaved very badly to us, and when we tried to go, refused to let us unless we paid him forty napoleons for ten horsemen. We laughed in his face, told him to stop us if he dared, and sent for our horses. However, as we were going into a fighting country, I sent back all the people who would have been in the way.

“The Druzes had been quarrelling amongst themselves; fifteen men had been killed, and many wounded. We had to doctor three; one had a shoulder-blade pierced clean through. We were joined *nolens volens* by ten free-lances, and escorted as far as Bir Kasam, their particular boundary. Finally, it appears that our visit to the 'Aláh district, lying east of Hamáh, has brought to light the existence of an architecture which, though identical with that of the Haurán, cannot in any way be connected with that of Og. Although only separated by seventy miles from the southern basaltic region, the northern has also its true Bashan architecture, its cyclopean walls, its private houses, low, massive, and simple in style, with stone roofs and doors, and huge gates, conspicuous for simplicity, massiveness, and rude strength. Moab has the same, only limestone is used instead of basalt.

“Dumá Ruzaymah is occupied by three great houses, and the Junaynah hamlet is the last inhabited village of this side towards the desert. We now got to the Wady Jahjah, thence to El Harrah, ‘the Hot or Burnt Land,’ and to the Krá'a, which we crossed in fifty-five minutes, and got into or entered the Naká, *and were surprised to see a messenger mounted on a dromedary, going at a great pace, and evidently shunning us.* We had descended 3780 feet; the passage occupied two hours.

“We then ascended into the Hazir, and from the top we had our first fair view of the Safá,* a volcanic block, with its seven main summits. They stood conspicuously out of the Harrah, or ‘Hot Country.’ In the far distance glittered the sunlit horizon of the Euphrates Desert, a mysterious tract, never yet crossed by European foot. We eventually arrived at the stony, black Wa'ar, a distorted and devilish land, and we then got to a waterless part, where our horses were already thirsty, and into the Ghadir, where we had been promised water, and it was bone dry. After long riding, we came to a ruined village, El Hubbayríyyah, where we found yellow water forming a green slime. It was again the *kattas* which led me to the water, as in Somali-land. Here we spent an enjoyable fifty minutes at the water, refreshing ourselves and beasts; it lies 3290 feet above sea-level. We presently fell into the Saut on return; it was good travelling, and we saw old footmarks of sheep, goats, and shod horses.

“The only sign, as we turned out of the Saut and swept down from the Lohf, that human foot had ever trod this inhospitable wild, was here and there a goat-fold, with a place for the shepherd on a com-

* “This is a term used at Damascus to the northern offsets; these are the southern.”

manding spot, or more probably a Bedawin sentinel or scout (you often see a solitary tribesman perched on a hilltop). The road was simply a goat-track, over the domes of cast-iron ovens, in endless succession. It was a truly maniac ride. *At the Rajm el Shalshal we again saw traces of our friend on the dromedary.* That day at 4.20 p.m. we were surprised by our advanced party springing suddenly from the mares, and hearing the welcome words, 'Umm Nirán!' (the mother of fire). Late as it was, we rejoiced, because a night march over such a country would have been awful. The cave is as dry as the land of Scinde, and in the summer sunshine the hand could not rest upon the heated surface, but after rain there is a drainage from the fronting basin into the cave. We crawled into it and entered a second tunnel, and after two hundred feet we came to the water, a ditch-like channel, four feet wide. The line then bent to the right from north-north-east to the north-east. Here, by plunging our heads below water and raising them further on, we found an oval-shaped chamber, still traversed by the water. We could not, however, reach the end, as shortly the rock ceiling and the water met. The supply was sweet, the atmosphere close and damp, the roof an arid fiery waste of blackest lava. The basalt ceiling of the cave sweated and dripped, which could not have been caused only by simple evaporation. The water began by a few inches till it reached mid-thigh. The length was a total of three hundred and forty feet; the altitude was 2745 feet.

"A water scorpion was the only living thing in the cave. This curious tunnel reservoir is evidently natural. There are legends about a clansman going in with black hair, and coming out after the third day with white hair, and one of our lads declared he had taken an hour to reach the water; but we, on all fours, took three minutes. We set out again next day for the great red cinder-heap, known as Umm el Ma'azah, where we halted for observation, and then fell into the trodden way which leads from the Ghutah section of the Damascus plain to the Rubbah valley.

"We had long and weary desert rides, seeing everything to the Bir Kasam. Bedawi never commit the imprudence of lingering near the well after they have watered their beasts, because that is the way to draw a *ghazú*, or raid, down upon you.

"Now I have every reason to be thankful that I did not bring my wife on this journey, as she was not very well. In this country fever and dysentery seize upon you with short notice, and pass away again, and she, though in no danger, was not in a state for hard riding at the time. At Bir Kásam, a Druze greybeard, on a *rahwán*, rode up to the well, and took the opportunity of making me a sign: pretending to question him, as to the name of a mountain on the horizon, I led him away, and he cautiously pulled out of his pocket a medicine bottle, which he handed to me, from my wife. I then knew there was something up, and I thanked him, giving him some money, and asked him if he had anything to say. He said, 'If I may advise you, get rid of all your party. They want to go to Damascus or Dhumayr; announce that you are going to neither, and they will

probably forsake you, as this is not a safe spot. I shall ride on, till out of sight, and then turn round and ride back to Damascus, by slow degrees, sleeping and eating on the road. You and your friend ride into Jebel Dákwah; but first read the directions about the medicine.'

"I uncorked the bottle, saw my wife's warning in writing, and carefully put them in my pocket not to leave a 'spoor.' I then paid him still more handsomely, and told him to go back to my wife, and tell her it was 'all right,' and not to fear. As evening fell, they asked us what our intentions were. We said we were not going either to Damascus or Dhumayr, and, as our messenger had prophesied, they all disappeared in the night, to our great relief. As soon as the last man had disappeared, we went into the Dákwah Mountain (hid our horses in a cave), from the cone of which you command a view of the whole country, and after a few hours we saw a hundred horsemen and two hundred dromedary riders beating the country, looking for some one in the plains. At last they turned in another direction, towards some distant villages, and when we were consoled by not seeing a living thing, we descended from our perch, galloped twenty miles to Dhumayr, where we were well received by faithful Druzes, whose Chief was Rashíd el Bóstají. We were just in time. The Governor-General had mustered his bravos; they missed us at Umm Nirán, at the Bir Kasam, and again upon the *direct* road to Dhumayr, having been put out by our *détour* to Dákwah. They were just a few hours too late everywhere; so, to revenge themselves, they plundered, in the sight of six hundred Turkish soldiers, the village of Suwáydah, belonging to my dragoman Azar, whose life they threatened, and also Abbadáh and Haraán el Awáníd. So we rode into Damascus, escaping by peculiar good fortune a hundred horsemen and two hundred dromedary riders, sent on purpose to murder *me*. I was never more flattered in my life, than to think that it would take three hundred men to kill *me*. The felon act, however, failed."

RASHÍD PASHA'S INTRIGUE WITH THE DRUZES—MY ACCOUNT FROM DAMASCUS.

"I wish each man's forehead were a magic lantern of his inner self."

About this time the Druzes wrote and asked Richard to come to the Haurán. He wished to copy Greek inscriptions and explore volcanoes. He was not aware that the *Wali* had a political move in the Haurán, which he did not wish him to see. Mr. Eldridge knew it, and encouraged him to go, as his leave would be short. Richard knew that if he went to one man's house, he must go to everybody, therefore he asked them all to meet him at the house of the principal Shaykh. When the *Wali* was told by Richard that he was going, his face fell, but he suddenly changed, and said, "Go soon,

or there will be no water." Mr. Eldridge, who never left Beyrout, and had at that time never seen Damascus, had talked a great deal about going there ; so Richard wrote and asked him to go with him, but to that there was no answer. It was providential that I was weak with fever and dysentery, and could not ride, so that I was left at home. As soon as he was gone the *Wali* wrote to me, and accused my husband "of having made a political meeting with the Druze Chiefs in the Haurán, thereby doing great harm to the Turkish Government." Knowing that Richard had done nothing of the kind, I told him so, but I saw there was a new intrigue on. The *Wali* had only let my husband go in order to be able to accuse him of meddling, and by Mr. Eldridge's not answering I suspected he knew it too. An old Druze from the Haurán came to our house, said he had seen my husband, and began to praise him. I said, "Why, what is he doing?" He replied, "Máshálláh ! we never saw a Consul like him. He can do in one day what the *Wali-Pasha* could not do in five years. We had a quarrel with the Bedawi, and we carried off all their goats and sheep, and the Government was going to attack us. Our Chiefs, when they saw the Consul (Allah be praised !), told him the difficulty, and asked him what we ought to do. He told us we ought to give back the goats and sheep to the Bedawi, and to make up our quarrel, and submit to the Government, for that the war will do us great harm. The Shaykhs have consented, and now we shall be at peace. Máshálláh ! there is nobody like him !" I now began to wonder if the *Wali* had intended a little campaign against the Druzes, and if my husband had spoilt it by counselling submission. If he had intended to reduce the Druzes of the Eastern Mountains, and if a campaign took place in Jebel Durúz Haurán, the inhabitants would have been joined by the fighting men of the Lebanon, Anti-Lebanon, and Hermon. The country is eminently fitted for defence, and the Druzes, though badly armed, are brave, and animated by the memories of past victories. In short, the same disgraceful defeat of the Turkish Government would have taken place as that which occurred in 1874, and which caused the *Wali*, Mustafa Beg, and nine high officials to be dismissed.

The *Wali* then employed somebody—who I need not name—to inform him what day my husband was coming back. On being questioned about it, my suspicions were aroused ; I immediately gave the wrong date (it was God's own blessing that I had for once been unable to go with him). I got the faithful old Druze to start at once, with a pretended bottle of medicine. I wrote, in a cipher that my husband and I composed and understood together, the whole history

of the case, and I tied it round the cork of the bottle, covering it with leather and a bit of oil-skin, and sent my messenger straight out to meet him. It was just in time. He noticed with his keen desert instincts the fresh spoor of one solitary dromedary; the rider was bound like them from Shakkah to the north-east (where the Bedawi encamped), not for exploration, but with a message. He divined the ill-omened foot-prints which he saw twice in different localities, and so soon as the medicine bottle reached him, with what Ouida would call "a quiet low laugh under his moustache," he altered his course, and from a concealed shelter in the rocks was able to watch the progress of a hundred horsemen and two hundred *Redifs*—dromedary riders, two in each saddle—beating the country and looking for some one. Now, these were not *real* Bedawi, but the jackals who call themselves Bedawi, who surround the Cities, and are to be hired like bravos for any dirty work. They went off on a false scent, and he arrived home all right. Now, the day of his arrival I had been obliged, more or less officially, to attend a ceremony, where the *Wali* and Authorities and the Consuls would be present with their wives. I was determined to go, and to put on a perfectly calm exterior, though I felt very heart-sick, and a well-known Greek in the *Wali's* pay said to me, with a meaning, unpleasant smile, "I fancy there will be important news for you in a short while." I felt very faint inside, but I said coolly, "Oh, will there? Well, I suppose I shall get it when it comes." Almost immediately afterwards, Richard's Afghan walked in, and saluting said, "The Consul has returned and wants you." The faces of the *Wali* and his Greek were a study. I saluted them all, went out, jumped on my horse, and rode back. Had the *Redifs* fallen in with Richard, the verdict would have been, "Fallen a prey to his wild and wandering habits in the desert." The *Wali* then forged a letter from Richard to the Druzes, and forwarded it through Mr. Eldridge to the Foreign Office. Here it is:—

REAL COPY (TRANSLATED) TO THE
SHAYKHS OF THE RENOWNED
DRUZE MOUNTAIN.

"After the usual compliments we want to inform you that this time the wish to visit you has moved us, and to take the direction of your country.

"For which reason we will leave Damascus on the Wednesday, and sleep at Hijaneh; the second day at Lahtah, and the third at Kanawát.

"We therefore hope that you will meet us in the above-mentioned place, that we may see you."

FALSE COPY (TRANSLATED) AND SENT
TO ENGLAND.

"Traduction d'une lettre adressée par le Consul Britannique, en date du 22 Mai, 1871 (3 Juin), aux Cheikhs Druzes Haurán.

"Après les compliments d'usage, je m'empresse de vous informer que, animé du désir de m'entretenir avec vous, je quitterai Damas mercredi pour vous rejoindre, et que j'arriverai ce jour même à Hedjan, et le lendemain à Lahita, et le troisième à Finvate. Je nourris l'espoir que vous ne manquerez

This is a simple general *return visit* to the visits of the Druzes, not to waste time in going to each man's house, nor to make jealousies by singling out some and neglecting others.

pas tous de venir me recontrer, au dit village de Fivate, afin de prendre part à cette entrevue.' ”

This *adds* all the words that are dashed, to give it a semblance of a secret political meaning.

Richard and I and Charley Drake made another pleasant journey exploring the Anti-Libanus. Everybody thinks, even professional geographers, if you speak of the Anti-Libanus, that you are going over trodden ground, filling up details upon the broad outlines traced by other people; but it is very far from being the case. Now the best maps only show a long conventional caterpillar, flanked by acidulated drops, and seamed with a cobweb of drainage. They never name a valley north-east of Zebedáni, nor a summit, except Jebel el Halfmah, which is not its name. The northern half of the Anti-Lebanon is arid and barren, the southern is very fertile, and it is far superior to the Lebanon. Weird, savage, like parts of Moab, the colouring is richer, forms more picturesque, contrasts of shape and hue are sharper, and the growth is more like thin forest. “That ravines of singular wildness and grandeur furrow the whole mountain side, looking in many places like huge rents,” is true of Anti-Lebanon, but not of Lebanon. The views are superior; it is richer and more remarkable.

Some of our followers will not forget some of our day's work, for we ascend successively every height, taking angles, laying down altitudes, and building up *kakús* to serve for a theodolite survey. Charley Drake mapped and sketched whilst we wrote.

The Convent of Nabi Baruh is ruinous in the extreme, but it gave us the idea of being the most ancient which we had seen throughout Syria and Palestine. The reception in these wild places is always the same, if they are not Christians, who—why, it is impossible to say—generally receive one badly, except of course the Maronites in their stronghold, and more especially the splendid Christians of Jezzín, Sadád, and B'sherri, who are marked exceptions to the generality of Christians, and who are equal, if not better than the rest.

All the Chiefs and notables meet the stranger at a distance beyond the houses. As the two parties meet, he reins in his horse and touches hands, snatching away his with a jerk if they attempt to kiss it, reproachfully ejaculating “Astaghfir 'Ullah!” (I beg pardon of Allah, *i.e.* God forbid that such a thing should happen). If you permit it they kiss your hand, and ridicule you in their minds as a fool, who delights in such homage as a priest, whose right it is. Guided by the Shaykhs, each in a strict precedence as at a London dinner-party,

he rides leisurely, not hastening the pace, lest he cause his host to run; he dismounts at the door, and the Chiefs and notables rush to hold his horse, his stirrup, and his back under the shoulders. He must be sure to ride into the courtyard, no matter how broken be the gate threshold, nor how slippery the pavement, or up the steps, or they will suspect him of not knowing how to ride. He is led to the *salamlik*, but he will not enter till the women who have been sprinkling the floor have made themselves scarce. He sits down, doubling his legs a little if he cannot cross them, whilst the others form a semi-circle upon humbler rugs before him. Each salaams, and is salaamed to, as he takes his place, squatting ceremoniously on his shins, till his visitor says, "Khuz ráhatak" (Take your ease), suggesting a more pleasant posture. If he fails to do this they will watch an opportunity to change seat, but if disposed to be impertinent they will stretch out their shanks and require a reproof. Water pipes, sherbet, lemonade, and coffee are brought, after which the Shaykh will retire and beg you to repose.

A breakfast is served about noon of cheese, soured milk, grape syrup, raw green onions, boiled rice, wheaten scones, and eggs fried in clarified butter. It is vulgar for the stranger to produce his own wine and cold meat from the saddle-bags. At sunset meat is served. A whole kid is a prime sign of honour. During meals one of the family stands up, holding a metal pot full of drinking water. Pipes and coffee conclude. The correct thing is to compel the Shaykh and the Chiefs to eat with you; the followers and retainers will eat afterwards, the trays being removed to another part. At night there will be a *samrah*, or palaver, in which the state of the country in general, and the village in particular, is discussed, grievances are quoted, the usurer and creditor complained of, the Government and Governor abused. Local legends are told, and the traveller can gain any amount of information if he can speak the language. They press him to stay next day, and his excuses are received with a respectful and regretful unwillingness.

Before leaving next morning he will find out privately what he has cost them, he will find out that his animals have been well fed, and he will manage to slip it and something more into the hands of one of the women or children. Before the departure the women of the family will offer excuses for their poor fare, saying, "La tawák-hizná" (Don't be offended with us), and he will hasten with many "Astaghfir 'Ullahs" to express his supreme satisfaction. He mounts as ceremoniously as he dismounted, preceded by his escort, but every now and then he reins in, dismissing them—"Arja'ú ya Masháikh" (Return, O Shaykhs). They persist in walking to the

last house, and often much farther; they again try to kiss his hand, which he pulls away as before, and the visit ends. The visited then retire and debate what has caused the visit, and what will be the best way to utilize it.

We divided and visited every section of the northernmost line of Anti-Libanus from the Halímat el Kabú, 8257 feet above sea-level. We enjoyed an extensive and picturesque view far superior to anything seen in the Libanus, especially southwards. From here we might write a chapter on what we could see. The weather being clear, we could even see the long-balled chine of the Cedar Block of the Libanus, and its large spots of snow, which glowed like amethysts in evening light. We could see the apex of the Libanus, which falls into the Jurd of Tripoli. We could see the Jebel el Huleh, which defines the haunts of the mysterious Nusayri; the glance falls upon the Orontes Lake, upon the rich cultivation of Hums and Hamáh, one of the gardens of Syria upon the ridge of Salámiyyah, that outpost of ancient Tadmor, and upon the unknown Steppe el Huleh, and the Bedawi-haunted tracts which sweep up to the Jebel el Abyaz, whilst the castle of Aleppo bounds the septentrional horizon. The end of this day was a remarkable one. "It was the only occasion," said Richard, "during my travels in Syria and Palestine that I felt thoroughly tired. My *rahwán*, though a Kurd nag, trembled with weakness, and my wife jogged along sobbing in her saddle, and if it had not been for the advice of Charley Drake we should have spent the night on the mountain-side; but we did arrive. Habíb had built a glowing fire, beds were spread, tea was brewed, and presently a whole roast kid appeared, and restored us all in the best of humours; and our horses, after plenty to eat and drink, and being well rubbed down, lay down. We had had fifteen hours very hard work, not counting the before and after the march."

We next determined to prospect the third part of the east-west section of Anti-Libanus, including the Ba'albak crest, and then to ride up the Cœle-Syrian valley so as to fill in the bearings of the western wady mouths. We had forage for our beasts, water the whole way, and we were excited by the account of inscriptions and ruins. The Wady el Biyáras was splendid in scenery, and though our road was horrible, we congratulated each other in not missing it, and we descended into the Wady Atnayn.

We carried out all our prospected journey, gathering information, inscriptions, and ruins everywhere, till we reached Yabrud, where the Shaykhs gave us a picnic, to show us the Arz el Jauzah.

There is a temple known as Kasr Namrúd ; the water flows through a conduit of masonry, and is said to pass into a large underground cistern below, round the ample stone troughs and scattered fragments of columns. All through Syria Nimrod represents the Devil, and 'Antar the Julius Cæsar of Western Europe. The picnic, under the shade of this venerable building, passed off happily enough. The *kabábs* of kid, secured instantly after sudden death, were excellent ; the sour milk and the goat's cheese were perfection ; and the Zahlah wine had only one fault—there was only half a bottle, and we could have drunk a demijohn. We were very much struck by the similarity of plan which connects the heathen temple with the Christian church. It was late in the afternoon when we shook hands with our good host. It is pleasant to think upon happy partings—we never saw them again.

On our way home we passed ruins, arched caves, and sarcophagi, whilst a wall displays a large rude crucifix. We were received later at Talfíta with all honours by the Shaykh el Balad Mahfúz, whose pauper homes had been destroyed and the rest threatened by the villainous usurers under British protection, and next day we rode into Damascus. During this excursion, we had seen in a range of mountains, supposed to be impracticable, four temples, of which three had been hitherto unvisited ; we had prepared for the map of Syria the names of five great mountains ; we had traced out the principal gorges, all before absolutely unknown to geography ; we had determined the disputed altitudes of the Anti-Libanus, and we proved that it is much more worthy of inspection than the much-vaunted Libanus.

Unofficially speaking of official things, we had rather a lively time, in an unpleasant sense, during these summer months. I always say "we," because I enter so much into my husband's pursuits, and am so very proud of being allowed to help him, that I sometimes forget that I am only as the bellows-blower to the organist. However, I do not think that anybody will owe me a grudge for it.

No. 1.

The first shadow upon our happy life was in 1870-71. An amateur missionary, residing at Beyrout, came up to Damascus, visited the prisons, and distruted tracts to the Mohammedans. It was the intention of the Governor to collect these prints, and

to make a bonfire of them in the market-place. Damascus was in a bad temper for such proselytizing. It was an excitable year, and it was necessary to put a stop to proceedings which, though well meant, could not fail to endanger the safety of the Christian population. The tract-distributor was a kind, humane, sincere, and charitable man, and we were both very sorry that he had to be cautioned. He had an enthusiasm in his religious views which made him dangerous outside a Christian town. At Beyrout he was well known, but at Damascus he was not, and the people would have resented his standing on bales in the street haranguing the Turks against Mohammed. I believe this gentleman would have gloried in martyrdom; but some of us, not so good as he is, did not aspire to it. His *entourage*, also, was not so humble or so kind as himself.

Richard was obliged to give the caution, to do his duty to his large district, thereby incurring at Beyrout most un-Christian hatreds, unscrupulously gratified. Richard, with the high, chivalrous sense of honour which guided all his actions, redoubled his unceasing endeavours to promote the interest and business of these persons, amidst the hailstorm of petty spites and insults—which justice and greatness of mind on his part they themselves were obliged *eventually* to acknowledge, however reluctantly. We were decidedly destined to stumble upon unfortunate circumstances. Since that, a gentleman told off to convert the Jews in one of Richard's jurisdictions, insisted on getting a ladder and a hammer, and demolishing a large statue of St. Joseph in a public place of a Catholic country, because he said it was "a graven image." Why are the English so careless in their choice? and why have other foreign Consuls no *désagrémens* on this head?

Richard writes—

No. 2.

"The Druzes applied early in 1870 for an English school. They are our allies, and we were on friendly terms with them. As two missionaries wished to travel amongst them, I gave them the necessary introductions. They were cordially received and hospitably entertained by the Shaykhs, but on their road home they were treacherously followed by two *mauvais sujets* and attacked; they were thrown off their horses, their lives were threatened, and their property was plundered.

"Such a breach of hospitality and violation of good faith required prompt notice: firstly, to secure safety to future travellers; and, secondly, to maintain the good feelings which have ever subsisted between the Druzes and the English. To pass over such an act

of treachery would be courting their contempt. I at once demanded that the offenders might be punished by the Druze chiefs themselves, and twenty napoleons, the worth of the stolen goods, were claimed by me for the missionaries. The Druzes went down to Beyrout to try to pit Consulate-General against Consulate, and refused to pay the claim. I then applied for their punishment to the Turkish authorities, knowing that the Druzes would at once accede to my first demand—a proceeding approved of by her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople. After three months the Shaykh el Akkál, head religious chief, brought down the offenders, who were recognized by the missionaries. They confessed their guilt, and the Shaykh, who was staying as a guest in our house, assured me [Richard] that I was perfectly right in acting as I had done, and that every Druze was heartily ashamed of the conduct of these two men."

No. 3.

"In June, 1870, I prepared a despatch for our Ambassador at Constantinople, on the system of defrauding the poor and of 'running' villages by the Damascus Jewish money-lenders.

"I will now try to explain how these matters stood.

"In former days, when not a few Europeans were open to certain arrangements which made them take the highest interest in the business transactions of their clients, a radically bad system, happily now almost extinct, was introduced into Syria. The European subject, or *protégé*, instead of engaging in honest commerce, was thus encouraged to seek inordinate and usurious profits by sales of the Government and by loans to the villagers. In such cases he, of course, relied entirely upon the protection of a foreign Power, on account of the sums to be expended in feeing native functionaries before repayment could be expected. Thus the Consuls became, as it were, *huissiers*, or bailiffs, whose principal duties were to collect the bad debts of those who had foreign passports.

"Damascus contained a total of forty-eight adult males protected by H.B.M.'s Consulate, and of these there were a triumvirate of Shylocks. Most of them are Jews who were admitted to, or whose fathers acquired, a foreign nationality, given with the benevolent object of saving them from Moslem cruelty and oppression in days gone by. These *protégés* have extended what was granted for the preservation of their lives, liberties, and property, to transactions which rest entirely for success upon British protection. The case of No. 1, whom we will call Judas, is a fair example. He has few dealings in the city, the licit field of action. But since the death of his highly respectable father, in 1854, he had been allowing bills signed by the ignorant peasantry of the province to accumulate at simple and compound interest, till the liabilities of the villagers have become greater than the value of the whole village. A——, for instance, on the eastern skirt of Mount Hermon, owed him 106,000

piastres, which were originally 42,000. He claims 5000 purses from the B—— family, upon a total debt of 242,000½ piastres, in 1857. We have not yet passed through a single settlement where his debtors did not complain loudly of his proceedings; and to A—— may be added C——, ——, and D—— el X——, a stronghold of the Druzes. Some villages have been partly depopulated by his vexations, and the injury done to the Druzes by thus driving them from the Anti-Lebanon to the Haurán, may presently be severely visited upon the Ottoman authorities.

“The British *protégé* is compelled every year, in his quality of *shúbasi* (farmer of revenue), to summon the village Shaykhs and peasantry, to imprison them, and to leave them lying in jail till he can squeeze from them as much as possible, and to injure them by quartering *hawali*, or policemen, who plunder whatever they can. He long occupied the whole attention, though it had other and more important duties, of the Village Commission (*Kumision Mahasibat el Kura*), established in A.H. 1280 (1863). For about a year a special commission (*Kumision Makhsus*) had at that time, 1870, been sitting on his case, whose intricacies, complicated by his unwillingness to settle anything, wearied out all the members. At different times he quarrelled with every person in the Court—from the *defterdar*, who is its President, to the Consular Dragomans, who composed it. Even felony was freely imputed to him by various persons. He was accused of bribing the Government *khatibs* (secretaries) to introduce into documents sentences of doubtful import, upon which he can found claims for increased and exorbitant interest, of adding lines to receipts and other instruments after they have been signed, and of using false seals, made at home by his own servants. One of the latter publicly denounced him, but was, as usual, paid to keep silence. He is reported again and again to have refused, in order that the peasants might remain upon his books, the ready moneys offered to him for the final settlement of village liabilities. His good management had baffled all efforts at detection, whilst every one was morally certain that the charges were founded on fact. He corrupts, or attempts to corrupt, all those with whom he has dealings.

“I wanted to inform them that British protection extends to preserving their persons and property from all injustice and violence, but that it would not assist them to recover debts from the Ottoman Government, or from the villages of the province, and that it would not abet them in imprisoning or in distraining the latter. To such general rule, of course, exceptions would be admissible, at the discretion of the officer in charge of H.B.M.’s Consulate; in cases, for instance, when just and honest claims might be rejected, or their payment unduly delayed. The sole inconvenience which would arise to such creditors from their altered positions would be the necessity of feeing the Serai more heavily; and even they openly communicated with the local authorities, reserving the Consulate as a forlorn hope. The change might possibly have directed their attention to a more legitimate commercial career. Such a measure

would have been exceedingly popular throughout the country, and would have relieved us from the suspicion of interested motives—a suspicion which must exist where honesty and honour, in an English understanding of these words, are almost unknown; and from the odium which attaches to the official instruments of oppression. Finally, the corruption of Damascus rendered me the more jealous of the good name of the Consulate, and the more desirous of personal immunity from certain reports which, at different times, have been spread about *others* in office. I therefore posted on the door of H.M.'s Consulate, Damascus, the following notice:—

““ Her Britannic Majesty's Consul hereby warns British subjects and *protégés* that he will not assist them to recover debts from the Government or from the people of Syria, unless the debts are such as between British subjects could be recovered through H.M.'s Consular Courts. Before purchasing the claims, public or private, of an Ottoman subject—and especially where Government paper is in question—the *protégé* should, if official interference be likely to be required, at once report the whole transaction to this Consulate. British subjects and protected persons are hereby duly warned that protection extends to life, liberty, and property, in cases where these are threatened by violence or by injustice; but that it will not interfere in speculations which, if undertaken by Syrian subjects of the Porte, could not be expected to prove remunerative. British subjects and protected persons must not expect the official interference of the Consulate in cases where they prefer (as of late has often happened at Damascus) to urge their claims upon the local authorities without referring to this Consulate, and altogether ignoring the jurisdiction of H.B.M.'s Consul. Finally, H.B.M.'s Consul feels himself bound to protest strongly against the system adopted by British subjects and protected persons at Damascus, who habitually induce the Ottoman authorities to imprison peasants and pauper debtors, either for simple debt, or upon charges which have not been previously produced for examination at this Consulate. The prisons will be visited once a week. An official application will be made for the delivery of all such persons.

(Signed) ““ R. F. BURTON,
““ H.B.M.'s Consul, Damascus.

““ Damascus, June 20th, 1870.””

I have already related how, on August 26th, Richard received a letter from the Rev. W. Wright, and likewise one from the Chief Consular Dragoman, Mr. Nasif Meshaka, which induced him to ride at once to Damascus (from Bludán, the summer quarter); how he found that half the Christians had fled, and everything was ripe for a new massacre; how he sought the authorities, and informed them of their danger; induced them to have night patrols, to put guards in the streets, to prevent Jews or Christians leaving their houses, and to take all measures needful to convince the conspirators

that they would not find every one sleeping as they did in 1860. The *Wali* and all the Chief responsible Authorities were absent. The excitement subsided under the measures recommended by him, and in three days all was quiet, and the Christians returned to their homes.

I affirm that, living in safety upon the sea-coast, no man can be a judge of the other side of the Lebanon, nor, if he does not know some Eastern language, can he be a judge of Orientals and their proceedings. Certain Jewish usurers had been accused of exciting these massacres, because their lives were perfectly safe, and they profited of the horrors to buy up property at a nominal price. It was brought to Richard's notice that two Jewish boys, servants to British-protected subjects, were giving the well-understood signal by drawing crosses on the walls. Its meaning to him was clear. He promptly investigated it, and took away the British protection of the masters temporarily, merely reproving the boys, who had acted under orders. He did not take upon himself to punish them. Certain ill-advised Israelitish money-lenders fancied it was a good opportunity to overthrow him, and with him his plan of seeing fair proceedings on the part of the British *protégés*; so they reported to Sir Moses Montefiore and Sir Francis Goldsmid that he had tortured the boys. His proceedings were once more proved just. The correspondence on the subject was marvellously interesting, but being official I cannot use it.

“The Jews,” he writes, “from all times held a certain position in Syria, on account of their being the financiers of the country; and even in pre-Egyptian days Haim Farhi was able to degrade and ruin Abdullah Pasha, of St. Jean d’Acre. In the time of Ibrahim Pasha, about forty-four years ago,* when the first Consuls went there, a few were taken under British protection, and this increased their influence. Then came the well-known history of the murder of Padre Tomaso. After this had blown over, all the richest people of the community tried to become British-protected subjects, or *protégés* of some foreign Consulate. In the time of Mr. Consul (Richard) Wood, (1840), they were humble enough. In the massacre of 1860 they enriched themselves greatly, and men possessing £3000 rose suddenly to £30,000. Then they had at their backs in England Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir F. Goldsmid, and the Rothschilds† and others, who doubtless do not know the true state of the Jewish usurers in this part of the world. The British Consul became the Jews’ bailiff, and when we went to Syria we found them rough-riding all the land. I speak only of the few money-lenders. When I arrived in 1869, Shylock No. 1 came to me, and patting me

* Now sixty-four years in 1893.

† Now, in 1893, the Sassoons, the Oppenheims, and Bischofheims.

patronizingly on the back, told me he had three hundred cases for me, relative to collecting £60,000 of debts. I replied, 'I think, sir, you had better hire and pay a Consul for yourself alone; I was not sent here as a bailiff, to tap the peasant on the shoulder in such cases as yours.' He then threatened me with the British Government. I replied, 'It is by far the best thing you can do; I have no power to alter a plain line of duty.' Shylock then tried my wife's influence, but she replied that she was never allowed to interfere in business matters. Then Sir Francis Goldsmid, to our great surprise, wrote to Head-quarters—a rather unusual measure—as follows: 'I hear that the lady to whom Captain Burton is married is believed to be a bigoted Roman Catholic, and to be likely to influence him against the Jews.' In spite of 'woman's rights' she was not allowed the privilege of answering Sir Francis Goldsmid officially; but I hope to convince him, even after years, that he was misinformed."

"One man alone had ruined and sucked dry forty-one villages. He used to go to a distressed village and offer them money, keep all the papers, and allow them nothing to show; adding interest and compound interest, which the poor wretches could not understand. Then he gave them no receipts for money received, so as to be paid over and over again. The uneducated peasants had nothing to show against the clever Jew at the Diwán, till body and soul, wives and children, village, flocks, and land, became his property and slaves for the sake of the small sum originally borrowed. These men, who a few years ago were not worth much, are now rolling in wealth. We found villages in ruins, and houses empty, because the men were cast into jail, the children starving, and women weeping at our feet; because these things were done in the name of England, by the powerful arm of the British Consulate."

My husband once actually found an old man of ninety, who had endured all the horrors of the Damascus jail during the whole of a biting winter, for owing one of these men a napoleon (sixteen shillings). He set him free, and ever after visited the prisons once a week, to see whether the British-protected subjects had immured pauper Christians and Moslems on their own responsibility. One of the usurers told him to beware, for that he knew a Royal Highness of England, and that he could have any Consular officer recalled at his pleasure; and my husband replied that he and his clique could know very little of English Royalty if they thought that it would protect such traffic as theirs. The result of this was that they put their heads together, and certain letters were sent to the Chief Rabbi of London, Sir Francis Goldsmid, and Sir Moses Montefiore.

They sent telegrams and petitions, purporting to be from "all the Jews in Damascus." We believe, however, that "all the Jews in Damascus" knew nothing whatever about the step. Richard said, "They are mostly a body of respectable men—hard-working, inoffensive, and of commercial integrity, with a fair sprinkling of pious, charitable, and innocent people." These despatches, backed by letters from the influential persons who received them, were duly forwarded to the Foreign Office. The correspondence was sent in full to Richard to answer, which he did at great length, and to the satisfaction of his Chiefs, who found that he could not have acted otherwise.

Richard wrote: "I am ready to defend their lives, liberty, and property, but I *will not* assist them in ruining villages, and in imprisoning destitute debtors upon trumped-up charges. I would willingly deserve the praise of every section of the Jewish community of Damascus, but in certain cases it is incompatible with my sense of justice and my conscience." They bragged so much in the bazars about getting Richard recalled, that a number of sympathizing letters were showered upon us.

I quote the following *verbatim* :—

"DEAR MRS. BURTON,

"We desire to express to you the great satisfaction which Captain Burton's presence as British Consul in Damascus has given us, both in our individual capacities and in our character of missionaries to Syria.

"Since his arrival here we have had every opportunity of judging of Captain Burton's official conduct, and we beg to express our approval of it.

"The first public act that came under our notice was the removing of dishonest officials, and the replacing them by honest ones. This proceeding gave unmixed pleasure to every one to whom the credit of the English name was a matter of concern. His subsequent conduct has restored the *prestige* of the English Consulate, and we no longer hear it said that English officials, removed from the checks of English public opinion, are as corrupt in Turkey as the Turks themselves. As missionaries we frankly admit that we had been led to view Captain Burton's appointment with alarm; but we now congratulate ourselves on having abstained, either directly or indirectly, endeavouring to oppose his coming.

"Carefully following our own habitual policy of asking no consular interference between the Turkish Government and its subjects, we stand upon our right as Englishmen to preach and teach so long as we violate no law of the land, and we claim for our converts the liberty of conscience secured to them by treaty. In the maintenance of this one right we have been firmly upheld by Captain Burton.

“A few months ago, when our schools were illegally and arbitrarily closed by the Turkish officials, he came to our aid, and the injustice was at once put a stop to. His visit to the several village schools under our charge proved to the native mind the Consul’s interest in the moral education of the country, which it is the object of those schools to promote, and impressed upon the minds of local magistrates the propriety of letting them alone.

“Within the last few days we had occasion to apply to Captain Burton regarding our cemetery, which had been broken open, and it was an agreeable surprise to us when, after two days, a police-officer came to assure us that the damage had been repaid by the Pasha’s orders, and search was being made for the depredator.

“Above all, in view of any possible massacre of Christians in this city—the all but inevitable consequence of a war between Turkey and any Christian Power—we regard as an element of safety the presence among us of a firm, strong man like Captain Burton, as representing the English interests.

“When, not long ago, a panic seized the city, and a massacre seemed imminent, Captain Burton immediately came down from his summer quarters, and by his presence largely contributed to restore tranquillity. All the other important Consuls fled from Damascus, and thus increased the panic.

“We earnestly hope that Captain Burton will not suffer himself to be annoyed by the enmity he is sure to provoke for all who wish to make the English name a cover for wrongs and injustice, or think that a British subject or *protégé* should be supported, whatever be the nature of his case.

With kindest respects, we are, dear Mrs. Burton, yours very truly,

“(Signed) JAMES ORR SCOTT, M.A., Irish Presbyterian Mission.

“WM. WRIGHT, B.A., Missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

“P.S.—By-the-by, on one occasion one of the most important Jews of Damascus, when conversing with me [Wm. Wright] and the Rev. John Crawford, American missionary, said that Captain Burton was unfit for the British Consulate in Damascus; and the reason he gave was that, being an upright man, he transacted his business by fair means instead of by foul.

“Damascus, November 28th, 1870.”

To conclude: the effect of their conduct in Damascus will fall upon their own heads, and upon their children. Do not purposely misunderstand me, O Israel! Remember, I do not speak of you disparagingly as a nation, or as a faith. As such I love and admire you; but I pick out your usurers from among you, as the goats

from the sheep. You are ancient in birth and religion ; you are sometimes handsome, always clever, and in many things you far outstrip us Christians in the race of life. Your sins and your faults are, and have been, equally remarkable from all time. Many of you, in Damascus especially, are as foolish and stiff-necked as in the days of old. When the time comes, and it will come, the trampled worm will turn. The Moslem will rise not really against the Christian—he will only be the excuse—but against you. Your quarter will be the one to be burnt down ; your people to be exterminated, and all your innocent tribe will suffer for the few guilty.

We at last determined to thoroughly do Palestine and the Holy Land, and we went down in an awfully rough sea, in a very tiny and dirty little Egyptian steamer, as far as Jaffa. There were great doubts as to whether we could land, but at last boats were put out, and we got in on the top of a truly alarming surf, shooting through a narrow hole in the rocks just wide enough to admit the boat. The plain of Sharon was looking beautiful—meadows of grass land, wild flowers, cultivation, and orange groves all along our forty-mile ride.

With Richard it was a constant matter for thought whether the sites and the tombs were the correct ones ; and the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon and the Crusaders' arms, also those of the Knight Templars, were always of immense interest to him. We visited all the Patriarchs, and principally Monseigneur Valerga, a man of brilliant education, with the *savoir faire* of the diplomat or courtier, blended with religion. We went through all the ceremonies of *all the numerous religions* during the Holy Week, the Mohammedan as well as the fourteen Christian sects, and Jewish, of which not the least touching thing is the wailing of the Jews outside the wall of the Temple on Fridays, and the Greek fire on Holy Saturday. A Jewish friend took us in for the Passover. We visited all the country of St. John, Bethlehem, Hebron, where Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Rebecca, and Leah are buried ; to Mar Saba, where is the Convent of Penitent Monks, in a most wonderful ravine. From there we got down to the Dead Sea, and swam in it, and saw fish. It receives daily seven million tons of water, and has no outlet ; but its evaporation forms the desert of salt, called the Ghor, all round its southern shore, which fact Richard compares with Tanganyika. From there we went into Moab ; we visited Moses' Tomb on the return journey. At Bethábara we bathed, and brought home bottles of the water of the Jordan ; thence we went to Jericho, but we took care to visit every spot where tradition and folklore says our Saviour touched at, *off the tracks* besides. We encamped on the supposed sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, and so on to Bethel, and Hai, the most ancient site in

Palestine, the camping-ground of Abraham, where he and Lot parted and divided their flocks ; and we gradually made our way to Nablus, which is the boundary between the Damascus and Jerusalem Consular jurisdictions. We ascended Mount Ebal and Mount Gerízim, and stayed with the Samaritans, who then numbered a hundred and thirty-five. We then went to Samaria, and through the plain of Esdraelon ; and we camped at ancient Engannin, where Christ cured the ten lepers. From thence to Scythopolis into the Ghor, and to as many sites of the towns of the Decapolis as we could realize. We went to Naim, and Endor, and Tabor, and Nazareth—at Nazareth we were stoned (a little political manoeuvre) ; thence to Cana. About Nazareth Richard wrote in his private journal—

“ I rode down the country by the vile Kunayterah road to Tiberias, where the Jews protected by our Government were complaining that the *Wali* had taken from them and had sold to the Greek Bishop Nifon, at Nazareth, a cemetery and synagogue, which for the last four hundred years had belonged to their faith, and to visit a few men who held British passports, which ought to have been annually changed, but had through carelessness not been renewed since 1850. For these acts, I was destined to the same honour as my Master, namely, being stoned out of Nazareth ; and because I did good to the Jews, they also betrayed me to the Authorities, and asked for my recall.”

We went up the Mountain of Precipitation to Hattín, and ascended to Tiberias, the second and the middle sea which feeds the Jordan, and we visited the site of the eight towns so much frequented by our Saviour. From thence we went to Sáfed, which is a very fanatical Jewish Holy City, from which we could see the Jaulán and the Haurán stretching right away into the Arabian desert of the ancient kingdom of Báshan ; and from here we again made our way to the plain of Huleh, which we remember of old, and the Waters of Merom, where we camped before under difficulties, and so nearly got a bad fever. This time it was black from a recent prairie fire. The best amusement on these occasions is to laugh at one another's miserable, unrecognizable faces, all swollen with bites and stings, like the face one sees in a spoon. After a lot of other places, we got back to Birket er Ram or Lake Phiala, which I remember saying a while ago we determined to revisit. Richard found something that excited his attention about it, so we emptied the water out of all our goat-skins, blew them up with air, strapped them to our camp-table, made a raft, and used the tent-poles for oars. It is supposed to have no bottom, is six hundred yards broad, and about nine hundred wide. We sounded with the lead, and the deepest part

proved to be seventeen feet and a half. It has a weed bottom and leeches below, no shells; but the air began to whistle out of the skins, and Richard and Charley Drake only just got back in time to save themselves a swim.

Whilst at Jerusalem and its environs Richard did two very graceful things. He saw a monk conducting a party of Catholics, who wanted to say prayers in the Sepulchre itself at three o'clock on Good Friday. It was invaded by the usual class of tourists. The monk shrunk back with his people, and the particular time for these prayers was slipping away. Richard stepped forward, and, touching his cap, said, "What is the matter, Father?" He said, "The Sepulchre is full of tourists, who are not Catholics. We have no right to turn them out, and we don't like to push in and begin our devotions." Richard said, "Leave that to me." He went in and explained to them, and they came out. Richard then passed the monk and his party in, and he stood guard himself outside the whole time they performed their devotion, and would not let any one pass. These little acts used to win him the heart of everybody.

Another day we were riding in rather a desert place about a mile from a small village; we met a solitary priest and his acolyte. I was about to ride up to speak to him, when he gave me the sign—I mean the sign the priest gives you when he is secretly carrying the Blessed Sacrament. I told it to Richard, who ordered his men to draw up in two lines for the priest to pass through and salute. He jumped down from his own horse, and offered it to the priest, asking to accompany him. The priest declined it, but he blessed him as he passed. I always thought of this afterwards in Austria, when I saw the large picture in the Palace at Innsbrück, of Rudolph the Second of Hapsburg doing the same thing.

At Jerusalem we explored the Mágharat el Kotn; these are enormous quarries, also called the Royal Caverns. The entrance looks like a hole in the wall outside the town, not far from the Gate of Damascus. Creeping in, you find yourself in endless caves and galleries unexplored. We used to use magnesium fuses, and take plenty of ropes to have a clue.

CHAPTER XIX

RELIGION.

- “ Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do ;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted it so.
- “ But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain ?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell ?
If the devil isn't, and never was, won't somebody rise and tell ?
- “ Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet ?
Who sows the tares on the fields of time, wherever God sows His wheat ?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true ;
But who is doing the kind of work that the devil alone should do ?
- “ We are told that he does not go about as a roaring lion now ;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in Church and State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found ?
- “ Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up ? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone ;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.”
- ALFRED J. HOUGH, *in the Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal.*

IT must not be supposed that Richard was the least insincere, because he tried religions all round. He wanted to get at the highest, the nearest to God, the nearest to other worlds, and in that respect he was like Cardinal Newman. He always spoke the truth, and if he changed every other day, he would have said so. Every time he was disappointed with a religion he fell back on mysticism. It was the soul wandering through space, like the dove out of the ark, and seeking a place whereupon to rest. In each religion he found something good, and much that disappointed him ; then he took the good out of that religion, and went away. He was sincere with the

Mohammedans, and found more in that religion than in *most*. He hoped much from spiritualism, and studied it well; but he could make nothing of it as a religion. It never seemed to bring him any nearer; but he believed in it as in the light of a future frontier of science. *His* Agnosticism, which in his case is a misapplied word, was of a much higher cast; it was the mysticism of the East. It was the tired soul or brain that said, "Oh, my God, I have studied all things, and I am still no nearer the point of closer connection with Thee, whom my soul longs for and aims at. I know nothing; I can touch nothing. Faith is a gift from Thee; give it to me!" He became impressed with one fact here in Syria, as he had done at Baroda in his youth, and that is that Catholicism is the highest order of Spiritualism, having no connection with jugglery, or table-turning, or spirit-rapping; that we cannot call it up at our pleasure, nor pay for it; but that, when something *does* happen, it is absolutely *real*, only we are not allowed to speak of it, except amongst ourselves, and then with bated breath. Richard, however, had opportunity enough of seeing all this for himself in Syria, in Damascus, where some very extraordinary things were going on, that were, without a doubt, genuine.

"Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose."

WILLIAM WATSON.

"Brave as a lion, gentle as a maid,
He never evil word to any said;
Never for self, but always strong for right,
He was a very perfect gentle knight."

During the time we were at Damascus, there was a "mystery" going on in the lower quarter, called the *Maydán*—the tail of Damascus, which runs out towards the desert—amongst a certain sect of the Mohammedans, called the *Shádilis*, or *Sházlis*. They used to assemble at nights together at the house of one of them for Moslem prayer and reading and discussion, when they became conscious of a presence amongst them that was not theirs. They used to hear things and see things which they did not understand, and this went on for two or three months before they came to an understanding. I let my husband tell the story in his own words, and you will all understand later on how it found its way into my "Inner Life of Syria."

Fray Emanuel Förner, who figures largely in this history, was a friend Richard used to study with. He confided his troubles relative to these people to us. He asked us whether, as Richard

had more influence with the Moslems than any one else, he could be induced to protect them. Richard felt that it was going beyond the boundary of his Consular prerogative to interfere in a matter which concerned the national religion; he therefore answered him that his position obliged him to abstain from interfering in so interesting a matter, although he could do so in cases where the *Protestant* schools or missions formally claimed protection against the violation of the treaties and concessions of the Hatti-Sherif. He added that the Spanish Consul was the proper person for him to apply to, being *his* Consul, and that it was his duty likewise to restrict me from any active part which might compromise the Consulate.

But this interested him enormously. He thought he saw his way in it to the highest kind of religion, and he followed it up *unofficially*. Disguised as a Sházli, and unknown to any mortal except me, he used to mix with them, and pass much of his time in the Maydán of Damascus with them; and *he saw what he saw*; and when, as in reading this account you will see, Fray Förner was the guide who was pointed out to them by that spiritual Presence, Richard stuck to him, and with him used to study the Sházlis and their history. This gave him an enormous interest in Damascus, but it was his ruin; and the curious Spiritualism, *if you like to term it so*, that was developing there was almost like a "new advent," and though he did not then *mean* it, he ended by sacrificing his worldly career entirely to it.

It was not for a whole year after the event of my disagreement with the Shaykh's son at Zebedáni (which missionaries of the British Syrian schools have since reported as the cause of my husband's recall, after which the same Shaykh had become one of my most faithful followers, but which had nothing to do with my husband's misfortunes), that twelve of the most favoured of these Sházlis had been seized, transported in chains, and partially martyred. Fray Förner died curiously, and Richard came and told me all this, with a great deal more than I had known, or than *has*, or *ever will be* published, about the Sházlis, and he was filled with remorse that he had not taken up their case and protected them.

He had written up their case. He said, "If I should write to Lord Granville, and tell him that there are at least twenty-five thousand of secret Christians longing for baptism, and if I were to say, as I know I can, that I can arrange it with the Moslems to *give them to me*, and not to touch them because they are *mine*; supposing I were to buy a tract of land and give it to them, and build a village, and that I took no taxes from them in repay-

ment, they could settle there unmolested, and supposing that I should request the Patriarch Valerga of Jerusalem to come and baptize them, would *you* be afraid to stand godmother for them with *me* on guard?" and I replied that "I would be only too proud to do it." It was then settled that these letters should be written and sent.

Lord Granville communicated with the Patriarch Valerga, who at once sent *openly* and *clumsily* to the Turkish *Authorities* at Damascus to know the truth, thereby *starting an evil*; and, *even so*, four hundred were found who were willing for martyrdom, but the Patriarch was evidently in *no* hurry for martyrdom. The affair, instead of being confided to Richard, was hopelessly mismanaged, and his recall followed within the month; and Richard said, "This is suffering persecution for justice' sake; *no more of this, till I am clear of a just and enlightened Government.*" It broke his career, it shattered his life, it embittered him on religion; he got neither Teheran, nor Marocco, nor Constantinople. I may be wrong, but I have always imagined that he thought that Christ would stand by him, and see him through his troubles, but he did not like to speak of it.

Richard never asked a single word at the Foreign Office—he was too proud; and he let me do it in a Blue Book of our own. My friends in the Foreign Office, of whom I had about thirteen, gave me *each a different* reason for the recall; but when I got an audience with Lord Granville, I got the true one. Syria and Christianity lost one of England's greatest men, who was ruined, and her descent in prosperity and happiness commenced; and I never heard that the Government, or the Foreign Office, or the Service, or the British name in the East, was any better for it. I humbly venture to think the contrary.

Lord Granville, like many another easy-going, pleasant diplomat (to please God knows who), ruined the life of the best man under his rule with the stroke of his pen. That *did* put the whole of Syria in a blaze of revolt and indignation, and it required the utmost prudence not to put a match to it. It is a pitiful tale, and was a revolting sight to see seven jackals trying to rend an insulted and martyred lion.

One fine day a bombshell fell in the midst of our happy life. It was not *only* the insult of the whole thing, it was the ungentlemanly

way in which it was carried out from Beyrout. This was our position and the way it was done:—

We were surrounded by hundreds who seemed to be dependent upon us; by villages which, under our care, consular or maternal, seemed to be thriving, prosperous, peaceful, and secure; by friends we had made everywhere. Our lives, plans, and interests were arranged for years; we were settled down and established as securely, we thought, as any of you in your own houses at home. Our *entourage* was a large one—dragomans, *kawwáses*, servants; our stud, various pets, and flowers; our home, and our “household gods;” our poor for thirty miles around us. And so surrounded, our only wish was to stay, perhaps for life, and do our duty both to God and our neighbour; and we were succeeding, as I mean to prove. You, through whose evil working the blow struck us on this day, examine your hearts, and ask yourselves why you did this thing, because God, who protects those who serve Him, will allow this cruel deed to follow you, and recoil upon you some day, when you least expect it. It was useless to mislead the Authorities and the public at home, by laying the blame upon the Moslems. Richard always has been a very good friend to the Moslems, and the Moslems have always liked him; but in this instance, local and individual weakness, spite and jealousy, overthrew him.

The horses were saddled at the door, in the Anti-Lebanon, and we were going for a ride, when a ragged messenger on foot stopped to drink at the spring, and advanced towards me with a note. I saw it was for Richard, and took it into the house for him. It was from the Vice-Consul of Beyrout, informing him that, by the orders of his Consul-General, he had arrived the previous day (15th of August), and had taken charge of the Damascus Consulate. The Vice-Consul was in no way to blame.*

Richard's journal says—

“August 16th.—All ready to start—rode in.

“August 18th.—Left Damascus for ever; started at three a.m. in the dark, with a big lantern; all my men crying; alone in *coupé* of diligence, thanks to the pigs. Excitement of seeing all for the last time. All seemed sorry; a few groans. The sight of Bludán mountains in the distance at sunrise, where I have left my wife. *Ever again?* Felt soft. Dismissal ignominious, at the age of fifty, without a month's notice, or wages, or character.

* Lord Granville, complaisant to the great and unmindful of the little officials, soon found an excuse to recall him. When he did recall him, he did so without the trial usually allowed to accused people to prove their guilt or innocence, or to defend themselves, and from that date began the ruin of Damascus and the visible and speedy decline of Syria.—I. B.

“The Turkish Government has boasted that it would choose its own time, when Moslems may become Christians if they wish. The time has now come.”

Richard and Charley Tyrwhitt-Drake were in the saddle in five minutes, and galloped into town without drawing rein. He would not let me accompany him. A mounted messenger returned on the 19th with these few written words, “Don’t be frightened; I am recalled. Pay, pack, and follow at convenience.” I was not frightened, but I do not like to remember what I thought or felt.

I could not rest on the night of the 19th; I thought I heard some one call me three successive times. I jumped up in the middle of a dark night, saddled my horse, and, though everybody said I was mad, and wanted to put me to bed, I rode a journey of nine hours across country, by the compass, as if I were riding for a doctor, over rocks and through swamps, making for the diligence halfway house. Three or four of my people were frightened, and followed me. At last I came in sight of Shtora, the diligence-station. The half-hour had expired; the travellers had eaten and taken their places, and it was just about to start; but God was good to me. Just as the coachman was about to raise his whip, he turned his head to the part of the country from whence I was coming, hot, torn, and covered with dust and mud from head to foot; but he knew me. I held up both my arms, as they do to stop a train. He saw the signal, waited, and took me in, and told the ostler to lead my dead-beat horse to the stables.*

I reached Beyrout twenty-four hours before the steamer sailed. When Richard had once received his recall, he never looked behind him, nor packed up anything, but went straight away. It is his rule to be ready in ten minutes to go anywhere. He was now a private individual in misfortune. I passed him in the diligence, walking alone in the town, and looking so sad and serious. Not even a *karwás* was sent to attend on him, to see him out with a show of honour and respect. It was a real emblem of the sick lion. But I was there (thank God) in my place, and he was so surprised and glad when he saw me! I was well rewarded for my hard ride, for when he saw me his whole face was illuminated, and he said, “Thank you, *bon sang ne peut mentir.*” We had twenty-four hours to take counsel and comfort together.

Everybody called upon us, and everybody regretted. The French Consul-General made us almost take up our abode with him for those twenty-four hours—our own Consul-General cut us. At four o’clock I went on board with my husband, and on return I found his

* Men who know the ground will know what that ride means over slippery boulders and black swamps in the dark.—I. B.

faithful servant Habîb, who had also followed him, and arrived just ten minutes too late—only in time to see him steam out; he had flung himself down on the quay in a passionate flood of tears.

Any Consul, in any part of the Eastern world, with one drop of gentlemanly feeling, would have gone to meet his comrade in distress, and sent a couple of *kawwâses* to walk before and behind him. Mr. Eldridge's action was as big a thing as if he had posted handbills all over Beyrout to announce to the world that no notice was to be taken of him. The disgrace was to himself, not to Richard.

The only notice Richard took of *this* tragedy in his life is one sentence in his journal: "After all my service, ignominiously dismissed, at fifty years of age"—and at whose instance, do you think? (1) A Pasha so corrupt that his own Government was obliged to recall him a month later, threaten him with chains, and throw him into a fortress, and his brains were blown out a short while after by a man he had oppressed. (2) His own Consul-General, whose memory is only known to his once immediate acquaintances by the careful registering of his barometers, and the amount of beer which helped that arduous task, and who exactly suited the Foreign Office by confining himself to so narrow a circle. He was fearfully jealous of his superior subordinate, and asked for his removal through Mr. Kennedy, who was not commissioned for that business. Mr. Eldridge said afterwards, "If Burton had only have walked in *my* way, he would have lived and died here." Thirdly, an aggressive school-mistress, who altered, or *allowed to be altered*, some words in a letter he wrote her, changing "mining" into "missionary," to be shown at Exeter Hall. Fourthly, fifthly, and sixthly, three unscrupulous Jewish usurers. Seventhly, an elastic Greek Bishop, who began a crusade against the Protestants of Nazareth, and prevented them from cultivating their land, and who had snatched away a synagogue and cemetery from British-protected Jews.

When we were in camp there, he caused his people, who were about a hundred and fifty against six, to pick a quarrel with our people, and they stoned us. "Stoning" in the East means a hail-storm the size of melons, which positively seems to darken the air. As an old soldier accustomed to fire, Richard stood perfectly calm, collected, and self-contained, though the stones hit him right and left, and almost broke his sword-arm; he never lost his temper, and never fired, but was simply marking the ringleaders to take them. I ran out to give him his two six-shot revolvers, but when I got within stones' reach, he made a sign to me not to embarrass his movements; so I kept near enough to drag him out if he were wounded, putting his

revolvers in my belt. When three of his servants were badly hurt, and one lay for dead on the ground, he drew a pistol from a man's belt, and fired a shot in the air. That was my signal. I flew round to the other camps, and called all the English and Americans with their guns. When they saw a reinforcement of ten armed English and Americans running down upon them, the cowardly crew turned and fled. This was followed by a *procès-verbal* between Richard and the Bishop, which Richard won.

I was left to pack, pay, and follow; so I took the night diligence back, and had, in spite of the August weather, a cold, hard seven hours over the Lebanon, for I had brought nothing with me; my clothes were dry and stiff, and I was very tired. On the road I passed our honorary dragoman, Hanna Misk. I called out to him, but I had no official position now, so he turned his head the other way, and passed me by. I sent a peasant after him, but he shook his head and rode on. "There," I said, "goes the man who has lived with us, travelled with us, and shared everything we had, and for whose rights concerning a village my husband has always contended, because his claims were just." The law of "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!" extends, I suppose, everywhere; but probably the king's widow always feels it. I wonder how old one has to grow before learning the common rules of life, instead of allowing every shock the world gives one to disturb one, as if one were newly born? It is innate in cool natures, and never learnt by the others, who take useless "headers" against the dead wall of circumstances, until they grow old and cold and selfish. Disraeli told us that "no affections and a great brain form the men that command the world; that no affections and a little brain make petty villains;" but a great brain and a great heart he has no description for. Here he stops short; but I can tell him those are the men for whom there is no place. The nineteenth century will have none of them.

Richard was a general favourite, but he was too powerful to suit the Turkish *Wali*, or Governor-General, who for once found a man he could not corrupt. To give some idea of *how* incorruptible, he was once offered £10,000 on the table, which the man in question brought with him, to give an opinion which would have swayed a public transaction, which would have been no very great harm, but yet it would not have been quite "square" for such a man as Richard, and a promise of £10,000 when the thing was done—"for," said the man, "I can get plenty of money when I like, and this will pay me well." My husband let him finish, and then he said, "If you were a gentleman of my own standing, and an

Englishman, I would just pitch you out of the window; but as you are not, you may pick up your £10,000 and you may walk down the stairs. But don't come here again, because if the thing is right, I shall do it without your paying me; and if it is not, there is not enough money in the world to buy me." He then called me, and he told me about it, and said, "This man's harem will be offering you diamonds; mind you don't take them." "There is not the slightest chance," I said; "I don't want them." Now, it is a perfect fact that, although I am a woman, jewellery is no temptation to me; I therefore take no credit to myself that I have refused enough to enable me to wear as many as any woman in London; but when they brought me horses, it was quite another sensation, and I had to screw up my courage hard—and bolt.

It is perfectly true that Richard is the only man not born a Moslem and an Oriental who, having performed the Hajj to Mecca and Medinah, could live with the Moslems in perfect friendship after. They considered him a *personâ grata*—something more civilized than the common run of Franks; they called him Haji Abdullah, and treated him as one of themselves. During Richard's time in Syria he raised the English name, which was going down rapidly, to its old prestige in the time of Sir Richard Wood and Lord Strathnairn, and the old days of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He explored all the unknown parts of Syria, Palestine, Holy Land, Haurân, the 'Alâh and Nejd; he stood between the poor peasantry and the usurers; he advanced and protected the just claims of British subjects. When a massacre appeared imminent he kept the peace. The fanatical persecution of the Christians was stopped; he stood between them and his friends the Mohammedans; he said, "They are mine, and you must not touch them;" he saved innumerable villages from slavery. In fact, he was just the man whom Rashîd Pasha, the corrupt Turkish Governor-General, could not stand; he was an avenging angel in his way. His own Consul-General was jealous of him. The Beyrout missionaries, or *rather* the British Syrian schools missionaries—for we were friends with several Beyrout missionaries, notably Dr. Thomson and Dr. Bliss—poisoned Exeter Hall against him, although they got more help from him than from any one, simply because neither he nor I were, what I believe the technical term is, "practical Protestants." The three foremost Jews set Sir Moses Montefiore and the illustrious Jewish families of London against him, because he could not stand by and see the poor plundered twice and thrice over, never getting a receipt for their money, never being allowed a paper to show what they had paid, till (when England is paying millions to suppress Slave-trade in various parts

of the world) she was unconsciously abetting it, and aiding it, and protecting it, all over the Syrian villages, by the power of complaisant Consuls. The Greek Bishop abetted our being stoned at Nazareth, because he had advanced and protected the Protestant missionaries' just claim in his jurisdiction. These seven hornets were sufficient to kill and break the heart of St. Michael the archangel. They say three hornets kill a man, and six will kill a horse.

I must now return, and finish my own Eastern career, more for the sake of showing the goodness of the Syrian heart, than for any other interest. I am bound, though late, to bear testimony to them.

After seeing Richard off, I had a cold eight hours' drive over the Lebanon, arrived at the *khan* at Shtora, found my horse in excellent condition, and slept for a few hours. Early in the morning I rode to see Miss Wilson, who kindly insisted on my remaining a day with her. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, a *kawwás*, and servants and horses, met me here, and escorted me back to Bludán; but we lost our way in the mountains, and had an eleven hours' hard scramble. I was ill, tired, and harassed, and was thankful to find my friend Mrs. Rattray, who came over to keep me company. She was as much troubled as I was myself. I do not care who says to the contrary, but the world *in general* is a good place; for, although a *few* bad people make everything and everybody as miserable as they can—permitted, I infer, by an all-wise Providence, like mosquitoes, snakes, and scorpions, to prevent our becoming too attached to this life, and ceasing to work for the other, where they cannot enter—the general rule is good, and whoever is in trouble, as I have said, will always meet with kindness, comfort, and sympathy, from some quarter or other.

I had every right to expect, in a land where official position is everything, where love and respect accompanies power and Government influence, where women are of but small account, that I should be, morally speaking, trampled underfoot. I do not know how to describe with sufficient gratitude, affection, and pleasure the treatment I met with throughout Syria. The news spread like wild-fire. All the surrounding villages poured in. The house and the garden were always full of people—my poor, of course, but others too. Moslems flung themselves on the ground, shedding bitter tears, and tearing their beards, with a passionate grief for the man "whose life" they were reported to wish to take. The incessant demonstrations of sorrow were most harassing, the poor crying out, "Who will take care of us now?" The Moslems: "What have we done

that your *Diwan* (Government) has done this thing to us? They sent us a man who made us so happy and prosperous, and protected us, and we were so thankful; and why now have they taken him from us? What have we done? Were we not good and thankful, and quiet? What can we do? Send some of us to go over to your land, and kneel at the feet of your Queen." This went on for days, and I received, from nearly all the country round, little deputations of Shaykhs, bearing letters of affection, or condolence, or grief, or praise. These sad days filled me with one gnawing thought—"How shall I tear the East out of my heart by the roots, and adapt myself to the bustling, struggling, everyday life of Europe?"

I broke up our establishment, packed up my husband's books, and sent them to England, settled all our affairs, had all that was to accompany me transferred to Damascus, and parted with the mountain servants. Two pets—the donkey that had lost a foot, and a dog that was too ill to recover—had to be shot and buried in the garden.

When all these sad preparations were finished, I bade adieu to the Anti-Lebanon with a heavy heart, and for the last time, choking with emotion, I rode down the mountain, and through the plain of Zebedáni, with a very large train of followers. I found it hard to leave the spot where I had hoped to leave my mortal coil.

I had a sorrowful ride into Damascus, and I met the *Wali* driving in State, with all his suite. He looked radiant, and saluted me. I did not return his salute, and he told his Staff that he was afraid I would shoot him. Somebody did that a little later on. He looked less radiant when the news of his own recall reached him a few days later, with a special telegram, that if he delayed more than twenty-four hours, he was to be sent in chains. He fought hard to stay, and I do not wonder, for he had a splendid position, and had bought lands and built a palace, which he never lived in; and he had to give up all his ill-gotten goods, lands, and palace, squeezed out of the peasantry.

At Damascus I had to go through the same sad scenes, upon a much larger scale than I had gone through at Bludán. All our kind friends, native and European, came to stay about me to the last.

I saw that Richard's few enemies were very anxious for me to go, and that all the rest were equally anxious to detain me as a kind of pledge for his return. I reflected that it would be right that I should coolly and quietly perform every single work I had to undertake—to sell everything, to pay all debts, and arrange every liability of any kind incurred by my husband, to pack and despatch to England our personal effects, to make innumerable friendly adieux, to make a

provision or find a happy home for every single being—man or beast—that had been dependent upon us. This was rendered slow and difficult, as the Government left us *pro tem.* without a farthing. A servant generally gets a month's notice with wages and a character, but without any defence we were annihilated as if by dynamite. At last I made our case known to Uncle Gerard, who telegraphed to the Imperial Ottoman Bank, "to let his niece have any money that she wanted." Before I left I went and dressed our little chapel with all the pious things in my possession.

On the day of the sale I could not bear to stay near the house, so I went up to Arba'in, or "the Forty Martyrs," above our house, on Jebel Kaysún, about fifteen hundred feet high, and I gazed on my dear Salahíyyeh below, in its sea of green, and my pearl-like Damascus, and the desert sand, and watched the sunset on the mountains for the last time. I also met some Mogháribehs, who came up to pray there, and who prognosticated all sorts of good fortune to me.

In one sense I was glad, because I was a kind of hostage, giving the lie to his enemies. If there had been anything wrong, I should assuredly have paid the forfeit. I had no anxiety, for though I had magnificent offers—two from Moslems to shoot certain official enemies, as they passed in their carriage, from behind a rock, and another from a Jew to put some poison in their coffee—I slept in perfect security, amongst my Moslem and Kurdish friends, with my windows and doors open, in that Kurdish village, Salahíyyeh. Between us and the City was a quarter of an hour's ride through orchards that were wild and lawless—at least, in my time, no one would come there from sunset to sunrise, and timid people, not even in the day, without a guard. We had the house on a three years lease, and my bedroom window and the *Muezzin's* Minaret were on a level, and almost joined, so that we could talk to each other. I used to join him in the "call to prayer," and he used to try not to laugh. I never missed a pin; I never had anything but blessings. All my work took me some time, but I resolved, whatever the wrench would cost me, I would set out the moment it was finished. My husband being gone, I had no business, no place there; I knew it would be better taste to leave.

We all began to perceive that the demonstrations were beginning to be of an excitable nature; the Moslems assembling in cliques at night, a hundred here and a hundred there, to discuss the strange matter. They were having prayers in the mosques for Richard, and making promises of each giving so much to the poor if they obtained their wish. They continually poured up to

Salahiyeh with tears and letters, begging him to return, and I felt that my presence and distress only excited them the more. I left more quickly because I was informed that my presence was exciting the people, who lived in hopes of his return, and his non-appearance was causing an irritability that might break out into open mutiny and cause another massacre. They were beginning with the usual signs of meeting in clusters in the streets, in discussing the affair in the mosques, in the bazaars, in the *cafés*, and putting up public prayers for his return.

As half the City wanted to accompany me on the road, and I was afraid that a demonstration might result, I thought I should be wise to slip away quietly. My two best friends, Abd el Kadir and the Hon. Jane Digby el Mezrab (Lady Ellenborough), were with me till the last, and, accompanied by Charley Drake and our two most faithful dragomans, who had never deserted me and put themselves and all they possessed at my disposal, Hanna Asar and Mr. Awadys, I left Damascus an hour before dawn, sending word to all my friends that parting was too painful to me.

“Linger not out the hours of separation’s day
Till for sheer grief my soul to ruin fall a prey.”*

I felt life’s interest die out of me as I jogged along for weary miles, wishing mental good-byes to every stick and stone. I had been sickening for some days with fever. I had determined not to be ill at Damascus, and so detained. Pluck kept me up, but having braved the fatal 13th, and set out upon it, I was not destined to reach Beyrout.

When I reached that part of the Lebanon looking down upon the sea, near Khan el Karáyeh, my fever had increased to such an extent that I became delirious, and had to be set down on the roadside, where I moaned with pain and could not proceed. Half an hour from the road was the village of my little Syrian maid. I was carried to her father’s house, and lay there for ten days very ill, and was nursed by her and by my English maid. Many kind friends, English and native, came to see me from Beyrout and from the villages round about.

Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake took our house, part of the furniture, the faithful Habífb, and the *sais*, my two horses, which I could not bear to sell into stranger hands, the dogs, and the Persian cat, “Tuss,” who, however, ran away the day after I left, and has never been seen or heard of since. All the other servants and animals were well provided for in other ways. I was offered £15 for my white donkey,

* Charles T. Pickering, “The Last Singers of Bukhára.”

but I could not bear to sell him, so I left him also with Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and he eventually found a good home with our successor, Mr. Green (afterwards Sir W. Kirby Green), and died. The bull-terriers also died natural deaths with Mr. Drake. It was a great relief to know that the former would never become a market donkey, nor the latter pariahs, nor be beaten, stoned, and ill-used. I was obliged to sell Richard's *rahwán*, and I sent it to the purchaser, the Vice-Consul who succeeded, from the village where I was ill. He came to pay me a visit. Although the poor horse had only been there one night, this gentleman told me he had no trouble in finding the house, for as soon as the *rahwán* got near the turn leading off the diligence road, he started off at full gallop, and never stopped till he reached the door, nor would he go anywhere else.

I went down to Beyrout as soon as I was well enough to move, and, assisted by Mr. Watkins of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Zal Zal, embarked in the Russian ship *Ceres*, the same that had brought me formerly from Alexandria to Beyrout. As we were about to steam out, an English Vice-Consul in the Levant gaily waved his hand to me, and said laughingly, "Good-bye, Mrs. Burton. I have been sixteen years in the service, and I know twenty scoundrels in it who are never molested; but I never saw a Consul 'recalled' except for something disgraceful, and certainly never for an Eastern Pasha. You'll find it's all right; they would hardly do such a thing to such a man as Burton." We were a fortnight at sea, detained by fogs and two collisions.

On reaching London I found Richard in one room in a very small hotel. He had made no defence—had treated the whole thing *de haut en bas*, so I applied myself for three months to putting his case clearly before the Foreign Office in his own name. I went to the Foreign Office, where I had thirteen friends, and knew most of its Masters, and I asked them to tell me frankly what was the reason of his recall.

Firstly, I was told it had been represented that he was in danger from the Mohammedans. That was *too easily* disproved by fifty-eight letters from every creed, nation, and tongue of the thirty-six in Syria, from Bedawi tribes, Druzes, Moslems of all categories, from the Ulemá, from Abd el Kadir; and, like proverbs, this homely correspondence sprung from the heart illustrated the native character better than books, and was a fair specimen of local Oriental scholarship. What the Press and the Public thought about it in various nations was the same—in forty-eight articles chiefly from the English Press and the Levant, and five leaders. All that England has ever done to *him* of neglect and slight has never touched him in any man's

mind. He was the brightest gem in his country's crown, and his country did not deserve him. I went the rounds of my friends repeatedly in the Foreign Office, and insisted on having a reason for the recall.

When the Mohammedan question was disposed of, it was found that it was because "Burton had written a letter to convoke the Druzes to a political meeting in the Haurán." I asked if I might have a copy of that letter, and, having kept the *original* copy, I was able to put them side by side in the report, showing it was forged by Rashíd Pasha. He was then accused of opposing missionary work, because he had written advising a schoolmistress, in the kindest spirit, to try and prevent her husband entering into *mining* speculations: as there was so much cheating going on, he was afraid he would drop several thousand pounds. "Mining" was *some-how* changed to "missionary;" but that fact was disposed of by the regretful and indignant letters at his recall from all the *other* missionaries. He was accused of being influenced against the Jews because he protected the poor villagers from paying their debts twice and thrice over to the usurers, who took their money and refused receipts, leaving nothing to show. Amongst the letters one Jew wrote home that Captain Burton "was influenced by his Catholic wife against the Jews." I am proud to say that I have never in my life tried to influence my husband to do anything wrong, and I am prouder still to say that if I *had* tried I should not have succeeded, and should have only lost his respect. The Jews have never had a better friend than me. I distinctly divide the usurers from the Jews, just as I divide the good, honest, loyal half of the Irish Catholic nation from the Fenians and the moonlighters, who are mostly Irish living in England and America, and who go over for the purpose of fomenting disturbance. I have suppressed many a thing that civilized and idealized Jews would be ashamed to have known of their lower and fanatical brethren in the East and elsewhere. He was accused by the Greek bishop of firing into "harmless Greeks at play," because he fired a shot in the air to call assistance when we were being stoned to death.

Mr. Eldridge, who was quite a Russian at heart, went on the plan of never compromising himself by writing an official order to Richard; he never wrote him anything but private notes. Richard said he could not use private notes in official life as proofs. I thought this very wrong. I saw a *plan* in this mode of action, so I used to keep them in a portfolio till wanted, so that when I put the case together I was able to state the facts very correctly. I have got several packets of that Blue Book now, if anybody

wants to see one. It ended by Richard getting the *nearest thing* to an apology that one could expect out of a Government office, and an offer of several small posts, which he indignantly refused. In his journal I find he was offered Pará, but would not take it—“Too small a berth for me after Damascus.”

Shortly after, Mr. L—— offered him, that if he would go to Iceland to inspect some sulphur mines, he would pay his passage there and back, and his expenses, and if he found he could conscientiously give a good report of the sulphur mines, that he would give him £2000. He went, and as we were at a very low ebb, and as Mr. L—— did not pay for *me*, I was left with my father and mother, which was a very fortunate circumstance, because my mother died shortly after. I may put in a parenthesis that, though Richard was able conscientiously to give a *splendid* report of the mines, Mr. L—— did not pay him the £2000. The trip resulted in a book called “Ultima Thule: a Summer in Iceland” * (2 vols.), which was not published till 1875, and his “Zanzibar City, Island, and Coast” (2 vols., 1872); and he wrote a lecture for the Society of Antiquaries, a “History of Stones and Bones from the Haurán,” and “Human Remains and other Articles from Iceland.” We had ten months of great poverty and official neglect (but great kindness from Society), during which we were reduced to our last £15, and after that we had nothing to do but to sit on our boxes in the street, for we had *nothing*, not a *prospect* of anything; but we let nobody know that. He remarked one day when we were out on business—

“Lunch, one shilling,
Soup not filling.”

And I noticed afterwards, in his journal, that he had longed for some oysters, and looked at them long; but he says, “They were three shillings a dozen—awful, forbidden luxury!”

At last my uncle, Lord Gerard, asked us up to Garswood, and we debated if we had a right to accept it or not. I begged him to do so, as I thought it might bring us good luck. We were alone in a railway compartment, when one of the £15 rolled out of my purse, and slid between the boards of the carriage and the door, reducing us to £14. I sat on the floor and cried, and he sat down by me with his arm round my waist, trying to comfort me. Uncle Gerard kept us one month, paid our fare up and down, and, without knowing that we wanted anything, gave me £25, and from that

* It is a valuable book, chiefly for its philosophical transactions, antiquarian proceedings, and philological miscellanies, and the mineral resources of the island.
—I. B.

time one little help or another came to keep us alive without our asking for anything. We sold some of our writings, and it was discovered that some back pay was due to Richard.

During this ten months at home, we saw a great deal of Winwood Reade, whom all know by his travels in Africa, his many literary works, of which the cleverest, but the most harmful, was the "Martyrdom of Man," of which he presented Richard with a copy, which was carefully treasured till about six months before Richard's death. He told us the following account of a ghost story:—

There was a place in Africa or in India (I forget at this distance of time), where there was a haunted bungalow, and Winwood Reade was longing to see a ghost, as he was very sceptical about the existence of such things. In this particular bungalow there was a room on the ground floor, with folding doors of glass that opened to the ground, leading out into the compound. Every night at twelve o'clock these glass doors (being locked) slowly opened outwards, and the ghosts of three surgeons who had died of cholera appeared in their winding-sheets. Winwood Reade engaged the bungalow for the night, it being quite empty, but he could not induce anybody, for love or money, to go with him. At last he tempted a black boy, by large promises of money, to pass one night there, and the boy said *if he might sleep on the roof* he would, but nothing would induce him to go inside the house. So they started forth, and Winwood took with him a good novel, his gun, his watch, and plenty of brandy and water, and towards eleven o'clock made himself very comfortable on some cushions in a corner of the room in full view of the window. As his watch pointed to twelve, the doors slowly opened, he seized his gun, and in a moment the three white figures appeared. I said, breathless with excitement, "And what did you do, Winwood?" He smiled and hesitated, and said, "To tell the honest truth, I dropped my gun and fainted, and when I came to I got out of the house as quick as I could, called the boy, went away, and never went back." He was such a brave man he could afford to own this.

Richard writes at this time in his journal, "I called on some old friends, and as I came out of the house I heard the servants whisper, 'Why, Captain Burton looks like an old gypsy.'" This was after his recall.

We had one very pleasant evening at Lady Marian Alford's. She had been building her house at Prince's Gate, and Miss Hosmer had sculptured her fountain; it was the opening night. Lady Marian wanted to prepare a little surprise for her friends, so she

made Richard dress as a Bedawin Shaykh, and Khamoor (my Arab girl) and me as Moslem women of Damascus. I was supposed to have brought this Shaykh over to introduce him into a little English society. He spoke Arabic to Khamoor and me, and broken English with a few words of French to the rest of the party. It was a delightful little party, and we enjoyed it very much, and—though they all knew him—nobody recognized Richard, which was very amusing; but presently the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were announced, and Lady Marian had to go out to prepare them for this little joke, which amused them immensely, and so it gradually had to ooze out. There was a delightful supper, three tables each of eight. Khamoor in her Eastern dress came in with coffee on a tray on her head, and presented it kneeling to the Prince and the Duke, and to the others standing. Everything that Lady Marian Alford did was so graceful.

I see that Richard notices in his journal a correspondence between himself and the Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D. (our present Cardinal), which I imagine was about the Sházlis. And he also notices that his name is again left out of Sir Roderick Murchison's address, and asks, "Why? Old Murchison hates me."

Again speaking of Sir R. Murchison, Richard writes, "He was anxious to pay due honour to our modern travellers, to Livingstone and Gordon, Speke and Grant. He has done me the honour of not honouring me." Later on: "Received a card from him to go and see him."

We also went to Ashridge, Lord Brownlow's, on a visit to Lady Marian Alford, which visit we enjoyed immensely, where we met Lord Beaconsfield and numbers of other delightful people.

He also notices in his journal: "Had the satisfaction of hearing of Rashíd Pasha's disgrace and removal. Wonder if he wishes he had not crossed swords with me."

This year was the Tichborne trial, and Richard was subpoenaed by him, but his evidence did more good to the family. Amongst other things the Claimant said to Richard, "That he had met me in Rio de Janeiro, and that I had recognized him as a long-lost cousin; but, on fixing the dates, it was proved that I had sailed from Rio for London a week before the Claimant arrived there." We had one very lively meeting at the Royal Geographical Society. He writes—

"Rassam stood up about a native message to Livingstone. Colonel Rigby contradicted, and said there were no Abyssinians in Zanzibar. They began to contradict me, so I made it very lively, for

I was angry, and proved my point, showing that my opponents had spoken falsely. My wife laughed, because I moved from one side of the table to the other unconsciously, with the stick that points to the maps in my hand, and she said that the audience on the benches looked as if a tiger was going to spring in amongst them, or that I was going to use the stick like a spear upon my adversary, who stood up from the benches.* To make the scene more lively, my wife's brothers and sisters were struggling in the corner to hold down their father, an old man, who had never been used to public speaking, and who slowly rose up in speechless indignation at hearing me accused of making a misstatement, and was going to address a long oration to the public about his son-in-law Richard Burton. As he was slow and very prolix he would never have sat down again, and God only knows what he *would* have said; they held on to his coat-tails, and were preparing, in event of failure, some to dive under the benches, and some to bolt out of the nearest door."

We went a great deal into Society those ten months, and we saw much of the two best literary houses of the day, where one always met *la haute Bohème*, the most interesting Society in London, mixed with the best of everything, and those were Lord Houghton's and Lord Strangford's.

About this time we went to visit Mr. —, our then publisher, at his country-house, where he showed us all that was comfortable and luxurious, with ten horses in the stable—everything else to match. He gave us a large literary dinner, at which Lord Houghton, with his quiet chuckle, called out across the table, "I say, Burton, don't you feel as if we were drinking out of poor authors' skulls?" Upon which Richard laughed, and tapped his own head for an answer.

Richard was very anxious that Alexandretta should be the chief port in Syria, into whose lap the railway would pour the wealth of the province, for it is the only good port the country possesses on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. Alexandretta, if freed from its stagnant marshes, would be magnificent; the railway should go to Damascus, Jerusalem, and Aleppo.

With regard to Sir Roderick Murchison, his journal again contained the following, speaking of one of his books:—

"Since these pages went to print Sir R. I. Murchison has passed away, full of years and of honours. I had not the melancholy satisfaction of seeing for the last time our revered Chief, one of whose latest actions was to oppose my reading a paper about the so-called Victoria Nyanza before the Royal Geographical Society; whilst

* I never saw Richard so angry in my life; his lips puffed out with rage.—I. B.

another was to erase my name from the list of the Nile explorers when revising his own biography. But peace be to his manes! I respect the silence of a newly made grave."

We went, for the first time in our lives, and the last, to a great banquet at the Mansion House, which amused us very much. Whenever we wanted to make any remarks at dinner-time we made them in Arabic, thinking that probably no one would understand us. Curiously, the people who sat next to us turned round, and said in Arabic, "Yes, you are perfectly right; we were just thinking the same thing;" and Richard said, "We spoke Arabic thinking nobody would understand us;" and they said, "It is most probable that out of all this huge crowd we are the only four people who happen to speak Arabic, and happen to sit together."

Another very interesting visit we paid was to the Surrey County Lunatic Asylum, Wandsworth Common, where the doctor, who was a friend of my husband's, invited us to spend the day and dine with him, and he showed us over everything; but I know that I, for one, felt awfully glad when we left it; some of the faces that I saw there I can see now if I shut my eyes and think.

In 1872, we were on a visit at Knowsley, the Earl of Derby's, and we planted there a cedar of Lebanon, which we had brought; and we went over the alkali works at St. Helen's, very interesting to Richard, who did not know so much of the "Black Country" as we did. We then went to Uncle Gerard's, where we met the Muriettas (now Marchesa de Santurce), and many other pleasant people. Here we went down some coal-pits (265 fathoms) for further information, and we planted more cedars of Lebanon and a bit of Abraham's oak, which we brought from Mamre, some distance from Hebron.

That year my mother got very ill, and we all assembled in town to be with her. She had been paralyzed for nine years, and, nevertheless, had been strong, active, and cheerful, and enabled in some fashion to enjoy life. Her strong brain kept her alive.

At this time the public, answering an appeal of mine in the *Tablet*, describing the poverty and destitution of the Syrian Inland Churches, sent me wherewith to furnish six of them, which has never been forgotten out there.

In 1872, poor General Beatson died at New Swindon. Richard sent thirty-two species of plants from the summit of the Libanus to the British Museum; and this year he got the news from Syria that he had gained his cause about the stoning at Nazareth. The

Greek Bishop had brought an action against him before the Tribunal, and Richard won it with honour.

He wrote and lectured on the "Stones and Bones of the Haurán," March, 1872, and "Human Remains in Iceland" in late 1872.

I attended the Tichborne trial, and saw Sir John Coleridge examine my cousin, Katty Radcliffe. Richard whispered to me, "The next thing plaintiff will do, will be to call himself Lord Aberdeen." I came home from there, and found the other brother, Father Coleridge, S.J., giving my mother Communion. At this time, too, we attended all the learned societies, where Richard generally made speeches. We also went down to the Duke and Duchess of Somerset's, where we met Lady Ulrica Thynne, the Brinsley Sheridans, and afterwards, at their house, brilliant and fascinating Mrs. Norton.

Charles Reade, the well-known author, who was a great friend of ours, gave us a delightful dinner and pleasant evening, asking a great many actors and actresses to meet us. Sir Frederick Leighton began to paint Richard on the 26th of April, and it was very amusing. Richard was so anxious that he should paint his necktie and his pin, and kept saying to him every now and then, "Don't make me ugly, don't, there's a good fellow;" and Sir Frederick kept chaffing him about his vanity, and appealing to me to know if he was not making him pretty enough. That is the picture that Sir Frederick has now, and is going to leave to the nation; and both Richard and I always retained the pleasantest memory of the many happy hours we passed in his studio. Richard was examined on the Consular Committee, and made them all laugh. He complained that the salary of Santos had been very inadequate to his position; he had been obliged to use his own little capital to supplement. He was asked how his predecessor (a baronet) had managed, and he answered, "By living in one room over a shop, and washing his own stockings." Richard attended the Levée on May 13th.

We went to a Foreign Office party, where Musurus Pasha explained to Richard why he was obliged to go against him, by the order of the Turkish Government about Syria, and Richard said to him, "Well, Pasha, I did not know that you had; but I can tell you that, though I never practically wish evil to my enemies, they all come to grief, and you are bound to have a bit of bad luck on my account." The next day Musurus Pasha fell down and broke his arm. It is an absolute fact that everybody who did my husband an injury had some bad luck.

Richard tried to get Teheran, which was one of the places that

he longed for and was vacant, and we knew that three names were sent up to her Majesty for approval ; but we also knew, *sub rosa*, that Mr. (afterwards Sir Ronald) Thompson, a personal friend in their youth of Mr. and Mrs. (afterwards Lord and Lady) Hammond, of the Foreign Office, was to get it.

I brought out "Unexplored Syria" (2 vols.), in which Richard and I and Charley Drake collaborated, on the 21st of June, 1872, while Richard was in Iceland.

Richard sailed on the 4th of June from Leith for Iceland. The 5th of June was one of my most unhappy days. I got up early, and passed the day with my mother. She received Communion at a quarter to one ; at 9.30 p.m. she asked to see everybody. We said prayers to her, but did not think her in any danger. At eleven some instinct made me refuse to go home to my lodging. We were summoned suddenly. I ran in and took her in my arms ; she turned her head round upon my shoulder, looked at me, breathed a little sigh, and died like a child at a quarter to twelve p.m. All the week she lay in state, the room dressed like a chapel, with flowers and candles, and we, her children, passed all day by her, and had all our religious services in her room. (Richard notes in his journal, "Poor mother died about midnight, June 5th.")

On the 12th of June, attended by all the people she liked best, we buried her at Mortlake.

At last, Lord Granville wrote to me, and asked me if I thought Richard would accept Trieste, Charles Lever having died ; and he also advised me to urge him to take it, because they were not likely to have anything better vacant for some time. And I was able to send Richard's acceptance of Trieste to Lord Granville on July 15th. We knew that after a post of £1000 a year, with work that was really diplomatic, and with a promise ahead of Marocco, Teheran, and Constantinople before him, that a commercial town on £600 a year, and £100 office allowance, meant that his career was practically broken ; but Richard and I could not afford to starve, and he said he would stick on as long as there was ever a hope of getting Marocco.

Finally we were taken into some sort of favour again. Lord Granville *had not understood* Richard's letter about wanting to have the Sházlis baptized, and feared that it might result in a *Jehád*, or religious war, if the baptisms had taken place. Richard told him "he knew it *would not*." He knew he could carry it through ; he was not a man to risk such a matter. His plan was to buy a tract of land, to give these people the means of building themselves cottages, choose their own Shaykh, their own Priest, and make for themselves

a little Church. The village *was to belong to him*, and he would have put it under the protection of his friends amongst the Moham-medans. He would have taken no taxes from them, and no presents or provisions, as other people do, and the consequence is they would have been now a flourishing colony. *That was the real cause of the recall*; and, as I have said before, Richard said, "That is suffering persecution for justice' sake with a vengeance; but we won't have anything more to do with this subject until I am free from an enlightened and just-minded Government in March, 1891."

On the 26th of August I was going a round of country-house visits in Richard's absence, and arriving at ten o'clock at night at Uncle Gerard's, met the sad news that our youngest and favourite brother, the flower of our flock, Jack Arundell, commanding the *Bittern*, had died of rheumatic fever between the West Coast of Africa and Ascension, where he is buried—that is to say, he did not die of rheumatic fever, but it was a question of sleep saving him. A very slight dose of opiate had been administered to him to ensure this boon. He had never mentioned the peculiarity in our family of being very sensitive to opiates; he went to sleep and never woke again, to the grief and distress of all on board. He was only thirty-one years of age, was bright and good-looking; he was a dashing officer, with his heart in his profession, and a fine career was before him. He had not had time to hear of our mother's death before he joined her. It was a terrible blow to us.

Richard arrived on the 8th of June in Iceland, embarked for return on 1st of August, and arrived in England from Iceland at eleven at night on the 14th of September.

On the 5th of October, 1872, the day was fixed for Richard to have a tumour cut out of his shoulder or back. He had got it from a blow from a single-stick, when he was off guard and his back was turned. It was an unfair blow, only the man did it in fun; anyway, he said so. He had had it for a long time, and it had frequently opened and discharged of itself, but now it was getting troublesome. Dr. Bird, of 49, Welbeck Street, performed the operation. It was two inches in diameter, and from first to last occupied about twelve minutes. I assisted Dr. Bird. He sat astride on a chair, smoking a cigar and talking all the time, and in the afternoon he insisted on going down to Brighton. He did not wish me to go with him, but I accompanied him to the station. I always liked to wait on him, so I got him his ticket, had his baggage put in, and took him a place in a *coupé* whilst he went off to buy his book and paper, and then I called the guard. I said, "Guard, my husband is going down to

Brighton. I wish you would just look after him, he is not very well ;” and I gave him half a crown. Presently an old man of eighty hobbled by on crutches, “Is that him, ma’am?” “No,” I said. Next a consumptive boy came by, “Is this him, ma’am?” “No,” I said ; “not yet.” Many passed, and of all those who he thought looked as though they wanted taking care of, he asked the same question, and he got the same answer. Presently Richard came swaggering along, as if the whole station belonged to him—all fencers know the peculiar walk a soldier has who is given much to fencing and broadsword—and I whispered to the guard, “There he is,” and I stood by the carriage till the train went, and I heard him whisper to a comrade, “She would never ask me to take care of such a chap as that, unless he was a raving lunatic. I’ll take devilish good care I don’t go near him ; he would probably pitch me out of the carriage.”

After this we had a large family party at Wardour Castle, which we enjoyed immensely.

A Greek priest from Syria came to see us, and we took him to a spiritualistic *séance*. He was dreadfully frightened, and said his prayers out loud all the time.

On his way up to Iceland he went to see Holyrood in Edinburgh, and, visiting Queen Mary’s room, exclaimed, “No wonder she sighed for France.” He went to the Levée held there by Lord Airlie (the present Earl’s father).

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Whilst here, we saw the Oriental papers every fortnight, and all the accounts we read of our old home were of “Arab raids, of insults to Europeans, of miserable, starving people, of sects killing one another in open day, of policemen firing recklessly into a crowd to wing a flying prisoner, and a general fusilade in the streets ; of sacked villages, and plundered travellers.” We read of Salahíyyeh spoken of as a “suburb of Damascus, which enjoys an unenviable reputation ;” of innocent Salahíyyeh men being shot down by mistake for criminals, “because the people of Salahíyyeh are such confirmed ruffians, that they are sure to be either just going to do mischief or just returning from it.” That is the place where for two or more years we slept with open doors and windows, and I freely walked about alone throughout the twenty-four hours, even when my husband was absent, and left with Moslem servants.

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Having lifted any possible cloud which may have hung over the real history of Richard’s removal from his Eastern post—the only suitable one he ever held—it is unnecessary for me to enter into any further explanation of the causes of the base detractions from

which he has suffered. His case is not altogether a new one in the human history, and the true explanation—the only real explanation—of it, which can face the light of day, has been admirably expressed in the lines written by the most brilliant statesman the Foreign Office ever sent to the East—the “great Eltchi,” whom I and all lovers of the Orient speak of with admiration, respect, and pride—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—and which are applicable to Richard in every sense, except that, so far from ever “spurning the gaping crowd,” he always sacrificed himself for the poor, the ignorant, and the oppressed.

“Nay, shines there one with brilliant parts endowed,
Whose inborn vigour spurns the gaping crowd?
For him the trench is dug, the toils are laid,
For him dull malice whets the secret blade.
One fears a master fatal to his ease,
Or worse, a rival born his age to please;
This dreads a champion for the cause he hates,
That fain would crush what shames his broad estates.
Leagued by their instincts, each to each is sworn;
High on their shields the simpering fool is borne.”*

* From Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's “Shadows of the Past.”

CHAPTER XX.

TRIESTE—HIS FOURTH AND LAST CONSULATE.

ON the 24th of October, 1872, Richard left England for Trieste, to pass, though we little thought it then, the last eighteen years of his life. He was recommended to go to Trieste by sea, which always did him so much good. He was to go on and look for a house, hire servants, etc. ; and I was to lay in the usual stock of everything a Consul could want, and follow as soon as might be by land. We all went down to Southampton to see him off, but, as the gale and fog were awful, they were only able to steam out and anchor in the Yarmouth Roads.

On the 18th of November I went down to Folkestone to cross, *en route* to Trieste, and ran through straight to Brussels, where I slept, and next day got to Cologne.

Of course, I stopped and looked at the Cathedral, and went to Johann M. Farina's (4, Jülichs Platz), and the Museum, top of Cathedral for view, stained glass, and all that ; and then I sauntered on to Bonn, Coblenz, Bingen, Castel, Mayence, until I got to Frankfort.

From here I went quietly on to Würzburg, and thence to Munich, where I was enchanted with the Hôtel des Quatres Saisons. I enjoyed the winding river, and the Forest of Spessart (the remnant of the great primeval Hercynian Forest described by Cæsar and Tacitus), the Spessart range of hills wooded to the top, the wild country with a few villages.

I arrived at Trent, where I found nothing to stay for ; so went on to Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice, and landed at the Hôtel Europa—which I had inhabited long ago, in 1858, when I was a girl,—in time for *table d'hôte*. It was fourteen years since I had seen Venice, and it was like a dream to come back again. It was all to a hair as I left it, even, I believe, to the artificial flowers on the *table d'hôte* table. It was just the same, only less gay and brilliant—it had lost the Austrians and Henri V.'s Court ; and I was older, and all the friends I knew were dispersed.

My first action was to send telegram and letter to Trieste (which was only six hours away), to announce my arrival, then the next day to gondola all over Venice, and to visit all old haunts. Towards late afternoon I thought it would be only civil to call on my Consul,

Sir William Perry. Lucky that I did so. After greeting me kindly, he said something about "Captain Burton." I said, "Oh, he is at Trieste; I am just going to join him." "No; he has just left me." Seeing that he was rather old, and seemed a little deaf and short-sighted, I thought he did not understand, so I explained for the *third* time that "I was *Mrs.* Burton (not Captain Burton), just arrived from London, on my way to join my husband at Trieste." "I know all that," he said, rather impatiently; "you had better come with me in my gondola. I am going to the '*Morocco*' now—the ship that will sail for Trieste." I said, "*Certainly*;" and, very much puzzled, got into the gondola, chatted gaily, and went on board. As soon as I got down into the saloon, lo, and behold, there was my husband, quietly seated at the table, writing. "Hallo!" he said, "what the devil are *you* doing here?" So I said, "*Ditto*;" and we sat down and began to explain, Sir William looking intensely amused.

I had thought when Richard left me on the 24th October, that he had sailed straight for Trieste, and *he* thought I had also started by land straight for Trieste; so we had gone on writing and telegraphing to each other at Trieste, neither of us ever receiving anything, and Mr. Brock, our dear old Vice-Consul, who had been there for about forty years, thought what a funny couple he was going to have to deal with, who kept writing and telegraphing to each other, evidently knowing nothing of each other's movements. Stories never lose anything in the recital, and consequently this one grew thusly: "That the Burtons had been wandering separately all over Europe, amusing themselves, without knowing where each other were; that they had met quite by accident in the Piazza at Venice, shaking hands with each other like a pair of brothers who had met but yesterday, and then walked off to their hotel, sat down to their writing, as if nothing was the matter."

The ship was detained for cargo and enabled us to stay several days in Venice, amusing ourselves, and on the 6th of December, 1872, we crossed over to Trieste in the Cunard s.s. *Morocco*, Captain Ferguson, steaming out at 8 a.m., and getting to Trieste at 5.15 p.m. There came on board Mr. Brock, our Vice-Consul, and Mr. O'Callaghan, our Consular Chaplain. It was remarked "that Captain and Mrs. Burton (the new Consul) took up their quarters at the Hôtel de la Ville, *he* walking along with his game-cock under his arm, and she with her bull-terrier," and it was thought that we must be very funny. We dined at *table d'hôte*, and we did not like the place at all.

When Richard left England I had entrusted him with the care of two boxes containing all my best clothes, and part of my jewellery, wherewith to open my Trieste campaign. He contrived to lose them

on the road (value about £130), so when I arrived I had nothing to wear. We wrote and complained, but the Peninsular and Oriental would give us no redress; and when the boxes did arrive they were empty, but had been so cleverly robbed that we had to get the canvas covers off, before we perceived that they had been opened by running the pin out of the hinges at the back. I never recovered anything. The Peninsular laid the blame on Lloyd's, and Lloyd's on the Peninsular, and Richard said, "Of course I believe them both."

We stayed for the first six months in the hotel. The chief Israelitish family, our local Rothschilds, Chief Banker, and afterwards Director of Austrian-Lloyd's, Baron Morpurgo, called upon us, and opened their house to us; and this introduced us to all that was the best of Trieste, and everybody called. This family have always deserved to be placed on a pedestal for their princely hospitality, their enormous charities, and their innate nobleness of nature. They made Trieste what it was, and every one was glad to be asked to their house. We made our *debüt* at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon. She was the belle of our little society; he was a British subject; and Richard, being his Consul, had to be sort of "best man." It was very interesting. I had not got used at that time to telegraphs, and when I saw innumerable telegrams flying about at the breakfast, I innocently asked if there was any great political crisis. They laughed, and they said, "Oh no; we only telegraphed to Madame Froufrou, to tell her how much Louise's dress was admired, and she telegraphs back her pleasure at hearing it," and so forth. I think in those days telegrams caused more surprise in England than they did abroad. I shall never forget the rage of my family the first time I came home from Trieste, who were thrown into violent palpitations at a telegram from me, which was only to ask them to send me a big goose for Michaelmas.

The Trieste life was, of course, varied by many journeys and excursions; but we lived absolutely the jolly life of two bachelors, as it might be an elder and a younger brother. When we wanted to go, we just turned the key and left. We began our house with six rooms, and were intensely happy; but after some years I became ambitious, and I stupidly went on spreading our domain until I ran round the large block of building, and had got twenty-seven rooms. The joke in Trieste was that I should eventually build a bridge across to the next house, and run round that; but as soon as I had just got everything to perfection, in 1883, Richard took a dislike to it, and we went off to the most beautiful house in Trieste, where he eventually died, 1890.

Our first thought as soon as we were settled in Trieste was to scour every part of the country on foot, and we often used to lose our way, and on the 1st of January, 1873, we were out from 10 a.m. till 7.50 p.m. in this manner.

When we had been there a little while, Richard took it into his head to make a pilgrimage to Loretto, and from there we went on to Rome, seeing twenty-six towns on our way. Here we made acquaintance with our Ambassador, Sir Augustus, and clever, beautiful, charming Lady Paget; also we saw much of Cardinal Howard (who was a connection of mine, and was one of my favourite dancing partners when *he* was in the Life Guards, and *I* was a girl), and Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, between whom and Lady Ashburton we had a delightful time in Rome.

Richard, who had passed a good deal of time here in his boyhood, liked visiting the old places and showing them to me. It would take three months of high pressure and six quiet months to see everything in Rome; but during our short stay, under *his* guidance, I saw and enjoyed all the principal and best things, and he amused himself with writing long articles on Rome, which came out in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1874-5. Religiously speaking, what I enjoyed most was the Ara Coeli, the church built on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus (I wish I knew all the things that have taken place on that site). The other place was the Scala Santa. His Holiness Pius IX., unfortunately for me, went to bed ill the day before I arrived, and got up well the day after I left, so that I did not see him.

I got Roman fever and took it on to Assisi, Perugia, Cortona, and to Lake Thrasimene, which is lovely, and to Florence. How flat and ugly is Roman country, the valley of the Tiber, and the Sabine Hills, but after an hour and a half express it becomes beautiful. In Florence we had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of "Ouida" and Lady Orford, who was the Queen of Florence. Thence we went on to Pistoja and Bologna, thence to Venice, and, after a while, back to Trieste in a night of terrible gales.

We only stayed here just to change baggage, as Richard was engaged as reporter to a newspaper for the Great Exhibition of Vienna. I will only say *en passant* that the journey from Trieste to Vienna by express (fifteen hours) is stupendously lovely for the first six hours, and likewise all round Graz, halfway to Vienna; and the passage over the Semmering is a dream, at any rate for the first and second time. We were three weeks at Vienna. The Exhibition was very fine; the buildings were beautiful; there were royalties from every Court in the world, so that the mob could feast their eyes on them thirty at a time—not that a foreign mob ever stares rudely at royalties.

We had a very gay time. Whilst we were there we went to the Viennese Court. There was a great difficulty about Richard, because Consuls are not admissible at the Vienna Court; but upon the Emperor being told this, he said, "Fancy being obliged to exclude such a man as Burton because he is a Consul! Has he no other profession?" And they said, "Yes, your Majesty; he has been in the Army." So he said, "Oh, tell him to come as a military man, and not as a Consul."

In May, 1874, Richard and others made an expedition up the Schneeberg Mountain, which is always covered with snow. He used to amuse himself by buying any amount of clothes and great-coats, which were hanging up in rows, and he always went out lightly clad to harden himself, so he started off with a little thin coat and thin shoes, and he did the expedition; and when the others were housed and warm, he would do more than anybody else, and sleep out in the snow. We had done that when we were obliged (as, for instance, in Teneriffe), but this was not obligatory; it was a very different climate. When he arrived back home it was a dreadful day, and six o'clock in the morning, and three days afterwards he was taken very ill quite suddenly; inflammation settled in the groin, a tumour formed, and he suffered tortures.

The doctor told me that it was going to be a long illness, so I telegraphed home for good port wine and all sorts of luxuries, and put two beds on rollers, so as to be able easily to change him from one to the other, and a couch for myself, so that I might sleep when he slept. We had seventy-eight days and nights of it. The tumour had to be cut out, and afterwards it was discovered that the surgeon had not gone deep enough, and it had to be done again. The doctor and the surgeon came twice a day, and they taught me to dress the wound. I was afraid his life would ebb away, but I kept up his strength with good port wine, egg-flips with brandy, cream and fresh eggs, Brand's essences, and something every hour. His brain was so strong that the doctors had very hard work to get him under chloroform—it took forty minutes, and two bottles of chloroform; but when he did go off it was perfect, and on coming to, he said, "Well, when is it going to begin?" "It is all over long ago, Captain Burton," said the doctor; but in point of fact I had to keep his attention engaged, as they were just clearing away the blood and all traces of the operation.

Richard began (though he progressed favourably) to get exceedingly nervous; he thought he could never live to leave his room, and to fancy that he could not swallow. I proposed to take him away, and the doctors told me they would be only too glad if it were possible to move him. It was the end of July, so I went up to the

rural inn, Opçina, before mentioned, took a ground-floor suite of rooms, ordered a carriage with a bed in it, and an invalid chair for carrying up and down stairs; so when he told me that he thought he should never get away, I told him that he certainly would, for that I meant him to go on the morrow. He said it was *impossible*, that he never could be conveyed below. However, next morning the men came with the chair, the carriage was at the door, and he said smiling, "Do you know, I am absolutely sweating with funk." Fancy how ill that man of iron must have been, who could travel where and as he had travelled, and yet dreaded going down the stairs for an hour's journey in a carriage; but it was the seventy-ninth day of endurance. I made the men put him gently in the chair, and gave him a glass of port wine. We had a hundred and twenty steps to go down, and I made them pause on every landing while I gave him a stimulant, and then we put him gently in the carriage in a recumbent position on a bed, and telling the man to walk his horses, I sat by him and held his hand. After about a quarter of an hour he said, "I am all right; tell him to drive on." We then drove on, and in an hour reached the inn, where I had men waiting to lift him gently into bed. He said, "I feel as if I had made a journey into Central Africa; but I shall get well now."

In a couple of days he was breakfasting and basking out in the garden, and in twelve days I took him on to Padua, where there was a celebrated old doctor (Pinalli), whom I called in. He stayed an hour and a half, and overhauled Richard thoroughly. He said he should go for five days to Battaglia, and that nature and bicarbonate of soda would do the rest. Then he looked round at me, who had been on duty night and day two months and a half. He said, "As for you, you've got gastric fever, and you will go to Recoaro for four weeks; and you will drink the waters, which are purgative and iron, take the baths, and have complete rest." We drove to Battaglia, which is about seven and a half miles away; our traces broke, and we spent some time mending them with bits of string; but I got him there and conveyed him to bed, and here he bathed and took the waters, which are especially for gout.

We stopped at Padua to see the doctor again, who found us both perfectly well; got on to Venice and back to Trieste in a shocking bad steamer.

We now took very much to our life up in the Karso, walking up without servants, and staying part of the week, and taking immense long drives or immense long walks over the country, searching for inscriptions and *castellieri*, and of the former we generally took squeezes. When we first began this we were occasionally invited out

shooting by the family proprietors of the inn ; but we never saw anything, after miles of walking over stony country, but an occasional hare, and for our parts, as we were not hungry, we used to fire everywhere excepting at them, and they generally got off. But one day as we were going along we asked, "What are we going to shoot to-day?" and so they said, "Foxes." So we looked very grave, and we said, "But don't you know that it is against the English religion to shoot a fox?" And they said, "No, is it?" and we said, "Yes, we must turn back;" and so they agreed to sacrifice the day's shooting if we would go out with them, and Richard chaffed them, pretending that he thought that Adam and Eve had been turned out of Paradise for shooting a fox. (We had just seen it in *Punch*, where two little children had just been wondering why Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise, and the boy, the son of a sporting parson, said, "Perhaps he shot a fox!")

On Sunday, the 15th of November, we lost some friends. Captain Nevill and his wife, *née* Lever, sailed for India, having had an offer to command the Nizam's troops in Hyderabad (Deccan), where they have now been eighteen years, and have risen to a great position there. I had now (November 20th)-finished writing my "Inner Life of Syria," 2 vols., which occupied me sixteen months, and on Christmas Eve handed my manuscripts over to the publisher. It came round to end of 1874.

This month Richard went to have some teeth out by gas, but the gas did not have any effect on him at all. Believing that they were playing a trick, and that there was no gas in it, it was tried on me, and I went off directly.

Richard now proposed a thing which disconcerted me considerably, and that was to send me to England to transact some business for him, and to bring out books, and I was to start with several pages of directions, and he would join me later on. I had only been two years in Trieste, and it made me exceedingly miserable; but whenever he put his foot down, I had to do it, whether I would or no.

I left on the 8th, and never stopped till I reached Paris, and next day went on to Boulogne, arriving in London on the 12th.

In England I was to study up the Iceland sulphur mine affair with Mr. L——, and then to see an immense lot of publishers for Richard.

During the two years we had been at Trieste Richard had occupied himself with writing the "Lands of the Cazembe," * and

* "Lacerda's Journey to Cazembe in 1798," Richard translated and annotated, and "The Journey of the Pombeiros," by P. J. Baptista and Amaro Jaso, "Across

a small pamphlet of supplementary papers for the Royal Geographical Society, 1873; the "Captivity of Hans Stadt," for the Hakluyt, 1874; articles on "Rome" (two papers, *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1874-5); the poem of "Uruguay," which has never been published; and "Volcanic Eruptions of Iceland" for the Royal Society of Edinburgh; the "Castellieri of Istria," Anthropological Society, 1874; a "New System of Sword Exercise," a manual, 1875; "Ultima Thule;" "A Summer in Iceland" (2 vols., 1875), which though written had not appeared; "Gorilla Land; or, the Cataracts of the Congo" (2 vols., 1875). Also we had been to Bologna for the express purpose of exploring all the Etruscan remains, and he had produced two volumes of "Etruscan Bologna;" "The Long Wall of Salona, and the Ruined Cities of Pharia and Gelsa di Lesina," a pamphlet, Anthropological Society, 1875; "The Port of Trieste, Ancient and Modern" (*Journal of the Society of Arts*, October 29th and November 5th, 1875); and Gerber's "Province of Minas Geraes," translated and annotated by him for the Royal Geographical Society; and a fresh paper for the Anthropological on "Human Remains and other Articles from Iceland." So that my charge was the bringing out of three books, and the "Manual of Sword Exercise." This last, when he arrived, he took himself to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who desired him to show him several of the positions of defence he most liked, and a system of *manchette*, with which he appeared particularly pleased, and Richard returned enchanted with his interview. Richard criticizes the English system of broadsword, which, he says, is the worst in the world. With this pamphlet he has done, for broadsword exercise, what a score of years ago he did for bayonet exercise, and he was confident that the Horse Guards will eventually adopt it. The last revised English edition, by MacLaren, at that time dated half a century before. A thousand writers have been at this subject for three hundred and fifty years, and yet Richard found lots of new things to say about it.

One of our most intimate friends was General Charles Gordon—"Chinese Gordon" of Khartoum sad memory. The likeness between these two men, Richard Burton and Charles Gordon, was immense. The two men stood out in this nineteenth century as a sort of pendant, and the sad fate of both is equal, as far as Government goes. One abandoned and forgotten in the desert, the other in a small foreign seaport; both men equally honoured by their country, and standing on pedestals that will never be thrown down—uncrowned

Africa from Angola to Tette on the Zambesi," translated by B. A. Beadle, and a *résumé* of the "Journey of MM. Monteiro and Gamitto," by Dr. C. T. Beke, published by the R.G.S. (London, John Murray, 1873).

kings both. This difference there was between them—Charles Gordon spoke out all that Richard laboured to conceal. He used to come and sit on our hearthrug before the fire in the long winter evenings, and it was very pleasant to hear them talk. Gordon had the habit of saying, “There are only two men in the world who could do such or such a thing; I am one, and you are the other.” After he became Governor of the Soudan, he wrote to my husband as follows:—

“You and I are the only two men fit to govern the Soudan; if one dies, the other will be left. I will keep the Soudan, you take Darfur; and I will give you £5000 a year if you will throw up Trieste.”

Richard wrote back:—

“MY DEAR GORDON,

“You and I are too much alike. I could not serve under you, nor you under me. I do not look upon the Soudan as a lasting thing. I have nothing to depend upon but my salary, and I have a wife, and you have not.”

On the 1st of March, 1875, there was a paragraph in the *Scotsman*, speaking of Richard's death, and of me as a widow, which gave me a few very unhappy hours. I telegraphed to Trieste at once, packed and prepared money to start; but I got a telegram as soon as a return could be, saying, “I am eating a very good dinner at *table d'hôte*.”

On the 5th of May I went to the Drawing-room, and on the 12th of May Richard arrived himself, and we did a great deal of visiting and a great deal of Society in the evening.

This year Richard established his “Divans.” They were to be every other Sunday—only men. They were to drop in after dinner, or opera, or club. We were ready at half-past nine. We had mild refreshments, brandies and sodas, various drinks, smoking and talk, and he made me preside, but he would not allow me to invite other women; he said it would spoil the Divan character of the thing. Our first was on the 23rd of May.

Backed by about thirty of his most influential friends and names that carry weight, I did all I could to get Richard made a K.C.B., but it fell through. Lord Clarendon had told me in 1869 that he thought me very unreasonable, and that if he had one to give away, there were many people that he would rather give it to than Richard. I told him I thought that no one had earned it half so well, and that it was awfully unkind; but this is the paper that I circulated through Sir Roderick Murchison in 1869, now in 1875, and again through another source in 1878. I was backed by any amount of influence each time. Also I got them to ask that he should either return to Damascus or be moved to Marocco or Cairo, Tunis or Teheran.

When the press unanimously took up the cause of his K.C.B.-ship, and complained that the Government did not give him his proper place in official life, he wrote the following :—

“The Press are calling me ‘the neglected Englishman,’ and I want to express to them the feelings of pride and gratitude with which I have seen the exertions of my brethren of the Press to procure for me a tardy justice. The public is a fountain of honour which amply suffices all my aspirations ; *it is the more honourable as it will not allow a long career to be ignored for reasons of catechism or creed.* With a general voice so loud and so unanimous in my favour, I can amply console myself for the absence of what the world calls ‘honours,’ which I have long done passing well without ; nor should I repine at a fate which I share with England’s most memorable men, and most honourable, to go no further than Gordon and Thackeray. It certainly is a sad sight to see perfectly private considerations and petty bias prevail against the claims of public service, and let us only hope for better things in future days.”

It has been an oft-told tale, but it is a true one, that Richard went to the Zoological Gardens one Sunday, and he asked for a glass of beer. The girl was going to give it him, when she changed her mind, and then she said, “Now, are you really a *bonâ-fide* traveller?” “Well,” he said, “I think I am.” Then she thought he was taking her in, and she would not give it him. The others laughed and told her who he was ; still she would not let him have it.

Richard lectured at the Numismatic, the Royal Geographical, the Anthropological, and several other societies, and we were invited to attend on the Sultan of Zanzibar at the Duchesses of Sutherland’s, mother of the present Duke, and his Crystal Palace party. The members of the Urban Club gave Richard a dinner and welcome on the 15th of June at St. John’s Gate, Clerkenwell. We also had a very pleasant dinner at Mr. Edmund Yates’, where we met Wilkie Collins and others, and had some very pleasant literary parties at the Brinsley Sheridans’, and Mr Dicey’s. At Lady Derby’s we were presented to the Queen of Holland. Her Majesty took a great deal of notice of Richard and me at Lady Salisbury’s, and at Lady Egerton of Tatton’s, and also at Lady Holland’s, and expressed a wish to have his last book, which I had the pleasure of leaving with her secretary.

On the 4th of December Richard notes a never-to-be-forgotten day—so dark, foggy, deep snow, and a red, lurid light. All the gas and candles had to be lit at nine o'clock in the morning. London was like a Dante's snow hell; the squares were like a Christmas tree. It was as dark as if some great national crime was being committed. A large family party accompanied us to the Pavilion at Folkestone to see us off, and there Carlo Pellegrini joined us. He was staying there for his health, and painting a little. Andrew Wilson, of the "Abode of Snow," also joined us, and travelled with us for a week. The snow was eight feet deep. We were joined by several surrounding relations, living at short distances from there. The Dover train stuck in the snow from six till twelve at night. The boat did not cross; the night train did not come in. It was blowing great guns at sea. On the 7th it was something better, and two sledges took us to the station. We landed with great difficulty on the French side. We always lingered at Boulogne whenever we got there. We used to go and see Constantin (Richard's old fencing-master), all the old haunts, the Ramparts where we first met. Caroline, the Queen of the Poissardes, who received us *à bras ouverts*, talked of old times when we were young people, and reminded me of a promise which was *then* very unlikely, that if ever I should go to Jerusalem I should bring her a rosary, and I was now able to fulfil it. We went on to Paris. We did not care for Rossi's *Hamlet*, after Mr. Henry Irving's in London and Salvini's in Italy. I never can see any smartness in a Paris theatre; the scenery is so bad, the dresses so flashy and tinsel, no appliances for effect. I suppose in old days it was different, as so many people raved about it. The acting and the wit I can appreciate. We left Paris on the 16th, to my great delight—I believe I am the only woman who hates Paris—and dined next night at Turin with Cristoforo Negri and family, the head of the Geographical Society of Italy, and Signor Cora and wife, the editor of the most influential paper; and then we went on to Milan, where we always begin to consider ourselves at home on our own ground.

We arrived in Venice on a dark, sad, silent night, when the plash of the gondola has a sad music of its own. We got to our home at Trieste on Christmas eve, and having accepted a Christmas dinner, gave all the servants leave to go out and see their friends; but Richard got seedy on Christmas Day and he went to bed. I had nothing in the house but bread and olives, and ate my Christmas dinner by his bed. How happy we were! What would I give for bread and olives now, and to sit by him again!

CHAPTER XXI.

INDIA.

WE embarked at once for India. Baron D'Alber, my husband's best friend, the local Minister of Finance in Trieste, and the Captain of the Port, came in the Government boat to take us to the Austrian-Lloyd's *Calypso*, Captain Bogójevich. H.R.H. the Duke of Wurtemberg, who was our Commander-in-Chief, so distinguished in the Bosnian campaign; Baron Pascotini, a kind, clever, philanthropic old gentleman of eighty-four, and all the great people, came to see us off, to do honour to Richard. How touched we were at so much kindness! We steamed down the Adriatic with a fresh breeze. The day after, Richard began to dictate to me the biography which forms the beginning of this book. We read the life of Moore and the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassán," called by Moore Mokanna, whose real name was Hassan-Sabah, or Hassan es Sayyah. When we got to Zante it blew very hard. Our chairs were lashed on deck, and we read daily "Lalla Rookh," the "Light of the Haram," and Smollett's "Adventures of Roderick Random" and "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." At Port Sáid, which is a sort of an Egyptian Wapping, we ran over the sands to see an Arab village. We met a lot of old friends, Consul and Mrs. Perceval, Mr. Buckley, F.O., Colonel Stoker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cave, and the grand old Baron de Lesseps, and Salih Beg, Mr. Royal, Mr. Webster, Mr. Fowler, and other gentlemen at dinner at the Consulate. We much enjoyed the Canal, seeing once more an Eastern sunrise over the desert, but it made us sad contrasting our old days with our present. We had a glorious moonlight, blue sky, clear green water, cool balmy air, golden sands to the very horizon, troops of Bedawi camels and goats. It is a wild and dangerous track.

We had the north-east monsoon dead against us the whole way after going out of the Canal, which made the ship pretty lively. In the Red Sea there is much to be seen for those who know the coasts, and my husband pointed out the far-off sites of his old Meccan

journey, and the land of Midian and Akabeh, which would be a *future* journey. On the thirteenth day we serpentined through twenty miles of mostly hidden reefs and slabs to Jeddah, the Port of Mecca, which can only be done in broad daylight, one ship at a time, and no lighthouses. We collided with an English ironclad ship, which did us considerable damage, so we had to remain some time, before we were repaired, and our pilgrims continued to arrive from Mecca, as we were a pilgrim-ship about to carry eight or nine hundred to Bombay.

To the far east we had a gladdening glimpse of the desert, the wild waterless wilderness of Sur on the Asiatic side, which looks like snow under the moonlight. I have not enjoyed myself so much with Nature for four and a half years as now, once more smelling the desert air and the usual Eastern scenes.

Richard and I went to the *khan*, where he lived as one of these very pilgrims in 1853, and stood under the Minaret he sketched in his book, to hear the "call to prayer."

I was very pleased to see that all regarded him with great favour, and though the whole story was known, the Governor and everybody else called upon him and were extremely civil. Nearly every day we rode out Meccawards; it had a great attraction for Richard. The great hospitality shown us, the unbounded kindness of our own countrymen, the courteousness of the Turkish Authorities, and the civility of the fanatical Jeddáwis will never be forgotten. We left in a *Sambúk* in furious southerly squalls to join our ship, anchored at least six miles away. This is the large, flat native boat, with big sail that can go close to the wind without upsetting. We found eight hundred pilgrims on board, packed like herrings.

Arrived in Bombay, Richard took me to see all the scenes described in the beginning of this book in the early part of his life, and he said, "It is a curious thing, that although I hated them when I was obliged to live here, now that I am *not* obliged I can look back upon these scenes with a certain amount of affection and interest, although I would not live here again for anything. The old recollection makes me sad and melancholy." We were under very happy auspices there, because Mr. Frederick Foster Arbuthnot, who now lives at 18, Park Lane, had been a friend of Richard's for many, many years, and mine too; he was "Collector" at Bombay, and occupied a great position, so that he used to take us out everywhere in his four-in-hand or in his boats, and we saw everything all over Bombay and its environs, which, though familiar to Richard, was entirely new to me, and we were also introduced to all the Society.

SIND.

Now the Sind expedition came off. First, Bassein Dámán, Surat, the first English factory in India, with the tombs of Vaux and Tom Coryat; then Diu, a Head and Fort, Ja'afarábád, the ruins of Somanáth, the home of the famous Gates; the Dwáriká Pagoda, Kachh (Cutch), Mandavi, and the Indus mouths. We called upon the village Chiefs; we chatted with the villagers; we learnt much about the country, and we taught the country something about ourselves. Gujarat was the next place—Káthiawár and Junágarh, better known as Gírnár. And then to Manhóra, where the British arms first showed the vaunting Sindi and the blustering Beloch what the British lion can do when disposed to be carnivorous, and thence to Karáchi town. There we visited every part of the Unhappy Valley, and particularly the Belochis of the hills (with whom Richard had so much to do when under Sir Walter Scott). He writes indignantly about the way Mirza Ali Akbar Kahn Bahadúr was treated by the Government, being removed from the service, and his pension refused in 1847—it is said to annoy Sir Charles Napier, Richard's Chief.

Everywhere he goes (as he recounts in "Sind Revisited," which he wrote from our journal on return) he visits the old scenes of his former life, saluting them, letting the changes sink into his mind, and taking an everlasting farewell of them. He was very apt to do this in places where he had lived. He notices the ruin of the Indian army—the great difference between his time and now. He said, "Were I a woman, I would have sat down and had a good cry." There was only one of his joyous crew still breathing. The buildings had grown magnificent, but everything else had changed for the worse; the old hospitality was gone; there was no more jollity, no more larking boys; everything so painfully respectable, and so degenerated. He went to visit the old alligator tanks, where they used to go and worry them with their bull-terriers, and the boys used to jump on them and ride them. "No such skylarking now," he remarked. Then he waxes sentimental at the place where he had a serious flirtation with a Persian girl. There is the shop where he used to write with phosphorus on the wall. He had three shops in Karáchi, where he appeared in different disguises, and was considered a saint when he was so disguised and appeared in such or such a character. Then we went back to Baroda, where he was quartered so long, and to see the Goanese church, to which he transferred himself in 1843, and to Gharra, where he had to live so miserably.

We go to Sundan, to Jarak, to the Phuleli river, where he spent some time in his early days with a *moonshee*, and make a pilgrimage to the Indus river, and eventually to Hyderabad (Sind) and to Kotri the Fort, where, as he says, for the sake of "auld lang syne," he visits every place to right and left on his way, even the Agency and the old road. He says the changes take away his breath.

We go on from Hyderabad to Sakhar and Shikárpúr, but first he recognizes the old artillery lines, the billiard-room, and John Jacob's house built on a graveyard, and then goes to the Tombs of the Kings at Kalhóra and Talpúr, which are very like those of Golconda (Jaypur marble, which the Rajput artists seem to handle like wax). The flutings of the open work are delicate in the extreme, and the general effect is a lacery of stone. We then visit New Hyderabad, and he is surprised at all the new buildings. He is very much distressed at the state of the Army; the Beloch element has gone out, and the Pathán, or Afghan, is taking its place. The men are no longer what they were, and the military authorities have only to thank their own folly.

He dives into the Eastern mind, and shows you that the moment you begin to intrigue with an Oriental, he has you on his own ground, he beats you with your own weapons, and that the only way that you have the Oriental at *your* mercy is by being perfectly straightforward and honest. He shows you what value they set on good manners. Then we visit the field of Meanee. He describes the brisk way that Sir Charles Napier fought—a fierce *mêlée*, no quarter asked or given. He said the way to fight an Indian battle is to shake the enemy's line with a hot fire of artillery, charge home with infantry, and when a slight hesitation begins, to throw all your cavalry at the opposing ranks, and the battle is ended. Such was the battle of Meanee, when our 2800 thrashed 22,000 men. He greatly blames the yielding up of Afghanistan. Then we go to Husri, where, in old days, he surveyed and amused himself with cock-fighting—the scene of the death of "Bhujang," his favourite cock—and from thence to Sudderan Column, from whence he visited Mir Ibrahim Khan Talpur's village; and then he goes on to the "Jats" country (the Gypsies), with whom he affiliated himself, and where he worked with the camel-men, levelling canals in the old days. Then we go on to Badhá and Unarpúr, Lakrá, and Sibt, wells in the desert, and here he translated the tale of Bári and Isa (Jesus).

Leaving Unarpúr, we pass out of the Unhappy Valley into Sindia Felix, beginning at Gopang, Májhand, Sann, and Amiri, and here in 1876 rails have been laid and trollies were working. Thence we go to Lakkí, where he composed the poem on the "Legends of the Lakkí Hills," and then to Séhwan. The road was a precipitous *corniche*, very narrow, with camels marching in Indian file. Séhwan is an important military and religious place, commanding the passage of the Indus, but intensely hot, with deleterious and deadly climate. This was the place where Richard in old days buried an old Athenæum sauce-pot, which he had painted like an Etruscan vase. He treated it with fire and acid, smashed it, and buried it in the ground, and took in a lot of antiquaries, who never forgave him; and when he was travelling in the land of the Turanian Brahúis, he drew up a grammar and a vocabulary, with barbaric terminations, and the Presidency rang for nine days with the wondrous discovery. That was in his boyhood, and he writes, "I *now* repent me in sack-cloth and ashes, and my trembling hand indites '*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*'"

We then go along the Aral stream for two days to Lake Manchar, and visit the Kirthár Mountains, with their two sanitaría, Char Yaru and the Danna Towers. Then to Lárkána, an Eastern affluent of the Indus—eight stages. Lárkána is the centre of Sindia Felix. We go to Sakhar, to Bakar, and lastly to Rohri, and then make our way to Shikárpúr across a kind of desert, south of the Bolan Pass, and which is the main *entrepôt* of the Khorasán and Central Asian caravan trade with Sind and Western India, where, as usual, he visited everything and found the usual changes.

Then we came to Hyderabad, and he discusses the Indus Valley Railway. He finds it silly that the Government continued to march its troops between Karáchi and Kotri in ten days, including a single halt, rather than take the rail for four or five hours; expensive economy, he remarks, as the baggage camels cost far more than a few additional cars.

He says that we have improved the climate of the Indus Valley; we have learned to subdue its wildness by the increased comforts of a more civilized life. Many abuses of the olden time have disappeared; formerly, it was a feat to live five years in Indus-land, but now you find men who have weathered their twenty years.

We then went up to Mátherán, the most easily got at hill-station, or sanitarium, passing through the villages Byculla, Chinchoogly, Párell, Dadur, Sion, Coorla, Bhandoop, Tannah, and Derwa. Tannah is a big village, an unhealthy-looking place, with two crumbling forts in the river. Long, long ago there were five

thousand velvet weavers here. They also used to cure large quantities of bacon. In the thirteenth century four friars went to dispute with the Moslem Kadi, and told him Mohammed was in hell with his father the Devil, on which he executed them with such tortures that his own King banished him, and the Portuguese took signal revenge. Our third halt was Kalyan junction. This poor village port was, in A.D. 200, the far-famed Kalliénapolis, which shipped dry goods and precious woods to the outer west. We are also now on classic ground, near the northern extremity of the Shurpáraka, or winnow-shaped region, the Greek Limyrica, where some have placed Ophir of Solomon. The Konkan lowland is like the Arabian desert, tawny, not with sand, but black patched with fire. Here we turn down towards Madras, joining the Calcutta Railway, and pass Budapoor. We catch the Deccan hot winds, and alight at Narel, a little Maharatta village at the eastern base of Mátherán, which will be noted afterwards as the birthplace of the infamous Nana Sahib.

Here we mount ponies. We had to climb up four plateaux, and we arrived at the Alexandra Hotel, Mátherán, a very comfortable bungalow.

I think I said to leave Mátherán one has to get back to Narel. The railway makes a tour like a V. We came down one side, and we go up the other to Lanauli. On our road down from Mátherán we passed a procession of Brínjaris for about two miles. This wild tribe intermarry only amongst themselves, and have their own laws. They are a strong race; men, women, and children are good looking. They grow their own corn, have their own bullocks, spin their own sacks, and have huge dogs for guard. They dress picturesquely, and are very defiant. The women carry the babies in a basket on their heads. They *have* been described, as have also the Nats, as being one with the Gypsies, to whom they bear some resemblance; but it is a mistake. My husband made up his mind on this point whilst he was working with the camel-men, and lived with the "Jats" in India, in his early days. He said the Romany are an Indine people from the great valley of the Indus.

We passed another overhanging rock covered with monkeys, some as big as a man, and some of a small species; they do not associate or intermarry. There are two Maharatta forts in this part of the world, on the way to Lanauli, called Rao Machi, the scene of one of our great fights in 1846. The conductor on our brake had been a soldier fighting in it, and gave my husband, who was at that time on Sir Charles Napier's staff in Sind, a spirited account of it.

With the English mistaken notion of clemency, that always scotches its snake, but is too generous or holds it too much in contempt to

kill it, and lets it run about to sting *ad libitum*, instead of being hanged Bajee Ráo was pensioned with 80,000 rupees a year, and retired to Bithoor on the Ganges, where he rewarded British clemency by adopting a child born in the village of Narel, at the foot of Mátherán, who lived to be the infamous Nana Sahib, the same that afterwards tortured and killed so many of our people.

To get to Poonah the way is through the Indrauni River valley, through the station of Kurkulla, Tulligaum, Chinchwud, and Kirkee, a large European military station and very pretty. We eventually reached Poonah, the scene of all the Peshwa intrigues against the English, and our great battles with the Maharattas. Their dynasty lasted over seventy years, but Bajee Ráo and his successors might always have been there, if they had not quarrelled with the English. This was in Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone's time, with whom at that time was Grant Duff, the historian. The great names connected with that period and business were Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington), General Sir Harry Smith, Lieut.-Colonel Burr, Captains Ford and Staunton, General Pritzler, Sir Thomas Munro, and Colonel Prother. We went to Párbati, the Maharattas' chief palace and stronghold, from which the last Peshwa, Bajee Ráo, who sat on the rocky brow, saw his troops defeated by the English on the plain, fled on horseback down the other side, and was hunted about the country for months, till he gave himself up to Sir John Malcolm.

There are three pagodas in Bajee Ráo's palace, dedicated to Vishnu, Shiva, and Wittoba, and one small temple particularly to Kalee or Bhowanee, wife of Shiva, and patroness of the Thugs. Being sunset, the wild, mournful, bizarre sound of tomtom, kettle, cymbal, and reed suddenly struck up. We shut our eyes, and fancied ourselves in camp again in the desert, wild sword-dances being performed by the Arabs.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DECCAN.

“ His fine wit'
Makes such a wound the knife is lost in it ;
A strain too learned for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots. Let his page,
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,
Fold itself up for a serener clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation.”

SHELLEY.

Now came the journey that pleased us most of all ; it was as new to Richard as it was to me—to Hyderabad in the Deccan. We passed Soonee, Oroolee, Kheirgaum, Patus, Dhond, Deeksal, Bheegwan, Poomulwaree, Schwoor, Keim, Barsee - Road, Marbeh, Unger, Mohol, Packney, Sholapoor, Haodgee, Kurrubgaum, Doodneh, Goodoor, Goolburga, and then Sháhabád. I give the names of the stations because it shows a reader on the map, or reminds one who knows India, what country we passed through.

Here we changed the Great Indian Peninsular for the Nizam's State Railway. After this we passed through Wadi Junction, and seven stations more—Chitapore, Seram, Hepore, Tandur, Dharur, Illampallee, Pattapore, Singampallee, into Hyderabad. Sháhabád, a large and very pretty station, was our last before entering the Nizam's territory and railway. The change impressed us in favour of the Nizam's government. Ours looked so poor and taxed, the Nizam's comfortable and prosperous, and so we thought throughout all the parts of India we visited. In English Society people say, “ Nonsense ! India poor ? Why, it was never richer ! ”

The cream of all was going to Golconda—a most interesting place, which in 1876 no European had ever been permitted to enter, and as Sir Salar Jung and the Nizam himself had never done so, we could not ask or hope for such a favour. We supposed that this great event happened when the Nizam came of age.

We dismounted and remained there for a long time, inspecting everything outside the walls. The prevailing style of the Golconda tomb is a dome standing upon a square ; the cupola of a steeple is of the orange shape, and is arabesqued. The finials are of silver ;

they are single-storied and double-storied; some have floriated crenelles like spear-heads, and balustraded balconies. The lower portions are arcades of pointed arches, resting on a terrace of cut stone, ascended by four flights of steps. The colours are white, picked out with green; each has its little mosque flanked by minarets. We were very sorry when it was time to leave the Tombs of the Kings. It is a high and healthy site; the wind is strong and cold. A sanitarium would do well there, and we wished that picnickers from the European services would have the grace to erect a travellers' bungalow, and cease to desecrate poor Thanah Shah's tomb.

The tombs are the prettiest toys in the world; the material is the waxlike Jaypur marble. They look as if carved in ivory, some Giant's Dieppe, ready to be placed under a glass case; the fretted and open work is lovely lacery in stone, and the sharp shadows of the dark green trees set off their snowy whiteness.

Golconda is the first and the most famous of the six independent Moslem kingdoms, which, in A.D. 1399, rose on the extinction of the Toghlok Delhi dynasty, and it survived till 1688, when Aurungzeb brought all India under one sceptre. In it is the state prison in which the sons of the Nizam *used* to be confined. We found all the works which we had read upon it very unsatisfying, but we read the "French in India" (London, Longmans, 1868) with pleasure and profit. The four white domes denote the Tombs of the Kings, are visible from most parts of Hyderabad, and form the main body of a line here scattered, there grouped, which begins immediately beyond the faubourgs, and runs up the left side of the river valley.

Our last recollections of Hyderabad are brilliant. Sir Salar Jung gave a magnificent evening *fête*, which was like a scene in the "Arabian Nights." One of the large courts of the palace is a quadrangle, the centre of which is occupied by a huge basin of water as big as a small lake full of fountains. The *salâmliks* all open out into it with flights of marble stairs. The starlight was above us, and a blaze of wax lights and chandeliers lit up every hall, and coloured lamps and flowers spangled the whole centre. The company consisted of the Nizam's Court and Ministers, and about thirty-six picked Europeans. It began by a *Nach*; then a beautiful dinner of about fifty-six covers was served in the principal *salâmlik* by retainers in wild picturesque costumes. The band played; we afterwards walked about and conversed, and were presented with attar of roses. We were very sorry to be obliged to leave before we could accept an invitation from the Nizam's 3rd Lancers to witness their *Holee Tamasha* in their lines at Assuf Nagur, which

answers very much to our Carnival, but the day after this we were bound to go to Secunderabad, a prosperous European station with three regiments, which, however, is not the least interesting.

GOA.

As soon as we arrived in Bombay we caught the "British Indian steamer" going down south, coasting along. They are middle-sized steamers, beautifully clean, good table, excellent wine, airy cabins, great civility, and fairly steady ships—which they have need to be in such a sea as is often on. The fares are extravagantly dear—£10 for a thirty-six hours' passage; but there is no opposition.

Richard had always such ready, sparkling wit, and it was never offensive nor hurtful. One day, as we were on board a ship, going to a rather uncivilized place, a Catholic Archbishop, and a Bishop with a Catholic party, stepped on board. My husband whispered, "Introduce me." I did so, and they became very friendly, and sat down to chat. The Archbishop was a very clever man, but no match for Richard. My husband began to chaff, and said, "My wife is the Jesuit of the family." "What a capital thing for *you!*" answered the Archbishop. Presently some apes were jumping about the rigging, so the Archbishop looked up and said playfully, "Well, Captain Burton, there are some of your ancestors." Richard was delighted; he pulled his moustache quietly, looking very amused and a little shy and apologetic, and said with that cool drawl of his, "Well, my lord, I at least have made a little progress, but—what about your lordship, who is descended from the angels?" The Archbishop roared; he was delighted with the retort, and treasures it up as a good story till this day.

Arrived opposite Goa, we were cast adrift in the open sea, as is usual, on account of an unbuoyed and doubtful shoal, and we had eight miles to row before we could reach Goa. You may imagine what that means in a storm. The mail agents must do this, monsoon weather as well, once a fortnight all the year through, and the return ships are in the dead of the night, besides living in a foetid hole, where they get none of the comforts of life, and never see a soul.

The Portuguese manage to make every place look like Lisbon; actually the features of the country grow the same. There is the same abrupt entrance to the sea between mountainous cliffs, up a broad winding river or sea arm, with wooded rising banks, with the same white town perched on its banks, a perfect Santos in Brazil, which is 24° south of the Equator. We rowed a mile and a half of open sea, five miles of bay, and one and a half of winding river, to a little stone pier landing at Panjim (New Goa).

In Panjim are the barest necessities of life ; there is no inn, no travellers' bungalow, no tents, and you must sleep in your filthy open boat and have fever. Kind-hearted Samaritans (Mr. and Mrs. Major) gave us their only small spare room and spare single bed. I had, luckily, one of those large straw Pondicherry reclining chairs and a rug, so we took the bed in turns, night about, the other in the chair. It is the worst climate we were ever in, and we know pretty bad ones.

Richard had to revisit old scenes, and I had my work to do amongst the old Portuguese manuscripts at Old Goa. This must have been once a very extensive City, and you are deluded by its magnificent appearance, until you find yourself wandering in utter desolation in a City of the Dead, amongst Churches and old Monasteries ; the very rustling of the trees, the murmur of the waves, sounded like a dirge for the departed grandeur of the City. The Church and House of the Bom Jesus belonged to the Society of Jesus, was dedicated to Xavier, and given to the Jesuits in 1584, till they were expelled in 1761, when it was given to the Lazarists. The Jesuits were the first to pioneer civilization to all lands, to choose healthy sites, to build tanks, to teach the people, and how badly they have been rewarded ! Here the new Governors are invested, and here they are buried if they die during the term of office.

The body of St. Francis Xavier is in a magnificently carved silver sarcophagus placed on a splendid base of black marble. On the sarcophagus are beautifully cast alto-relievi, representing the various acts of his life and death, all surmounted by a gold and silver top. The actual body of the saint is inside, in a gold shell, and is shown to the people once in a century on the 3rd of December. The last time was in 1878 ; the body was found in its normal state of freshness. There is a real old portrait of him in oils outside his chapel, done in 1552. A print found in rags in a convent dusthole is so like it, that I put it together, brought it home, and had it copied.

We used always to leave our vehicle here, and have the pony taken out and fed, watered, and rested, whilst we scrambled all the day over the hills, looking at the different remnants of Churches and Monasteries.

At last the time came round for us to leave Goa. The steamers are due once a fortnight, but this one was long past her time. At last we had a telegram to say, "The steamer would pass Goa at midnight." We started in a large open boat in the evening with Mr. Major, his secretary, four men to row and one to steer. We rowed down the river in the evening, and then across the bay for

three hours against wind and tide to open sea, bow on to heavy rollers, and at last reached the mouth of the bay, where is the fort. We remained bobbing about in the sea, in the trough of the big waves, for a considerable time. A violent storm of rain, thunder, and lightning came on, and Mr. Major proposed we should put back to the fort, at the entrance of the bay, and take shelter under some arches, which we did. Then we went to sleep, leaving the secretary and the *boatwála* to watch for the steamer.

At 1.30 I was awake by the sound of a gun booming across the water. I sprang up and roused the others; but the storm was so heavy we could see no lights, and returned to sleep. We ought to have gone off when the gun fired; the ship had been laying to for us for three-quarters of an hour. If the ship went without us, we should have lost our passage to Europe, we should have been caught in the monsoon, we should have had to return another fortnight to Goa, of which we were heartily tired, and knew by heart, only to renew the same a fortnight hence. We were soon under way again, and by-and-by saw the lights of the steamer about three miles off. Knowing the independence of these captains, the monopoly, and the futility of complaints, and seeing that my husband and Mr. Major slept, I began to be very disagreeable with the boat-hook. I got the secretary to stand in the bows and wave a lamp on a pole. I urged the *boatwálas* with perpetual promises of *bakshish*. Everybody else was leaving it to Kismet. Our kind host had been holloaing at the *boatwálas* the whole evening because the boat was dirty, and making them bale out the horrid-smelling bilge water, and now we wanted him, he was sound asleep and as good as gold. "Can't you shout?" I cried to him; "they might hear you. You can shout loud enough when nobody wants you to." At last, after an hour's anxiety, we reached the ship, and heavy seas kept washing us away from the ladder. No one had the energy to hold on to the rope, or to take the boat-hook to keep us to her, so at last I did it myself; my husband roaring with laughter at their supineness, and at me making myself so disagreeably officious and energetic. An English sailor threw me a rope. "Thanks," I said, as I took advantage of an enormous wave to spring on to the ladder. "I am the only man in the boat to-night." All came on board with us, and we had a parting stirrup-cup, and said farewell, and often after, our good host and his wife used to write to me, and call me the "only man in the boat."

We had been six months in India, and had made the most of it, and the day of departure came round. We were glad and sorry—glad to leave the intolerable heat, to escape the coming monsoon; sorry to leave the ever-increasing interest and the daily accumulating friends.

After a very pleasant time, albeit very rough weather, Richard and I left the ship at Suez, and were soon surrounded by a little band of Richard's old friends of Mecca days.

After stopping some time at Cairo, Alexandria, and Ramleh, we embarked for Trieste on another Lloyd's, which carried Jamrach and his menagerie. During our stay in Cairo, we saw a great deal of poor Marquis de Compiègne (afterwards shot in a duel), Dr Schweinfürth, and Marietta Bey and the Bulak Museum; poor John Wallis, legal Consul, once editor of the *Tablet*; Baron de Kremer, our old Austrian colleague at Damascus, afterwards Minister of Finance at Vienna (now dead). We found the voyage very cold, even in July, after India. We first went to Candia, passing Gavdo, Cape Spaltra, the two islands Cerigotto and Cerigo.

We glide by Cape Matapan on the Greek coast. We passed Cabrera and Sapienza. We leave the lighthouse on Strophades to the left, and reach Zante, which is a lovely island, with a large picturesque town, and where mareschino is made. We run between Cephalonia and Ithaca (of Ulysses); then we change the Greek coast for Acarnania, and pass Santa Maura, or Leucadia, with "Sappho's Leap." We changed then to the Albanian coast, gloriously green to the water's edge, with cliff and cave, with the Cimariote hills, and its wild people and their lawless legends behind them. We passed two islands, Anti Paxo and Paxo, to Corfú. After we leave Corfú, we coast along Albania, passing Capo Linguetta and Isole Sasseno; then we changed to the Dalmatian coast, to Bocca di Cattaro and Ragusa, afterwards the islands of Lagosta and Cazza; then Lissa, where two great battles were fought, one 13th of March, 1811, and the other 20th of July, 1866. Then we passed the islands of Spalmadore, Lesina, Incoronati, and Grossa; then Punta Bianca, and the island of Sansego. Here we changed to Istria, and are upon our own ground, beginning with Punta di Promontore and Pola, our great Austrian naval station, with its Coliseum and interesting ruins. Then Rovigno and Parenzo, harbour towns on the coast. At Punto Salvore we enter our own "Gulf of Trieste," passing Pirano, which we can see from our own windows, and finally Trieste.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A QUIET TIME AT TRIESTE.

ON our return from India, Richard produced "Sind Revisited" (2 vols., 1877) and "Etruscan Bologna" (1 vol.), which had been some time in preparation, but had not found a publisher.

After this, Richard and I pursued a quiet, literary life, and I studied very hard. We began to translate Ariosto. It was summer, so we swam a great deal, and then we went up to the village inn at Opçina, of which I have already spoken. And we took a great interest in the Slav school-children—about two hundred and twenty boys and girls. We used to amuse ourselves with going in the evening to look at a *Sagra* (the peasants' dances at one or other of the villages in the Karso), where they dance, and sing, and drink, and play games.

An amusing little incident happened in connection with my learning Italian. I wanted very much to go through the Italian classics with a professor. My professor was a Tuscan, a gentleman, a Christian, and a celebrated Dantesque scholar, but a priest who had unhappily fallen away from his vocation. He gained great fame and applause amongst *litterati* for his declamations of Dante. I used to read beforehand the canto for the night, in Bohn's English translation; then he would declaim it to me in Italian, acting it unconsciously all the while; then I used to read it aloud in Italian, to catch his pronunciation, and as I read he stopped me and explained every shade of Dante's thoughts and meaning. When he came to that part where the souls in hell are crying out and scratching themselves, he also kept crying out and scratching himself. It was evening, as he had only that time to spare. Richard had gone to bed, and I had left the door open between us. All of a sudden he called out loudly, "What the devil is that noise—what is the matter?" "Oh," I said

in English, "it is only Rossi acting the damned souls in hell for me." Peals of laughter came from the bed. The master naturally asked what was the matter, and he was so shy after that, that it spoilt my lessons. I could never get him to act any more, as he had been doing it quite unconsciously. Richard was also very fond of a good opera, and we often went if there was a new piece.

We went a trip to Fiume and Agram, and to Gorizia, two hours' express from Trieste in the Karso, as I wanted to make a "spiritual retreat" at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, but under a Dalmatian Jesuit. Gorizia is a pretty, striking, picturesque cathedral town. It covers a hill, some hillocks, and a part of a fertile plateau in the heart of the Carniola Mountains, surrounded by ranges of wooded Istrian mountains, which are also encircled by a higher snow-capped range (the Carniola range). It is small, cheerful, primitive, with salubrious air, especially good for nerves and chest complaints; it is composed entirely of Churches, Monasteries, and Convents, church dignitaries, and all sorts of ecclesiastics and nuns—a Prince Archbishop being the Chief—and a few pious old ladies—a resident local aristocracy.

The river Isonzo, the boundary between Austria and Italy, glides through the valley, making the sea green with its outflow, sometimes as far as Duino. It is a magnificent scene in the sunset, when it lights up the snow, bathing it in purple, red, and gold, till the whole panorama seems on fire. There is a great pilgrimage place called Monte-Santo on a grizzly top, with church and monastery, where Richard and I have often been together. This Deaf and Dumb Institution is a large Convent with a garden. It has a little chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart, seven sisters of Notre Dame, a padre who is Director, a second priest, and a professor who is an aspirant for the priesthood, a number of servants, and a hundred and fifty children, deaf and dumb boys and girls. Everything is done by signs; the prayers, the studies, the sermon; even plays are acted in signs. The education is reading, writing, arithmetic, catechism, plain work, fancy work, drawing, illustrating church work; the boys help in the garden, and the padre keeps fish, rabbits, and bees. They call him "papa." He is quite devoted to his bees, and being a highly educated man, Richard used to pass a great deal of time with him and the bees.

MIDIAN.

In his old Arab days, wandering about with his Korán, forty years ago, Richard came upon a gold land in that part of Arabia belonging to Egypt. He was a romantic youth, with a chivalrous contempt for filthy lucre, and only thought of "winning his spurs;" so, setting a mark upon the place, he turned away and passed on. After twenty-five years, seeing Egypt distressed for gold, he asked for "leave," and he went back to Cairo, and imparted his secret to the Khedive. Uncle Gerard furnished him with the means of going. His Highness equipped an Expedition in a few days, and sent him there to rediscover the land (end of 1876). He has given an account of that trip in the "Gold Mines of Midian" and the "Ruined Midianite Cities," 1878.

The Khedive engaged him to come back the following winter, 1877, with a view to learning every item concerning this rich old country, and applied to the Foreign Office for the loan of him for the winter, which being granted, he set out in October, 1877, in command of a new Expedition, on a much larger scale, and was out seven months in the desert of Arabia, doing hard work. He discovered a region of gold and silver, zinc, antimony, sulphur, tin, copper, porphyry, turquoise, agate, lead, and six or seven commoner metals, extending some hundreds of miles either way, and pearls on the coast, a Roman temple, and thirty-two mining Cities. The Expedition mapped and planned and sketched the whole country, and brought back abundance of the various metals for assay or analysis. The ancients had only worked forty feet, whereas with our appliances we might have gone down twelve hundred.

The Khedive was charmed; he made splendid contracts with my husband, so that, with the commonest luck, not only Egypt would have become rich, but my husband would have been a millionaire in a very few years, and he used to say jokingly that he would be *Duke of Midian*, the only title he had ever wished for. To our great misfortune Ismail Khedive abdicated just as the third Expedition was about to come off, in 1878-9. The new Khedive, Tewfik, did not consider himself bound by any act of his father's; the English Government (it is hardly worth while to remark) was not likely to give Richard a chance of anything good, and instead of being able to carry out the enterprise, he lost all the money which we had advanced and partly borrowed for paying expenses which we were sure would be refunded. His second interesting work on this expedition was the "Land of Midian Revisited" (2 vols., 1879).

Midian means the district which in the Bible covers the peninsula of Sinai, and the country east of the Gulf of Akabah, east of the river Jordan, into which the Midianites fled before the Three Hundred, and comprises that great desert south and east of the Euphrates, through which the modern Midianites, who are the present Bedawi, with their cattle and black tents still wander. Their manners and customs are just the same, only guns have taken the place of the bow, coffee and tobacco have been brought in; a sort of veneer of Mohammedan doctrine is added to the ancient patriarchal faith, still keeping its own traditions.

Richard's Midian was an utterly unknown country along the east coast of the Gulf of Akabah, one of the two narrow inlets in which the Red Sea ends. When I say unknown, it has been practically unvisited and its shores unexplored until now. There is abundant evidence of a former population and a cultivated period; there are ruins of large towns, of solid masonry, roads cut in the rock, aqueducts five miles long; remains of massive fortresses with artificial reservoirs, all the signs of a busy and a prosperous period, when fleets with richly laden cargoes came to and fro. The rocks are full of mineral wealth—gold, silver, tin, antimony, and many other rich things, just as in the gold districts elsewhere. The sands of the streams yield gold, and the ancient mining works lie destroyed round every town, heaps of ashes close to the mineral furnaces. There are mines of turquoises. This hoard of possible wealth would have set up Ismail Khedive and Egypt for ever, if she could only have worked it. Richard began to be called in fun the "New Pharaoh's New Joseph."

Richard went first to Moilah, thence to Aynunah Bay. Every ruined town had its mining works, dams for washing of sand and crushed rock, and gold-washing vessels. Then they went to Makna, written "Mugua" in the maps, the Capital of the land, as far as Jebel Hassani, and he found it much like ancient California. These gold and precious stones producing parts of Arabia were closed up four thousand years ago, and present the appearance of having been suddenly left, in consequence of earthquake or some great volcanic evolution. They found a black sand containing a very clear oxide of tin, and a large stone engraved with antique inscriptions, which they copied.

On the 19th we went on board the *Espero*, the Khedive having summoned him to Egypt, where the work of organization went on, and they landed at Tur (where he had landed in 1853), and went to Arafat, and to El Muwáylah and Shermá, to Jebel el Abyaz, and innumerable other places.

I got very good news shortly about the Expedition, which put me in good spirits.

On the second Expedition it was arranged that as soon as I had corrected the last proof of his "Midian," I should make my way out to Cairo and Suez, and get the Khedive to send me on. I had been restless with impatience to start ever since he had been gone, and I was on board an Austrian-Lloyd's as soon as the last proof was out of my hand and I was free. About seventy of my friends came to see me off, and as it was heavy weather, the passengers were all very sick, and I had the ship pretty well to myself. At Corfú we had full moon and the water like oil, but on steaming out there was a rough sea, and deluges of rain and darkness all through the Ionian Islands, which did not better itself till we had passed Gozo. Landing at Alexandria, I immediately found my letters and instructions, which did not please me much, as "*I was not to attempt to join unless I could do so in proper order;*" it remained to be seen what "*proper order*" meant. I always wonder *when* people sleep in Alexandria, for the whole night long there is a perfect pandemonium of dogs, carriages, cracking of whips, and pleasure-parties.

I went off at once to Cairo, and I had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of our Consul-General, Mr. and Mrs. Vivian. I also had the worry of learning that the last *Sambúk* (or open boat) had gone the day before. Not that I could have gone in her, because that would decidedly not have been "going properly," but I should have sent loads of things by it. I did not want to stop for the gaieties of Cairo; I wanted to get as near as I could to the opposite side of the water, and watch my chance of gone. So I made my way up to Zagazíg, and visited poor Mrs. Clark, who was just as unhappy as myself because her husband was gone with mine as secretary. I do not know that we did each other very much good. At Suez lived the Levick family (he was the Postmaster-General, and did good service to the State for something like forty-seven years, though his widow and children are now left to starve), and they were awfully kind to me.

At last I was informed that a ship was going to be sent out, and that I was to have the offer of going in her, though it was intimated to me privately that the Khedive and the Governor, Said Bey, were very much in hopes that I should refuse. It was an Egyptian man-of-war, the *Senaar*, that was to anchor off the coast till the expedition emerged from the desert, and to

bring them back. The Captain received me with all honour. All hands were piped on deck, and a guard and everything provided for me. They were most courteous, said that they would like to take me, and would do everything in their power to make me comfortable, but I saw at once that the accommodation was of too public a nature; in short, that it would be impossible for any woman to embark without her husband on an Egyptian man-of-war. It would lower *her* in *their* eyes, and hurt *his* dignity. Besides turning *them* out of their only quarters, when my husband came to embark the men of his Staff, I should be excessively in the way; so, thanking them exceedingly for their courteousness, I returned to the town, to the immense relief of all concerned, took some small rooms at the Suez Hotel, and started my literary work. To have crossed the Red Sea in an open *Sambúk*, with head winds blowing, and then to fight my way across the desert alone upon a camel, would have been dangerous to *me* and *infra dig.* for my husband's position; and the Khedive was just in that critical state that I could not have asked him to organize a second Expedition, to send me out with no definite object, save my own pleasure, although I am sure that he would have done it in former prosperous years.

During my stay in Suez a remarkable event occurred, of dumb madness in dogs. It was an epidemic in the air, as dogs separately confined and well cared for died just the same. I lost two of Richard's. The pariahs had it very bad. I have seen them running into the sea to drown themselves, and out of three thousand, there were only about forty left. At last, on the 20th of April, 1878, whilst I was in the church during the "Office" for Holy Saturday, a messenger from the Governor put a slip of paper into my hand—"The *Senaar* is in sight, the *Emetic* will await you later on to meet the ship." I found Richard looking ill and tired. Before the ship had been anchored half an hour, every soul had deserted, and he was left in sole charge, and could not come off till the following morning. The Khedive sent a special train for him and the Expedition, which left at eight in the morning. Halfway, at Zagazig, a beautiful dinner had been prepared for us by Monsieur Camille Vetter, a French cotton-merchant from Ettlingen, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany. We dined in an arbour, and there was a profusion of champagne and delicacies galore. Our train caught fire four times, and we had to get out and pour buckets of sand over it, there being no water.

An Englishman who happened to be at Suez wrote to the *Home*

News, June 1st, 1878: "I had occasion to be at Suez on the return of Haji Abdullah (Dick Burton) from Midian last month, and I noted the sensation his arrival created. His name is as well known amongst the natives in Egypt as if he had passed all his days amongst them. Pashas and other great personages from Europe are continually passing to and fro almost unheeded. How different was the case when it became known that Haji Abdullah was leaving for Cairo! The platform was crowded with Europeans and natives. The rumour had got abroad that 'that wonderful man' was at Suez on his return from the exploring trip to Midian."

Richard was received with great distinction by the Khedive; it was a sort of triumphal entry. The Khedive wished for an exhibition of the minerals, which he opened in person, Richard and Mr. Frederick Smart attending him, and I attended a good deal upon the harem. We had three weeks of that sort of work, and writing reports in French and English, made excursions to the Pyramids, and received a great deal of hospitality from our friends, Mr. Frederick Smart, the Michells, General Purday, the Romaines, the Bairds, the Barings, Abate Bey, Artin Yakoob Pasha, the Tennants, the Vivians, the Lesseps, Barrot Bey, General and Mrs. Stone, the Kremers, and very pleasant were the dinners by moonlight on the Bairds' *dahabeeyah*, enhanced by the stillness, the view, the distant singing. The Khedive made a contract that Richard should have the concession of the discoveries, or to have five per cent. upon the whole gross profits.

We left on the 10th of May for Alexandria, dined out at Ramleh, and left on the 12th in the "*Austria*," Captain Rossol. We were eighty-five passengers in a small steamer, so we were not very comfortable; but we were very merry, and we had with us Mr. Frederick Smart, Safvet Pasha, Mohammed Bey, Baronne de Saurmà, *née* Comtesse de Hatzfeldt, Lord Talbot de Malahide and his daughter Frances, and General Stranz. At Corfú we saw Sir Charles Sebright, and dined all together at St. George's Hotel. We had one man ill with typhus, who was shut away for fear the passengers should know, and I got awfully scolded for going in to nurse him, and as two sharks followed under our bows, they made an unpleasant impression. When we arrived at nine o'clock at night, as we steamed in, our faithful friends, the Governor, Baron Pino, and his wife, rowed up to the side of the vessel, and sent a man to tell Captain and Mrs. Burton to come to their boat directly; and they took us away in less than two minutes, fearing the steamer would be sent in quarantine, and afterwards our belongings followed us. The man died two days after landing in his own home,

but no harm resulted to any one. An untoward and melancholy incident also occurred. A poor lady was coming to Austria to see which of the baths would make her a little more blood, as she was anæmic. The exertion of landing from the ship to the hotel caused her to faint; a young doctor was called in, who, mistaking her case, bled her, taking out the little drop she had, and she died that night.

We now went up to Opçina to rest. Richard was detained at his post on account of the then expected war, but was released in a few weeks and allowed to come to London to arrange matters for the further working of Midian. We embarked on the 6th of July in a Cunard steamer which occupies from twenty-one to twenty-six days from Trieste to Liverpool, going first to Venice. On the way we read Dellon's "Inquisition" in Portuguese. We touched at Brindisi; went through the Straits of Messina to Palermo, where we found it very, very hot. We landed, and went to see everything worth seeing, not forgetting the Capuchins, who have large underground crypts, where the dead monks are not buried, but tied up, as if drying. It is very curious, but rather gruesome. I went to visit a relation there, who had been one of the members. The Capuchins gave me a huge blue pottery jar, with a tap, which the priests used to wash their fingers after Mass, and for which I had taken an immense fancy; it bears the Franciscan arms. Richard had gout very badly a great part of the way, but not gout in the exaggerated sense of later years. We landed again at Gibraltar, and had bad weather across the Bay, and all the way home, reaching London on the 27th of July, 1878.

On the 12th of August we left by the night mail for Dublin, where we joined the British Association for Science, which opened on the 14th. We were asked to spend the time at Malahide with Lord Talbot and his family, and a delightful time we had, meeting old friends, and making many charming acquaintances—Lord and Lady Gough, and Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity, a charming, venerable, and distinguished man. The Duchess of Marlborough, who was then reigning, was very kind to us. We met again our old friend, the philanthropist Lentaigne, and Mr. Spottiswoode. The excursionists came over to see Malahide Castle, and Lord Talbot and Richard dined at the Lord Mayor's to meet the Lord Lieutenant. Richard's lecture (Section E, Geographical) came off on the 19th, and his first lecture at the Anthropological (on Midian) took place next day, the Vice-Regal party being present, and we then went back to make tea for the "Association." At his third lecture (on Midian, Anthropological), the Vice-Royalties were also present, and there was a great party that evening.

All during our present stay in London we were on a visit to my father. We saw a good deal of Society—luncheon-parties and dinner-parties several times a week. We had a great treat in visits to Mr. Frank Dillon's Damascus room (his studio) at 11, Durham Villas, Campden Hill, which we always left with regret. About this time Mr. Alfred Levick, son of the Postmaster-General of Suez, came home dreadfully ill, and went into the University Hospital, and in gratitude for past kindnesses from his father, we were very assiduous in attending on him all the time of his illness. We went up to Lancashire in October to stay with Uncle Gerard, and to Knowsley, where Lady Derby had a large house-party. At Garswood, amongst other visitors, came Sir Julius Benedict. From Garswood we went to some more cousins at Carlton Towers, Yorkshire, where Lord Beaumont gave a large house-warming, and thence to Lord Houghton's at Frystone—all these houses had big parties—and then back to London. We then went to Hatfield to Lady Salisbury's, where we had the pleasure of being again in the same house with Lord Beaconsfield, and the present Lord Rowton, his secretary. A very nice second cousin of mine (Everard Primrose) was staying there, and an amusing little event occurred. He was (to those who did not know him) a cold, serious, rather prim young man, and very punctilious. He suddenly one evening felt *en train*, went out of the room, and disordering his tie and pulling one arm out of his coat, and a hat on the back of his head, he came into the room with an assumed stagger, and sang "The Marseillaise" furiously, just like a tipsy Frenchman at the barricades. Lord Beaconsfield was delighted. I think it was the only time I ever saw him laugh downright heartily. When it was over, Colonel Primrose went out of the room and came back quite quiet, and looking as if he had done nothing. He often said afterwards to me at Vienna (and various places abroad), when there was a very stiff party at an Embassy or Foreign party, "I wish to gracious I could do the 'Marseillaise' now, but those things are obliged to come by inspiration." A pity such a man should have perished, in that useless fight in the Soudan, of fever.

Then I went to Brighton (where we saw a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Sasson) for the purpose of helping at a bazaar on behalf of humanity to animals. Richard brought out his second Indian book called "The Land of India Revisited."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON LEAVE IN LONDON.

ALL this time—the end of 1878, early 1879—the minerals were being assayed. Richard had not packed his own minerals ; there were cases for France, and cases for England. Frenchmen had the selection of them, and Richard's cases did not give such good results as were expected. We could not understand it, but *he* knew that the mineral was in the ground, and he determined on the following Expedition to choose and send his *own* specimens, and prove a very different tale.

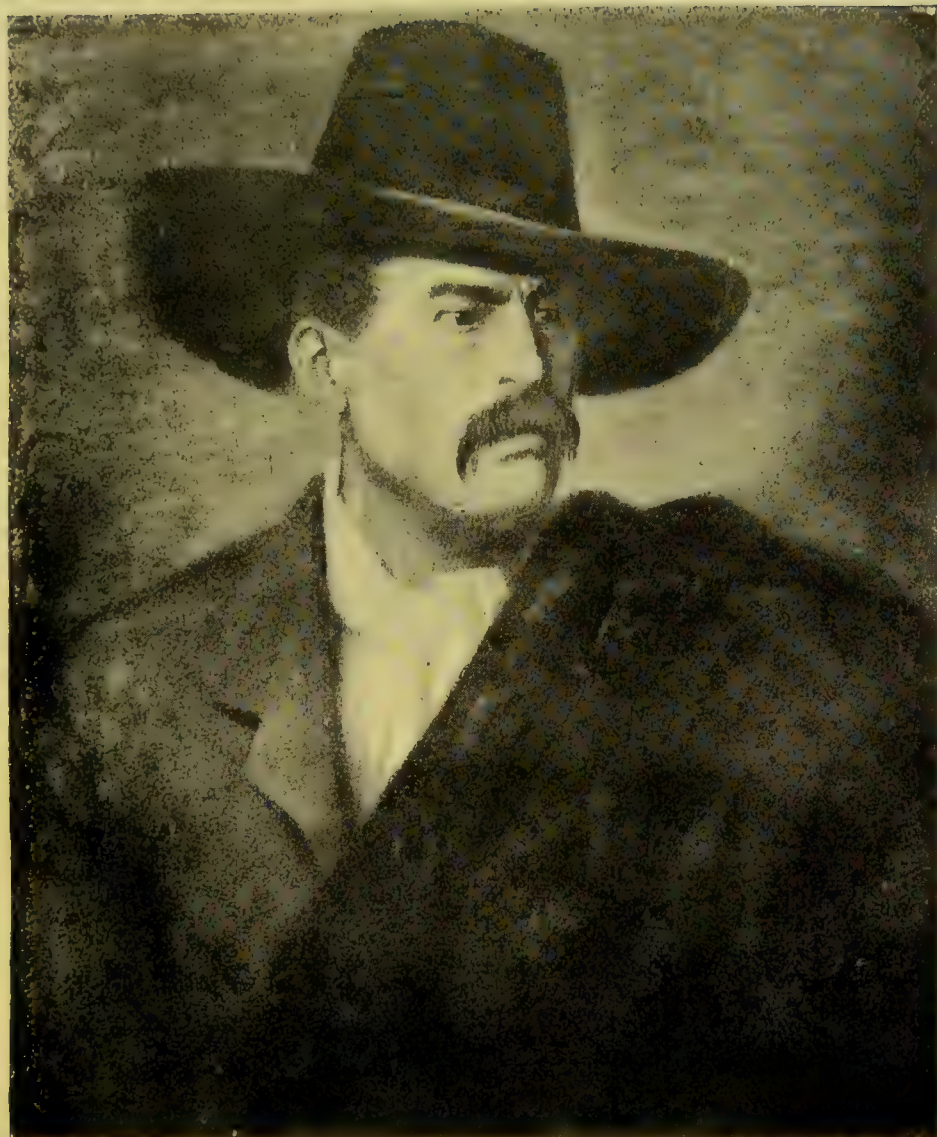
On the 21st of February my book, "A.E.I.," came out. My publisher, Mr. Mullan, was so pleased with it that he gave a large party in its honour. We were seventeen invited. Mr. Mullan, being an Irishman, ordered that everything on the table should be an Irish dish. A pyramid of my books was in the middle of the table, one to be given to each guest, which was a very pretty thought. The notables were my husband, Lord Houghton, Mr. Irving, and Arthur Sketchley. There were a great many short, friendly speeches made ; the gaieties began at eleven and terminated at five. We had a very pleasant dinner at General and Mrs. Paget's, and a visit from Mr. Joyner, C.E., our old friend from Poonah, and from the Montalbas, whom we had known in Venice. We came in also for three of Lady Salisbury's Foreign Office parties, one at Lady Derby's and several parties at Lady Margaret Beaumont's.

On the 27th I went to the Drawing-room. We resumed writing and reading part of Richard's memoirs. He also commenced writing letters to the papers as Mirza Ali of London to his brother, Mirza Hasan of Shiraz, describing what he saw in England ; but, to his disappointment, they did not take. He also wrote and published "A Visit to Lissa and Pelagosa ;" "Sosivizha, the Bandit of Dalmatia," translated from the Slav ; two papers on Midian, "Stones and Bones from Egypt and Midian ;" "Flints from Egypt ;" Reports on two Expeditions to Midian ; "The Itineraries of the Second Khedivial Expedition ;" "Report upon the Minerals of Midian."

Richard now, intending to make a little tour, and to meet me at Trieste in two or three weeks, went to Hamburg, to Berlin, and to Leipzig to see Tauchnitz, and to Dresden. I packed up and started on my journey Triestewards. As I was about to get into the cab at my father's door a beggar woman asked me for charity, and I gave her a shilling, and she said, "God bless you, and may you reach your home without an accident!" These words made an impression on me afterwards. I slept in Boulogne that night, and went on to Paris the following day. The day after, the 30th of April, I ordered a *voiture de place*, and was going out to do a variety of visits and commissions. They had been waxing the stairs till they were as slippery as ice. I had heels to my boots, and I took one long slide from the top of the stairs to the bottom, with my leg doubled under me, striking my head and my back on every stair. When I arrived at the bottom I was unconscious, picked up, and taken back to bed. When I came to I said, "I have no time to lose. Don't send the carriage away; I must get my work done and go on;" but, when I attempted to get out of bed, I fell on the floor and fainted again. A doctor was fetched, I was undressed, my boot and stocking had to be cut away; the whole of my leg was as black as ink, and so swollen that at first the doctor thought it was broken. However, it proved to be only a bad sprain and a twisted ankle.

Instead of stopping there six weeks, as the doctor said I must, I had myself bound up and conveyed to the Gare de Lyons on the fourth day, where, with a *wagon-lit*, I arrived at Turin in twenty-four hours. There I had to be conveyed to the hotel, being too bad to go on; but next day I insisted on being packed up again, and having another *coupé-lit* in the train to Mestre. I suffered immensely from the heat, for the first time since leaving England. At Mestre I had to wait four hours in the wretched station, sitting on a chair with my leg hanging down, which gave me intense pain, and then to embark in the *Post-Zug*, a slow train, where there were no *coupé-lits* to be had, arriving at half-past eight in the morning, where I found Richard waiting to receive me on the platform, and I was carried home and put into my own bed. In spite of pain I was as charmed as ever with the run down from Nabresina to dear old Trieste.

I cannot say how thankful I was to be safe and sound in my own home at Trieste with Richard, and how sweet were the welcomes, and the flowers, and the friends' visits. I was a very long time before I could leave my bed. It was found that I had injured my back and my ankle very badly, and I went through a long



SIR RICHARD BURTON IN 1879.
By Madame Gutmansthal de Benvenuti (Trieste).

course of shampooing and soap baths, but I never got permanently quite well. Strong health and nerves I had hitherto looked upon as a sort of right of nature, and supposed everybody had them, and had never felt grateful for them as a blessing; but I began to learn what suffering was from this date. Richard took me up to Opçina for a great part of the summer, and used to invite large parties of friends up to dinner. We used to dine out in the lit-up gardens in the evening, overlooking the sea, which was very pleasant; and often itinerant Hungarian gypsy bands would come in and play. This summer we had the usual annual *fête* for the cause of humanity, and speeches and giving of prizes.

From Opçina we went to Sessana, a village about half an hour's drive in the interior, which is very good for the nerves, and from there back to Adelsberg, and thence to Laibach. There was a scientific Congress (like our British Association) at the Redouten Sala, and lectures on the Pfalbauten, tumuli, etc., a public dinner, a country excursion, and then a concert and supper, which exhausted me considerably, and these things went on for two or three days.

We visited the Pfalbauten, the excavated villages built upon piles in a peat country, and all the treasures excavated therefrom. Richard was received with great honour, surrounded by all the Austrian scientists. The Pfalbauten, or Pine villages, yielded excavations, which illustrated the whole age of Horn that preceded the age of Stone, and weapons made of Uchatius metal, which is wrongly called *bronze-steel*. It is compressed bronze and easily cuts metal. This settles the old dispute of how the Egyptians did such work with copper and bronze.

Richard then took me on to Graz, where we saw a good deal of Brugsch Bey. Then we went to Baden, near Vienna, where I had twenty-one days' bathing and drinking, which we varied with excursions to Vienna, sometimes to breakfast with Colonel Everard Primrose, to see people, and to hunt up swords in the Museum for Richard's "Sword" book. We went to Professor Benedict, nerve specialist, where Richard had his back electrified for lumbago. Mr. Egerton and Everard Primrose accompanied us to a place we were very fond of making an excursion to, Vöslau, and then back to Baden with us.

On the 31st of May I find in Richard's journal, "Poor Tommy Short dead, ninety years old;" he was his master at Oxford. After Richard's death I found one of the Rev. Thomas Short's cards kept amongst his treasures.

I was very unhappy at Richard's determination to go once more to Egypt to try his luck about the mines; still, as there were such great hopes depending on it, and there was not enough money for both of us, he had to go and I had to stay. There was nothing for it but to go and see him off.

I began to get ill again (I had never recovered my fall of nine months ago), and the doctors advised me to see a bone-setter. I wrote and told Richard, and he ordered me off by telegram; so I started on the 17th of February to meet a woman-friend who remained in Vienna, of whom more later. At last I went on to Linz to see our old friends Baron and Baroness Pino, where I had a delightful visit, and in a few days had been introduced to all the great Austrian Society there; went on to Paris, and reached London on the 1st of March. I was nearly three months under clever Dr. Maclagan, the father of salicin. I went as advised to Hutton, the bone-setter, who found something wrong with my ankle and my back and my arm, in consequence of the fall, and set me straight, and what he did to my back lasted me for a long time in the way of pain. I went through a long course of vapour-baths and shampooing. My chief pleasure was a spontaneous visit from dear old Martin Tupper, since dead, who gave me a copy of his "Proverbial Philosophy."

I also had several interesting visits from Gordon, who happened to be in London at this time. I remember on the 15th of April, 1880, he asked me if I knew the origin of the "Union Jack," and he sat down on my hearth-rug before the fire, cross-legged, with a bit of paper and a pair of scissors, and he made me three or four Union Jacks, of which I pasted one into my journal of that day; and I never saw him again—that is thirteen years ago. The flag foundation was azure; on the top of that comes St. George's cross *gules*, then St. Andrew's cross *saltire blanc*, St. Patrick's cross *saltire gules*.

Since Richard's last visit, great changes had taken place in Egypt, for Ismail Pasha had abdicated, who believed in and needed these mines; and Tewfik Pasha had succeeded, and Tewfik did not consider himself bound by anything his father had done; and if the English Government gave a man a chance, it certainly would not have been given to Richard Burton. Hence he got no further than Egypt, and ate his heart out in impotent rage and disgust at his bad luck. On the 2nd or 3rd of May, as he was returning home from dining rather late in Alexandria, he was attacked by nine men, and hit over the head from behind with some sharp instrument. He fell to the ground, and on coming to, staggered to the hotel,

and was all covered with blood. He turned round and struck out at them, as his knuckles were all raw. It was supposed to be foul play with a motive, as the only thing they stole was his "divining rod" for gold which he carried about his person, and the signet ring off his finger, but left his watch and chain and purse. He kept it a profound secret in order that it should be no hindrance to his going back to work the mines in Midian; but he came home in May, and never let me know that he was hurt until I came up to him. I was ill in London; the woman friend whom I had left at Vienna now came over to London to bring me back, but stayed in London, and did not accompany me back at all.

When Richard was leaving Egypt for good, Mr. Cookson, the brother of our Consul at Alexandria, Sir Charles Cookson, between whom and Richard there existed a great friendship, wrote his "Good-bye" in the following terms, which pleased Richard beyond everything:—

"Farewell to thee, Richard; we bid thee adieu.
 May Plutus and Croesus their treasures lay bare;
 May their storehouse on earth be revealed unto you,
 So that wealth may be added to merits so rare!

"May nuggets as big as the hat on your head
 Be strewn in your path as you journey at will;
 And veins of rich gold 'neath the ground as you tread
 Lie hidden perdu, to be won by your skill.

"And when thou hast made a fabulous haul,
 And flooded the market with shares,
 On thy virtuous life may a blessing befall,
 To gild thy declining years."

Some time after this, some thoughtless youngsters played a practical joke on Mr. Cookson, and pretended to him that it came from Richard, who, on learning it a long time afterwards, felt sorely hurt and mortified that his old friend should have been left in error, and thought him capable of such a thing.

To my horror, I had found Richard with a secretly broken head, raw knuckles, and gout in his feet, but he soon got round under my care, and then I took him off to Opçina. He was afraid of meningitis, as they had wounded him just in the *nuque*. The doctor put him under a course of salicin, and at last he had an attack of healthy gout in the feet, which did him good.

Richard and I now went to Opçina, a great deal alone, and we were working together at his Camoens, beginning at the two volumes of the "Lusiads."

In early 1880, he brought out a little bit of the first canto of the "Lusiads," and the episode of "Ignez de Castro," his favourite bit, as samples. I can never remember to have had a more peaceful and happy time with Richard than in Opçina, where we led a Darby and Joan life, and principally 1879, 1880, 1881, and part of 1882. We did all the six volumes of Camoens, he translating, I helping him and correcting.

Camoens is splendidly and literally translated. No one was so well fitted as Richard to bring out this epic and heroic life. He divided his work into six heads: Biographical, Bibliographical, Historical and Chronological, Geographical, and Annotative—it was the result of a daily act of devotion of more than twenty years, from a man of *this* age, who has taken the hero of a *former* age for his model, his master, as Dante did Virgil; and between those two fates—master and disciple—exists a strange similarity.

I prefer the "Lusiads," but the Portuguese think that if Camoens had never written the "Lusiads," his sonnets would have immortalized him, and prefer his to Petrarch's.

Besides this, we used to fence a great deal during those years. We set up a *tir au pistolet*, and used to practise every morning after breakfast. When snow was deep we drove in a sledge. We attended the school feast annually, and sometimes we had village serenades. At Opçina, on the Eve of St. John's, the peasants light fires all over the country, and the superstition is that you must see eleven fires burning at the same time in order to have a lucky year. When we went up there, we lived absolutely alone, without any servants, and we used to take long walks and drives.

One day, as we sat at our twelve o'clock breakfast at Opçina, on a very hot day, a poor barefooted Capuchin came in, looking hot, jaded, dusty, and travel-stained. He sat down in another part of the restaurant at a table, and humbly asked for a glass of water. We were waiting for our breakfast, and I slipped out of the room and said to the landlord, "Every time you bring us up a dish, put a third portion, with bread and vegetables, and in due course sweets and cheese, before the poor Capuchin who has just come in, and a bottle of the same wine you give us, and tell him to pray for the donors." I slipped back into my place, and I saw Richard kept



Richard F. Burton

in 1880.

staring at him, when he was not looking, with an amused smile, and finally he turned round to me and whispered, "There, just look! You say that those fellows starve, and I declare to you that he has eaten, mouthful for mouthful, everything *we* have eaten, and a good bottle of wine like ours." So I laughed and I said, "Yes; but with *your* money!" "Oh, you blackguard! am I paying for *his* dinner?" "Yes," I said, "you are; and he is going to pray for *us*." He was far from being vexed; he was too kind, and he enjoyed the joke very much. I said to him, "That man has been catering all over Istria for provisions for the convent, and the rule at table is that they eat whatever you put on their plates, but they must not ask. Seeing the state he is in, you would not like to have seen him go away with a glass of water." "No," he said, "that I should not; I am glad you did it."

We now determined, and fortunately, to see the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. I say fortunately, because we could scarcely have done it in 1890, just before his death; the fatigue would have been too great for him. We had a delightful trip from Venice to Padua, to Vicenza, and thence to Verona. There the country is simply lovely, and the train begins to mount to Ala, which is the frontier of Italy and the Austrian Tyrol. It seems like getting out of a picturesque desert—so far are the Italians behind Austrian civilization. You pass Trento, and reach Botzen, which is really only nine hours and fifty-eight minutes' actual train from Venice if you do not stop on the road. From Botzen to Munich is nine hours and twenty-three minutes' delightful journey, breakfasting at Franzensfeste. You are examined at Kufstein, the frontier between the Austrian Tyrol and Bavaria. The scenery of the Brenner is simply glorious, and Brenner-Bad is a delightful little place to stay at. Munich is certainly a lovely city; its buildings are magnificent, but its art is very, very new. We saw everything in the City inside and out, and enjoyed the society of General and Mrs. Staunton, our Consul, and certainly we must own that the Hôtel des Quatres Saisons is the most delightful and comfortable in the world.

The next station for Ober-Ammergau is two hours and a half to Mürnaui, where you go to the Pantelbraü Hotel. There is beautiful mountain scenery, and the hurry-scurry to get to Ober-Ammergau is quite like the Derby Day, with every sort of vehicle and horses. The village is otherwise peaceful, a rural inn, with a nice family containing at least one pretty girl, and the wine is very good, especially Zeller I. and Schwarzer Herr-Gott; the beds and the food are excellent. Being Sunday we went to Mass, and noticed a very curious picture in the church. A head was peeping out of the

ground as if the body were buried in it ; near it was a book with "Lehren" inscribed upon it ; also near were dice, a money-bag, a serpent, and smoke. A new-comer advances towards the head ; but his guardian angel is remonstrating with him, as if he were saying to him, "Let him be—it is none of *your* business," and a Madonna appears in the skies. After breakfast we started for Ober-Ammergau. The scenery was magnificent, the Ettalberg very steep, and two extra horses were obliged to be put on. Richard liked walking, and with only me in the carriage, they appeared to be almost crawling on their stomachs. Halfway was a rural inn, where the peasants were playing, dancing, and drinking beer. In four hours from leaving Mürnaue we were deposited at a pretty cottage, where rooms were let by a Frau Häuser.

I understand that a great many improvements exist now ; but at that time we had two whitewashed little rooms, no sheets, one spoon, one glass, no table, and a pint of water in a pie-dish ; but our windows looked out on the church, which is surmounted by a spire and a plain iron cross, and the Kofel, a sugar-loaf peak, which seems to guard the mountain gorge.

We wandered about the village, and picked up some food as we could at a small eating-house called the "Stern," for Frau Häuser did not undertake to board us. We were up at dawn. At Ober-Ammergau the day begins with Mass and Communion. The play begins at eight in the morning, and lasts eight hours (eighteen acts), with an hour and a half interval for food and rest. The play over, Richard and I both sat down at once, and described minutely Ober-Ammergau, the Play, and our impressions. I think, perhaps, that there have been so many descriptions, that it would be a pity to load this book with them. We both sent them to the same man, and Richard was anxious that they should be produced together, under the heading, "Ober-Ammergau, as seen by Four Eyes." He wrote the cynical and I the religious side, but as the man who printed them was too poor to produce the two, he published Richard's ; but I will now bring them out together in the "Uniform Library" of my husband's works, just as he wished it.

Suffice it to say, that the simplicity of a theatre in the open air was most realistic, and made one think of the old early Latin and Greek plays, and the miracle-plays of early Christianity. The men acted beautifully ; the women were cold or shy, and therefore uninteresting. I can only say that I thanked God for having been allowed to see it, and as we sat together Richard watched me closely to see what affected me, and I did the same with him. What affected him immensely—and he owned it—was Christ on the Cross. He said,

“I never could have *imagined* Christ on the Cross without *seeing* it ; it made me feel very queer.” Now, as to *me*, what broke my heart was the repentances of the sinners, and I am not ashamed to say that I sobbed bitterly—not Magdalen’s, for she was too cold, but Peter’s, when Christ came forth with the Cross, after he had denied Him and Christ looked at him. The penitent thief on the Cross, and Judas’s despair, I shall never forget all my life. With all Richard’s cynicism, he was right glad to have seen it.

We went to visit the *Pfarrer*, or priest, the only really paramount influence in Ober-Ammergau. We saw Josef Maier, who acted the Christ, and with his permission went to inspect the scenes behind the theatre, where they were practising fastening to the Cross, and, under strict secrecy, we saw how it was done.

On the 25th was the *fête* of St. Louis, when they celebrate the foundation of Bavaria, *then* seven hundred years before. On return to Munich we dined at the Embassy. We met in Munich the Dowager Lady Stanley and Mrs. John Stanley (now Lady Jeune), and found to our great annoyance that we had just missed Lord Houghton, who had been staying in the same hotel with us and we had never known it. We then went to Innsbrück, where we saw everything in and about, and on to Toblach, from whence three hours’ drive takes you into the Dolomites into lovely scenery, beginning at Cortina di Ampezzo. Here we found actual winter weather, though it was only the 30th of August. From this we went on to Villach, a delightful place, where it was very difficult to get rooms ; but we got some beds at a *Braüerei*. Here we saw, as usual, everything in and about, and then we went by the glorious new road Tarvis and Pont’ Ebba (not so very long open), with scenery unrivalled, and reached Udine, where we were on the main line for our own home. Here we stayed to visit the tomb of Fra Oderico, a Franciscan monk, who went to China and wrote a book three centuries ago—a very holy man—and then we went home to Trieste to receive our old friends Mr. Aubertin, Sir Charles Sebright, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, with Mrs. John Stanley, who stayed a couple of days *en route* for Corfu. The Dowager Lady Stanley was one of Richard’s oldest and best friends, and she has proved herself one to me since his death. I cannot say how much we enjoyed their visit.

On the 15th of September the *Pandora* came in with Mr. W. H. Smith and his family, and we took excursions together, showed them all the lions in a couple of days, and dined on board with them. We had visits also from Abbate Bey and Brugsch Bey from Egypt. Baron Marco Morpurgo, the director of Lloyd’s, used

sometimes to give us a charming supper-party on board one of the Lloyd's vessels anchored in the harbour. A great friend and admirer of Richard's, and my now true friend, Miss E. H. Bishop, who resides, like myself, in a little cottage near Redbridge, Hants, came to stay with us.

On the 9th of November, 1880, we had an earthquake at 7.30 in the evening, which demolished half Agram, injured Graz, and shook us terribly. Richard and I were writing, and our table ran away, and it made us feel very uncomfortable. Graeffe saw three earthquake waves come in and out.

Richard had quite a *grande* passion for silver. He declared that everybody had some particular metal which influenced them, and also colour. His metal was silver, and silver applied to his pains cured him; he would put florins on his eyes if they ached from over reading or study; he would apply them to his pains where he had gout; and after he got the "Arabian Nights" earnings, everything he bought was silver. A heavy six-guinea knob of silver to a huge stick, his toilette box, his pencil-case, his snuff-box, his roll to put his pens and pencils in, everything was silver. His theory was that every man has some metal which affects his illness, and, after frequent trials, found his. So we used to bind silver florins round his feet and legs when he had gout, and though it did not cure him, it always relieved him. He had the same theory about colours, and his was the royal cramoisie, or blood-red, which soothed him. We continued our work, and we used to take drives, such as to Villa Vicentina, and to Aquileja, ancient Aquila, to the museum and church, and up the Campanile Tower.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIESTE LIFE AGAIN.

1881.

EARLY this year two sad things happened, which interested Richard very much—the death of Carlyle, 5th of February, with all the different opinions expressed at the time; the disappearance of the Rev. Benjamin Speke; and a third was the annexation of Tunis through the medium of our former colleague at Damascus, Monsieur Roustan.

On the 19th of April Lord Beaconsfield died, and our journals were full of him for several pages. Richard wrote a "Sketch," which made twelve pages of print, which will appear in "Labours and Wisdom." My journal is four pages of lament. As a girl of fifteen, his "Tancred" formed all my ardent desires of an Eastern career, and was my first gate to Eastern knowledge and occult science. As a Statesman I put him on a pedestal as my political Chief and model. He had that peculiar prescience and foresight belonging to his Semitic blood. I think a certain period of things passed away with him. He was one of the last relics of England's greatness. Just as the Duke of Wellington died before the Crimean War, so Lord Beaconsfield foreshadowed England's temporary decline, or *fusion* into another state of things, and this feeling helped his decay. Anyway, one great man is gone.

We were very fond of going to the fairs, especially where the Hungarian Gypsies congregated. They used to sing, dance, tell fortunes, and Richard talked Romany with them.

We determined this year to take our gout baths from Duino, and not from Monfalcone; it is a forty minutes' drive from Duino to Monfalcone, and the baths are exactly halfway between.

We went for a day or two to Trieste to meet Lord Bath, and we came in for a scientific excursion by ship, with two hundred people, to Sipar, to Salona, and Pirano, where there was a band and dancing and lunch.

About this time, on April 30th, died Gessi Pasha at Suez; he was Gordon's right-hand man.

We had charming walks to hunt for *castellieri*.* We walked to Slivno, to Ronchi; drove to Atila's Palace, and got some curios from the ruins. We drove out also to see some new caves, and once we all drove together to see a *Sagra*, or village dance, at Monfalcone, and going in we sat in the carriage to hear the band.

We then went on to Gorizia—already described—where we dined with Mr. Frederick Smart and his mother, a most beautiful, sweet, and venerable Italian lady, his sister, Mrs. Fehr, and Mr. and Mrs. Baird. Richard afterwards went to study bees with Father Pauletic, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

We were very sorry to leave Duino and our friends; but all pleasant things come to an end, and we had to go down to Trieste to prepare to receive our own Squadron.

On the 1st of July H.M.S. *Iris*, the *avant courier* of the Squadron, arrived. The Squadron itself arrived on the 7th. Richard and I went on board an hour later, to every ship—there were eleven all told—to invite the Captains and officers to a night *fête-champêtre* and ball at Opçina, as we wanted, as early as possible in the beginning of their visit, to put them on cordial terms with our friends in the City.

We issued eight hundred invitations to the Captains and officers of our Squadron, the Captains and officers of the Austrian Navy and other Men-of-war anchored there, the Colonels and officers of the Austrian regiments stationed there, the Governor and family and Staff, all the Austrian authorities, the Consular corps, the chief English and Americans, the private friends, who numbered about a hundred and fifty of the cream of Trieste, the Press, Austrian-Lloyd's, and the Police.

We created a kind of Vauxhall in the grounds surrounding the Inn at Opçina. In a large field at the back of the Inn we had eight tables fifty feet long; a hut for tea, coffee, and refreshments, one of barrels of wine and beer, to be drawn off and served at the tables, a large wooden ball-room, three tents for toilettes, or for resting, and seats and benches all round, raised like an amphitheatre, for those who wanted to watch. These were adorned with five hundred

and fifty large bouquets of flowers, several thousand coloured lamps, and two hundred flags of all nations. There were four entrances, each with transparencies exhibiting illuminated sentences, such as "Welcome!" "Ave!" "Austria and England" crossed. The English Admiral and the Austrian Commander-in-Chief each lent us their bands. We had no end of fireworks, and Catherine wheels, and Bengal lights. Austrian-Lloyd's lent us forty stewards; the Chief of Police lent us a cordon of police to keep the ground. Every omnibus and carriage in the place was engaged to bring up such guests as had not their own private carriages, and I chose twelve aide-de-camps to help me to make the affair go off; in short, we looked forward to having a regular good time.

Everything was in high gala, and the first waltz had begun, when the weather, which had been as dry as a bone all the summer till that moment, suddenly opened out; and it did not rain, but it poured in buckets, with tremendous thunder and lightning. It just lasted two hours, putting out all our lamps, damping our fireworks, reducing our transparencies to pulp; there was a regular *sauve qui peut* to the inn. The police went for the drinking-booth, and were soon incapable; the mob broke in; they seized all the best things to eat and drink, they jumped on the plates and dishes and broke them. Richard looked up to the sky and ejaculated, "So like Provy!" I cried with rage and mortification for a few minutes, and then, rallying round, Richard and I got a party of young men to the rescue, who went and cleared the grounds, already over ankle-deep in mud; they rescued all that was left of food and drink. I got another party to clear away the furniture of the lower part of the Inn, set the two bands to work in different parts, and my friends to dancing, whilst my aide-de-camps and I rigged up several supper-rooms. I had forty waiters from Lloyd's, but half of them had followed the example of the police. Our friends, quite unconscious of the havoc behind the scenes, danced right merrily the whole night, and supped, and were good-natured enough to enjoy themselves thoroughly with the greatest good humour; and the party did not break up until five.

I went out into the back scenes, where I found that my own things were being sold at the bar of the inn, to our own Squadron's bandmen, at a big price. I soon put a stop to that, and obliged the vendors to restore them their money, and gave them their suppers and wine. It was a pandemonium. The natives were all too far gone to know me, so that I could hardly get any order obeyed; they were breaking bottles of wine, two together, like clashing cymbals. The tipsy coachmen were dancing with the

tipsy villagers, and every now and then they jumped on a dish, or destroyed property in other ways. It was not encouraging, but it was useless to struggle against the inevitable, so I only saw that the Squadron bandsmen got all they wanted without paying for it. (Such is the wild animal when it can do what it likes without restraint.)

Meanwhile we managed to do a lot of fireworks, and everything went off beautifully. After all our guests were departed, Everard Primrose and Mr. Welby, the well-known popular *attaché*, finding their coachman helplessly drunk, put him inside the carriage, and got on the box and drove themselves down; and the very last thing of all was seeing our staggering, hiccoughing policemen into omnibuses to go down to Trieste. Thus ended our first *fête* for the Squadron. The damage the natives did us was immense, as we borrowed all our plates and dishes from a Company, and any one can imagine what that would be, to give a sit-down supper to eight hundred people.

The Emperor, who always honours the English fleet—the only one he notices—ordered entertainments to be given, one at the castle at Miramar, and the other by the Austrian Admiral; so on the 11th came off the dinner at Miramar, and on the 13th the Austrian Admiral's dinner. Then the English Admiral gave us a dinner, and then a ball was given by H.M.S. *Alexandra*, where the officers kindly asked me to help them to receive the Trieste guests. On the 14th we had "teas" on board the *Invincible* and the *Alexandra*, and Admiral Beauchamp Seymour's (now Lord Alcester) dinner; the 15th, a tea-party on board the *Falcon*, and a ball on the *Superb*. On the 16th we organized a monster picnic to the Caves of Adelsberg, which were illuminated expressly. On the 17th Baron Morpurgo gave a banquet with music, and then followed our dinner to the Captains of the Men-of-war. The fleet departed on the 18th, and we went round to say good-bye. Baron Marco Morpurgo kindly gave us a steamer to see the fleet off; he provided refreshments and music, and we asked our best friends to join. The flagship *Alexandra* moved first, the ships forming two lines behind her. We steamed in our little vessel alongside the flagship, at a proper distance, till we escorted them out of our Gulf for about a couple of hours; then, shooting ahead, we stopped our engines, dipped our flag thrice, cheered, and turned back, cheering every ship as we passed. *They* all played "Auld Lang Syne" and "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye." It was the prettiest sight in the world on a summer evening in the Gulf of Trieste, to see that "going out," and we were awfully sorry to lose them.

On the 8th of August we started for a new trip, and went *viâ* Laibach to Veldes, *viâ* Radmannsdorf. Veldes consists of a lake, with a few houses around, chiefly people's villas, and a very comfortable inn (Mallner's). It is a lovely spot, but rather shut in. This place has its little romance. We rowed about two hours in a boat to a small island in the middle of the lake.

We then went on to Tarvis and St. Michele, and from thence to Salzburg; it was a seventeen hours' journey with many changes of train. Salzburg is a beautiful place, and its Hôtel Europa one of the dearest and best I ever was in. We had come up to a Scientific Congress, and passed our time with Count Würmbrandt, the Governor of Istria, Count Bombelles, in attendance on Prince Rudolf, Prince Windisgrätz, Professor Müllner, Abbate Glübich, the African travellers Holúb and Nachtigall, all scientific men. We had an expedition to the salt mines, and went to the bottom of the mines, and the museum, which is lovely and of great interest. Then we went to Lend, where we took a four-horse carriage, and had a magnificent three-hours' drive up the Salz Kammergut, reaching Gastein at five o'clock, one of the most beautiful places in Austria, and were enchanted with the scenery, the air, and the waterfall. Richard and I used to sit out and read and look at the view all day. Then we took train to Steinach-Irding, to visit Mr. Zech, the proprietor of Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo. He was a good and jolly old man, with a nice gentlemanly son, a Parisian wife, and some married daughters. Other members of the family also arrived, and presently came a little officer who had lost his way. We were heartily welcomed; it was a Liberty Hall, comfortable, hospitable, and you were expected to ask for everything you wanted. We then started for Ischl. The whole Court was here; it was a very pretty place, situated between two rivers, with beautiful air and a very fashionable promenade, and we were very gay. There were illuminations and fireworks for Prince Rudolf's birthday, and a very amusing little German theatre.

Here, at Ischl, Richard and I parted company. I was ordered to go to Marienbad; Richard returned to Steinach-Irding, to Steyr, and back to Steinach, and from there to Vienna.

I here made acquaintance with Madame Olga di Novikoff, who certainly kept me from feeling dull, for she was capital company—most amusing, and was to me a new and interesting study of the sort of life that one reads so much of, but in England rarely meets.

On the 7th of September I was so ill that I did not know how to get to Vienna, but I had myself put into a *coupé* to myself, with room to lie down, and I never stirred off it during the eleven hours and forty minutes *viâ* Pilsen and Budweis to Vienna, when at the

station Richard awaited me with the information that he had got a dinner-party to meet me, and so I had to dress and receive. We had after this one delightful dinner and evening with Baron Pino and his wife at Hietzing, and next day we went down to Trieste. We just changed baggage and went to Venice for the great Geographical Congress, which was opened on the 15th. The illuminations at Venice were something to remember all one's life, every bit of tracery of the buildings, and especially that of St. Marco, being picked out with little lamps, and the artistic part of it was to throw the electric light only on the Basilica. I never in my life saw, and never shall again see, anything to equal it. Lady Layard gave a party to all the English and Americans, and the chief of the Venetian Society. Captain Vernon Lovett-Cameron, R.N., V.C., was staying with us, and we collected around us all the pleasantest people there at our breakfasts and dinners. The regatta was also a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The King and Queen were there. All the gondolas represented some country; there were the old Venetian gondoliers, there were Esquimaux, there were troubadours—you could not imagine a country or character that was *not* represented; and every gondola that assumed no character was dressed in gala array, and their men in gondolier uniform and sash. Ours was covered with pale blue velvet. Another day was the opening of the gardens of St. Giobbe by the Royalties. Here, amongst other friends, we met Mr. Labouchere, General de Horsey, who was a very dear friend of Richard's, General Fielding, and many others. There was a night serenade on the water with every boat illuminated, which was also a grand sight.

Captain Cameron was wild with spirits, and we had many amusing episodes and one especial sort of picnic day at the Lido, where, just as Lord Aberdare and some of the primmest people of the Congress were coming, Richard and he insisted on taking off their shoes and stockings and digging mud-pies, like two naughty little boys, and they kept calling out to me, "Look, nurse, we have made such a beautiful pie," and "Please tell Dick not to touch my spade." I could not speak to the people for laughing, especially as some of them looked so grave. However, Richard was exceedingly angry, as he had a good right to be. Here was a Geographical Congress just outside the City of which he was Consul, and, as if it had been done on purpose to let him down before foreigners, he was not only *not* asked to be the representative from Austria, but not even asked to meet his fellow-geographers, not even asked to take any part in it, not even asked to speak at it; so he held himself entirely aloof from them, as far as Congress was concerned,

and he left his card in the Congress-room with the following squib, as spoken by the British representatives from London to Venice:—

“ We’re Saville Row’s selected few,
Let all the rest be damned ;
The pit is good enough for you,
We won’t have boxes crammed.”

On the 24th we all broke up and went back to Trieste. Captain Cameron then came to us at Trieste, and Colonel Gould, and Abbate Glübich.

On the 18th of November Richard, who had all this while been arranging the journey with Captain Cameron, had been employed by a private speculator to go out to the West Coast of Africa, especially to the Guinea Coast, and to report on certain mines there, which Richard had discovered in 1861-64 (when he was Consul for that coast, and was wandering about, discovering and publishing his discoveries), if he could conscientiously give a good one. He was to have all his expenses paid, a large sum for his report, and shares in the mines ; so on the 18th of November we embarked at two o’clock in the day.

We left the quay at four, hung on to a buoy outside the breakwater till midnight, and then left by the *Demerara* steamship (Cunard), Captain Jones, from Trieste to Venice. At six a.m. we anchored in a rolling sea, with a heavy fog a couple of miles outside the Lido, but at twelve it lifted sufficiently to let us see the entrance to Malamocco, and we got in. It was so raw, damp, and thick, and cold to the bones, that everybody was ill, and we took rooms at the *Britannia* so long as the ship should stay. We then had a splendid passage to Fiume, where we had a very pleasant time with old friends for nearly a week. On the 25th we had just finished writing up the biography, when they came to tell me that the ship had to sail that day, which caused me a good deal of sorrow, as I was to be left at Fiume ; my expenses were not paid, and we personally had not enough money for two, so Richard was to go on to the Guinea Coast alone. I watched the ship till it was out of sight, and felt very lonely.

1882.

This year I fretted dreadfully at Richard’s absence, and not being allowed to join him, and made myself quite ill. I worked at my usual occupations for the poor, and preventing cruelty to animals, studying and writing, and carrying out all the numerous directions contained in his letters.

It was now discovered by Professor Liebman that I had the germs of an internal complaint of which I am suffering at present, possibly resulting from my fall downstairs in Paris in 1879. I had noticed all this year that I had been getting weaker and weaker in the fencing-school, and sometimes used to turn faint, and Reich (my fencing-master) used to say, "Why, what is the matter with you? Your arms are getting so limp in using the broadsword." I did not know, but I could not keep up for long at a time. I think I went no more after that.

Nigh six months had passed, and it was now time for me to go and meet Richard at Liverpool, so I left the 18th of April, spending a few happy days in Vienna, thence to Paris and Boulogne, where I found a howling tempest. Two houses had been destroyed, a steamer was signalling distress, and the Hôtel Impérial Pavilion had to open its back door to let me in, the gale being too strong in front. I had brought a Trieste girl with me as maid, whose class or race did not admit of the wearing of hat or bonnet. They wanted to turn me out of the church at Boulogne, because the girl was bareheaded, and I had to explain that nothing would induce her to wear one for fear of losing caste. I got off in a very bad sea two days later, and to London on the 3rd of May.

On the 15th I went up to Liverpool. Richard and Captain Cameron arrived in the African mail *Loanda* on the 20th, and there was a great dinner that night, given by the Liverpoolians to welcome them back. It was a great success, and they were all very merry. On the 22nd we came up to London, but no sooner did we arrive there, than Richard was taken quite ill and had to go to bed. He was to have lectured at the Society of Arts, but he could not, which was an awful disappointment to them and to us; but he soon got well under home care, and he lectured on the 31st at the Anthropological.

He notices in his journal the death of the poet and artist, Gabriel Rossetti, on the 10th of April, and Darwin's death on the 19th. We were immediately occupied in bringing out "To the Gold Coast for Gold" (2 vols.), where he gives an account of the different places to which he and Captain Cameron went, the chief place being Axim, on the Guinea coast. There were two obstacles which were deemed fatal to success. One was Ashantee obstruction, and the other was the expense of transporting machinery and working still labour in a wild country, a lack of hands, and the climate; but they were only bugbears. "He knew nothing to equal

it as to wealth, either in California or in Brazil. Gold dust was panned by native women from the sands of the seashore, gold spangles glittered after showers in the streets of Axim; their washings weighed from half an ounce to four ounces per ton. The gold is there, and it is our fault if it stays there. We have in our hands the best of workmen—the tireless machine, the steam navy, and the quartz stamp; and those called ‘Long Tom’ and ‘Broad Tom’ would do more work in a day than a whole gang of negroes.”

He says that in the last century the Gold Coast exported to Europe three and a half millions of sterling gold, but the abolition of slavery and manumissions brought it down to £126,000 value. A few years ago England’s annual supply was £25,000,000, and was then (1882) £18,000,000. England wants gold, and he says that the Gold Coast can supply it to any amount that England may want. There was a threatened action a while ago about the way the moneys were supplied for the carrying out of these mines, called the Guinea Coast Trial. My husband was not employed to take charge, or to work there, and nearly all who were sent out (with one or two notable exceptions) thought more of feathering their own nests, even for a couple of years, than of the public good; hence the thing failed, *but will live again*.

My husband was passionately fond of mining for the sake of developing the resources of any country in which he travelled and made discoveries. I was always sorry when he got on the mine track, because he always ended in one way. Shady people, partially or wholly dishonest, would praise up his knowledge to the skies. They would sometimes go so far as to send him to the spot, to draw up a report of such or such a mine; with written (legal) agreements contracting to pay him perhaps £2000 or more for his report, his expenses paid, and shares in the mine. As soon as they got his report, they would ask him to come home, and send some one else to run the mine down. Nevertheless they made their own money out of it. I always trembled, but I always helped him all I could whenever any of these grand money plans were on hand, because it interested him; and I keep and leave to my heirs all the correspondence and agreements concerning them, as well as other matters of business.

He did his work in his simple, gentlemanly, scientific way, fully knowing the worth of the mine, but nothing about business. Then, as soon as they had got all his secrets and information from him, they would send their own agent, who in one case pretended that he could not find the spot, purposely avoiding to take the guide Richard had commissioned for the purpose. But the chief speculator

did find them, and sell them too, although Richard never got a penny for his trouble. He never knew how to get himself paid without going to law, which they knew was undesirable for a Consul, and, so far from getting anything, very often he was largely out of pocket. He was very much out of pocket about the Guinea Coast Mines, and, had the trial threatened by Mr. Johns come off, I should have asked to have been subpœnaed, as my husband was dead, and I should have produced all the papers and his depositions written before his death, and asked to be refunded his losses. In the Khedivial Mines of Midian he dropped much money in expenses, which Ismail Khedive was to have paid him back, but never did. However, this last only resulted from the accident of abdication, and not with intent to hurt him. The *others* were men that he ought never to have pitted himself against; that is, pitted the straightforward, unsuspecting ignorance of a gentleman against men who have been bred for generations to know how much percentage they can get out of the fraction of a farthing.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER SHORT LEAVE TO LONDON.

1882.

Richard went to Paris on the 15th of July, 1882, and I followed him on the 22nd, taking my niece Blanche Pigott with me, and joined Richard and Captain Cameron. We saw a great deal of the traveller De Brazza and his brother, and on the 26th we bid good-bye to Cameron, and we three left for Turin, where our niece, who was for the first time in Italy, enjoyed the scene of the Piazza and Castle by moonlight, and a drive up to the Superga. The next day we arrived in Venice. There is always something amusing to people who have seen everything themselves, in taking a fresh young girl about, as long as she is fresh. She was just out of her convent, and Richard and I, having no children, thought it rather fun having a daughter. We arrived on the last day of July.

Next day, on the 1st of August, there was the opening of a Grand International Exhibition at Trieste. The City was illuminated at night almost as brilliantly as Venice had been for the Congress, and Trieste illuminated makes a grand effect with its rising mountain background. The Archduke Charles Louis was there to open it, and the Emperor and Empress, Prince Rudolf, and Princess Stephanie came later on. This had been a hobby of our (then) Governor's (Baron de Pretis) for a very long time, and for months and months endless workmen had been erecting magnificent buildings at the edge of the sea—I should say for a mile in length—all along the fashionable drive called St. Andrea. This great day was devoted to officialdom, and receptions, and bands, and at night Baron Morpurgo had one of his boats out, and supper on board, for his friends to see the illuminations.

On the 18th of September, Richard began his Great book on the Sword. It is a very large work, entitled the "Book of the Sword"—the first part of three by R. F. Burton, *maître d'armes*, which appeared in 1884. The first part brought the sword, the prehistoric weapon, up to the Middle Ages. The second would have been the mediæval sword, and the third would have brought all the modern schools up to date, with illustrations.

On the 27th of October, I got a regular blow through a telegram ordering Richard off to look after Palmer, who was missing at Ghazzeah.

The telegram ran as follows :—

“ October 27th, 1882, 4.40 p.m.

“ H.M.’s Government wish to avail themselves of your knowledge of Bedouins and the Sinai country, to assist in search for Professor Palmer. There is a chance of his being still alive, though bodies of his companions, Charrington and Gill, have been found. Proceed at once to Ghazzeah; place yourself in communication with Consul Moore, who has gone from Jerusalem to institute inquiry.”

Richard answered—

“ Ready to start by first steamer. Will draw £100. Want gun-boat from Alexandria to Ghazzeah or Sinai. Letter follows.”

As all the world knows, Palmer, Charrington, and Gill went into the desert to buy camels for the English army and to bribe the Bedawi. Palmer had other secret service besides; that was, to cut the telegraph wire between Kántara and El Arish, and it was through the telegraph wire *not* being cut that foul play was suspected. Palmer was such a good Arabist, and was in such friendly relations with all the people, that there seemed not the slightest danger. He had brotherhood with all the Bedawi, like Richard, but they carried £3000 (some say £20,000) with them; the Bedawi surrounded them, and they were, the newspapers said, given a choice of being shot or jumping over a precipice. It is said Charrington and Gill elected to be shot, and Palmer, covering his eyes, jumped over the precipice. The men (with whom both Richard and Palmer had brotherhood) who did this, belonged to the Huwaytat and Dubur, Terabin and Hasáblí. There was Salem el Sheikh ibn Salámeah and twenty-three other men implicated in it, besides the Shaykh. To Richard, who knew the Bedawi, it was a puzzle; certainly they were slain, but he felt there was always something we shall never know: it was not Bedawi ways.

Richard started by the first steamer, and proceeded according to orders. I remember the last thing I said to him was, “ Mind, if they are really dead, don’t be put like a ferret into a hole to bring out the dead bodies ” (for I remembered how economical England is, and that, whatever other men have had, Richard had never been given either money or men for any exploit); “ that won’t be worth while.” He said, “ If they are dead, no; but if there is a chance of saving dear old Palmer, I will go anywhere and do anything.” On the road he met Gordon. Meantime Sir Charles Warren was scour-

ing the country, well supported with money, and with two hundred picked men, and by the time Richard got there, he may be said to have nearly completed the task.

He describes Ghazzeah as a miserable, God-forgotten hole.

The trial of Arábi was going on, and Egypt was in great excitement in consequence. Richard was only absent six weeks and a half, returning in December. He wrote an account of all he had seen there, and the story of Palmer, and the state of Egypt, and he sent it to a magazine at once, which sent it back. He sent it round to many places, and I cannot remember now whether he ever got it printed, but certainly too late to have the fresh interest it ought to have had.

It is curious to remember *now*, how frequently he used to send the most important articles, of vital use to the World, to the Press, and get them sent back with compliments and thanks, to say they would not suit such a paper or such a magazine, and how he frequently went from one publisher to another with his most invaluable books. It was one of the things that used to make us both boil with rage, and *now* there has been a storm throughout the whole Press Universe for twenty-two months because I burnt a book which was the least valuable, nay, the *only* book he ever wrote that was *not* valuable to the world. Such are the waves and whims of public opinion.

It was the last journey he ever took that might be called an Expedition, and even that was not what it was meant to be, since he found another man (Sir Charles Warren) in the field, who did not want to be much interfered with. I was awfully glad to get him back again so soon, I need not say.

On the 6th of December we had an earthquake in the night and a tremulousness all day, and earthquakes all the month. We were walking on the Karso above; the sky was clear, and all of a sudden my niece said to me, "Oh, look up, there is a star walking into the moon!" "Glorious!" I answered. "We are looking at the Transit of Venus, which crowds of scientists have gone to the end of the world to see." We then went down to meet Richard, who returned at seven o'clock in the morning of the 10th, and all went happily up to Opçina. This day we had dreadful storms; the lightning fell in the town three times, and the telegraphs could not work.

1883.

Early in the year Richard had a slight attack of gout, and a visit from Professor Leitner King's College, London. He worked now at his Sword book, and, as well as I can remember, his book on the Jews.

Richard now took an immense dislike to our house in Trieste, where we had been over ten years. The fact is, I had increased it in my ambition to twenty-seven rooms, and just as I had made it perfection, he wanted to leave it. Certainly Providence directed, for shortly after that, the drainage got so very bad there as to be incurable, and after he got really ill, and his heart weak, it would have been impossible for him to mount the hundred and twenty steps, four stories high, to go in and out. We ransacked the whole of Trieste, but there was only one house that suited us in any way, and there was not the least likelihood of our being able to get it, as it was occupied; but, curiously to say, six months later we *did* get it, and got housed in it the following July.

We then had a trip down the Dalmatian coast in an Austrian-Lloyd's, to Sebenico, Zara, and Spalato. On this day five of Palmer's murderers were hanged in the presence of thirty-five Bedawi chiefs. Richard could never understand why they only hanged five instead of twenty-four, the number of those concerned, and why the Governor of El Arish was not hanged too. We went on to Castelnuovo, and to Cattaro, and then back. It was only for a few days, but it did Richard a world of good. We then had a visit from Major Borrowes, and Richard went for a trip to San Daniele, to Wippach, to Heidenschaft, and Plani, and came back. We spent our birthdays, 19th and 20th of March, in Opçina, and received a telegram with twelve friends' names attached to it.

On the 23rd of May, Richard went off to Krapina-Teplitz alone, and would not take me, as we had a chance of getting the house we wanted, and, in point of fact, I made the contract almost immediately, and gave notice to quit the old one. There is a curious law in Trieste that you must give notice, if you wish to quit a house, on the 24th of May, and on the 24th of August you must leave; so any stranger coming into Trieste on the last day mentioned, would see nothing but processions of carts and waggons covered with furniture and boxes, and it looks exactly as if a town was being deserted for a bombardment, or the moving of an army. The people, of course, who remain in their houses do not do this; it is the ones who change. I was resolved, for convenience' sake, to come to an agreement with my outgoing people to change at least a month before the time, to avoid the general confusion.

Krapina-Teplitz did Richard no good—the waters were too strong—and he came back on the 11th of June. Mr. Aubertin arrived on a visit at the same time, and they had a great deal to discuss, both being students and translators of Camoens. The Squadron was reported the same afternoon, saluted at four p.m., and we went on board an hour after. It was two years since their last visit. It was

very much a repetition of that of 1881; there were eleven or twelve ships, and they stayed thirteen days.

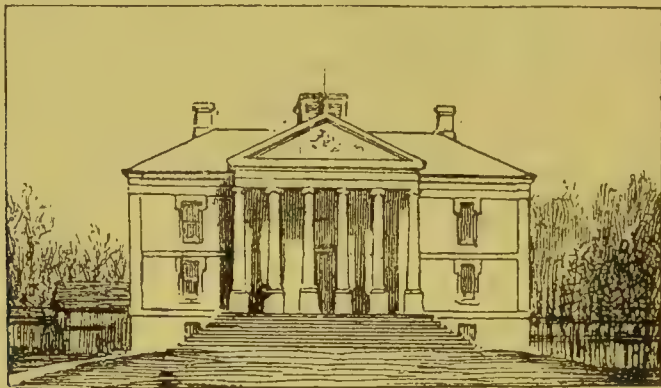
First came off the Austrian Admiral's ball—a magnificent affair in the illuminated garden, with singers from Vienna; then an equally fine ball on board the *Monarch*, my brother Jack Arundell's old ship. Our ball on the same plan as last year, but—once bit, twice shy—at the Jäger.

It is a palatial sort of residence, on the summit of a glorious wood, commanding a view of sea, town, mountains, and woods, and when illuminated with coloured lamps, Bengal lights, and electric light, was like the last scene of a pantomime. It contains a ball-room that would easily hold a thousand people, refreshment-room, large supper-rooms, a gallery for orchestra, and several cloak-rooms. There is a terrace all round it, and gardens. So we were not dependent on the weather, nor the police, nor the peasants, and the grounds were illuminated just the same for people to walk in, fireworks, etc. Our cordon of police this year behaved very well, and were under an Inspector. We all thoroughly enjoyed it, and the cotillon was a splendid fantasía, as it generally is in Austria. The next day, was my last *fête* for the animals, and at night the opera. The Captains of the ships gave a dinner to Richard and me at Opçina.

Then came the Emperor's dinner at Miramar, a dance on board the *Inflexible*. We had a splendid ball on board the *Teméraire* (Captain, now Admiral, Nicholson, who was an immense favourite with everybody), and on the 23rd they all left, to our great regret. Mr. Aubertin and Richard went to Zara, to Salona, and Spalato, and came back on the 4th of July, and then we went up to stay at the Jäger instead of Opçina, when, having deposited them there, I went back to change house.

For several days, long processions of carts were going up to the new house, and Blanche and I and the servants worked for a month, but on the 8th of July we were able to sleep in our new place, and it was fit for Richard to come into on the 16th of July, 1883. Our new residence was one of those old Palazzone which the Italians used to build in the good old time; but it so happens it was built by an English merchant, as in old days there were English merchant-princes here, but they have long since died out. It had a good entrance, so that you could drive your carriage into the hall; and a marble staircase took you into the interior, then a very mean staircase of stone took you up to the rooms; the large ones were magnificent in size, and there were twenty of all sorts. The air, the light, was delicious, and the views, had they been in England, would have had express trains to see them. One showed you the City

and Adriatic at your feet; one looked out on the open sea, this being a wooded promontory; one on an arm of the sea, a little gulf that looked like a lake surrounded by mountains, dotted with churches, spires, and little villages; and the other looked into gardens and orchards, dotted with villas. A peasant's house close to ours (about which there had been some litigation) bore a squib painted on the lintel by a wag of that time—"Carta, canta, villan dorme" ("Sing, paper; the peasant sleeps"). We also had a very large garden, and *campagna* (orchard) below it, wherein one could take a very tidy walk, and it overlooked the gulf in which the Austrian fleet always anchors. This was a far better home for Richard (ailing), for getting up and down stairs, for sitting in the garden, and for air, being in the hot summers eight degrees cooler than the City. He unfortunately, however, would have no bedroom, except the biggest room



HOUSE WHERE BURTON DIED.

in the house—so large that he could divide it into four parts, sleeping in one, dressing in another, writing in another, and breakfasting in another; but it looked direct to the north, it received the full force of the *Bora*, it never saw the sun, and though in winter it was thoroughly well warmed, everything got damp there, arms rusted, and so forth, and it was not until we had been there for four years that I was able to persuade him to change his abode to the best room in the house, the second largest on the other side of the house, which looked to the south and the west. I always feel that his malady would not have made such rapid progress if he would have listened to that arrangement at first.

We swam and bathed all the summer; but Richard and I found for the first time that it did not agree with us, and that our long swimming days were over. I was playing with a little puppy in early August which bit me in play, and drew blood, but in a couple of days I woke with headache and very sick, and shooting pains all

up the arm, and we thought I had got hydrophobia. The arm was swelled, scarlet, very painful, and I felt light-headed. I sent for a doctor, who examined the bite, and found I had been bitten by a scorpion, of which our new house was full, just in the same place that the tooth of the dog had broken the skin. He rubbed in laudanum. I had several doses of bromide of potassium, and got all right. I was stung three times after that, which produced the same effect; but we soon exterminated the scorpions.

We used to read and write a great deal in the garden, and very often used to spend the greater part of the day there.

We went over to Monfalcone to get rid of Richard's flying gout, and Miss H. E. Bishop again came to stay with us, and we had a charming time at Dr. Gregorutti's villa and museum, and afterwards at Aquileja close by. Miss Bishop and I were delighted; but we had to hang back a little, because there was an old gentleman staying at Aquileja who did not know Richard, and he was teaching him very elementary science and ancient history in the museum, as if he were a little boy of five; and Richard was such an awfully kind man, and had such a respect for age, that he listened with as much gravity and respect as if he really were five; but he did not dare to turn round and look at us. We then had a visit from Mrs. Moore, the Consul's wife from Jerusalem. We went in to Trieste to receive Sir E. Malet; and then we made a little pilgrimage to Henri V.'s tomb at Gorizia, and the monks gave me a bit of wood off the coffin of Charles V. Richard got much better, we returned home, and Lord Campbell arrived.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MISCELLANEOUS TRAITS OF CHARACTER AND OPINIONS.

I AM afraid all this "gup," as Richard would call it, will be considered rather light and frivolous about places so well known, but I want to give every word my husband has said about his life, and where I think he has forgotten anything, I like to put it in afterwards. I am afraid of its reading in a jerky style, for a friend, who one day sat in a corner when we were collaborating on one of his big tables, wrote the following specimen of us as we were beginning our work :—

"BURTONS—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"*He.* Bless (*sic*) you, I say hold your tongue! Who wants *your* opinion?"

"*She* (in a smaller voice). Oh, it is all very well, but you know you are like an iron machine, and I do all the wit and sparkle.*

"*He.* Oh, I dare say—the sparkle of a superannuated glow-worm. (Then both roared with laughter, and writing is suspended for several minutes.)

"*She.* Now then, go on, old iron-works, and have the first say."

(This is really the way most of our works, when collaborating, have been written.)

But I have a greater object than this. I want to prove to the world, that, though he was far from the sphere suited to his immense talent and services, which he had richly earned from the Governments that threw him away, his life was as happy as it could be made *under the circumstances*. It was not the being chained to a hard barren rock, as is generally represented. If the Governments had shown their appreciation of his services, had placed him where he ought to have

* This was a little bit of "chaff," because he was so afraid of saying too much about himself, that he often made it heavy with knowledge and science, and suppressed what was interesting as to his own share in the matter quoted.—I. B.

been placed, I believe I may say he would not have had a sorrow in the world. It is true that the climate was bad—all our climates were—but once gout had laid hold of him, it pursued him in *every* climate, good and bad, and he suffered much. Indeed, it was one of our pet jokes that we were so inured to bad climates that we were generally ill in good ones.

I do not forgive the Governments for this, and less the Conservative, for which he worked so hard; but they were merciful about "leave." He did not owe to them a penny of the money that enabled him to do what he liked, go where he would, have what he liked, and have the best of loving care, both wifely and medical, all his last years. He had to give half his pay to his Vice-Consul when absent, and so it suited all round, but it galled him to have to ask for leave, and if they could make no better use of him, they should at least have let him go on full pay in 1886, when he had served them forty-four years, and felt his breaking-up coming on. The only comfort I find in the blow dealt him, about not getting Marocco, is, that I fear shortly after he would have become unequal for the post, and I know that quite latterly he was not able for more than he did.

He only made four attempts to better his official life after his career was broken by recall from Damascus, and they were at the latter end of his life. One was to be made a K.C.B., in 1878; the second in 1880, to be appointed Commissioner for the Slave-trade in the Red Sea—that was ten years before his death; one to succeed Sir John Drummond-Hay in Marocco, 1885—when that was refused him, in his heart he threw up the Service, though necessity kept him on; and in 1886 his last appeal was to be allowed to retire on his full pension.

There seems to have been all along, during my husband's life, an impression that he was always craving for Government honours, and complaining of neglect. This is absolutely untrue. He was too proud, too manly, too philosophic. He was profoundly silent on the subject. It was I who did it, I who asked, I who made interest, and left no stone unturned to get him advanced to his proper deserts, not from a mean vanity, nor selfish ambition, but because I saw all these long years, with deep pain, what all the world knows and acknowledges *now*, his true merits and great work; the true hero, abandoned and forgotten, so surely as Gordon was, silently eating his heart out by a foreign fireside, with a craving for England and his fellow-men as strong as Byron's. I alone am to blame, if blame there is; and in those days the Press backed me. What harm would it have done the Service, or the Foreign Office, to have given him his last four crippled years, with his pension? This reproach has

been thrown in our teeth by successful people who ought to have had better taste.

As I said before, a man presents different characters to his wife, to *his* family, to *her* family, to his lover, to his men-friends, to his boon-companions, to the public. Now I have often, in the early days of my married life, watched with great interest and astonishment things that in after life I became quite used to. My husband, whose character naturally quite expanded with me in the privacy of our domestic life, became quite another man the moment anybody else entered the room. He was very natural with my immediate family, my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and one or two of my uncles, so that they would describe him very much in the same terms that I do. With his own family he was, again, quite a different man, so that they saw him in another light. With the few friends—and you could count them on the fingers of one hand—with whom he chose to be *really* intimate, he expanded to a certain amount; to all those he really liked he was a first-rate and staunch friend. With his boon-companions he was the centre of attraction. He would sit in the middle of them, and by his gaiety, brilliant conversation, and sound knowledge, fascinate the whole room, but to the world in general he seemed to wear a mask. He would throw out his quills like a porcupine, and somebody remarked they seemed to become harder every year.

When we were staying with my father, of whom he was particularly fond, he would always sit by him at meals. My father kept very open house, and intimates used to flock in at meal-times. Sometimes, when he would be in a full flow of spirits and gaiety, some outsider would walk in. He would stop suddenly, and his face become like a mask, and my father at first used to ask me, "What is the matter? Is Dick offended? Doesn't he like So-and-so?" and I said, "Oh no; that is his usual habit when a stranger comes in, and he will be like that until he knows him; and if he does not like him he will be always like that to him, and if he is nice he will thaw." He seemed to have a horror of any one seeing the inside of him, and if he was caught saying or doing anything good, he would actually blush, and hide it as if he had been caught committing a crime.

In married life we quite agreed about most things, and one was that complete liberty took off all the galling chain, popularly attributed by men to the monotony, dreary respectability, and conventionality of the usual British home circle, which frightens so many men from entering into matrimony, and which forms the antidote to the cosiness, companionship, and security of home, to two

people who understand each other; consequently, whenever he showed a tendency to wander, and to go without me, though I was overjoyed when I was told I might go, I never restricted him. I provided every imaginable comfort for him; I transacted all his business at home, so that he might feel that he had left his second self, that nothing would go amiss when he was away. When he returned, he got a warm and joyous welcome, and was asked no questions. He told me what he liked, at his own sweet will, and I knew that he always returned to me with pleasure. He smoked where he liked, he brought whoever he liked into the house, his friends were always welcome, and he knew he need never be ashamed or afraid to ask anybody in to lunch or dinner; in short, his home was his own, and it was comfortable. On my part, I never wanted to go away from him for an hour; but when he sent me, as he often did, on various business for him, I went. But I am glad to think, now that he has gone, that after my business was terminated, no amount of pleasure or engagements, or a need to rest, ever held me back one hour when I might have been with him. I was always on board, or in the train, two hours after the work, whatever it was, was done, but I am equally sure that if I had said to him, "Jemmy, I am hipped, or I am bored, or I want a change," he would have told me to pack up my things and to go off for a week or a fortnight to Paris or London, or anywhere else I liked.

Richard was a most moral and refined man at home in his domestic life. He was not only the best husband that ever lived, but the pleasantest man to live with, and the easiest. He was too large-minded for all the usual small worries and Grundified conventions that form the cab-shafts of domestic life in civilization. He was a man with whom it was possible to combine, to keep up all the little refinements of the honeymoon, which tends to preserve affection and respect, and a halo of romance, which we kept up for thirty years, which is to civilized European life, just what putting one's self on a lower rank than one's husband in Moslem life is in the East—it preserves respect to both man and woman; whilst anything immoral, or cruel, or dishonest called forth his anger and severity.

He was a man who, if he had not practised great self-control, *could* have had a very violent temper; but he had it so completely under him, that I have very seldom seen him in a rage, except, as I say, at anything cruel or unjust, ungentlemanly or immoral. With regard to domestic temper, it is a consolation to me to say that we never had a quarrel in our lives, nor even cross words, although occasionally women-friends worked hard to that effect. I always hold it as a rule that it is the most ungenerous thing a woman can be guilty of

to "nag" a man, because, if he is a gentleman, he is at an utter disadvantage—he can't strike her. I have often seen women nagging at their husbands till I have wondered why they did not knock them down and jump upon them. When we married, I made a promise to myself that I would never do this, and if I ever saw him a little put out about anything, and felt myself getting irritable, I used to go out of the room on some excuse till it had passed, and then come back, and by that time we would begin to chaff about it, and it was all gone. I remember once slamming the door when I went out, and I heard him roaring with laughter.

He never had any mean jealousy, as a little man would have had. If I got any praise he was glad, and when he knew that I had striven my heart out in somebody's service, or for some good, and that I got slighted, as I often did, or a still worse return, he used to be furious, and I always used to have to pretend that I liked it to keep him quiet. In some few cases, let us say in the service of the poor, or in the protection of animals, I was more frequently seen than he was, and some ignorant person would say, "Look, my dear, that is the kind lady's husband;" and he used to roar with laughing, and say, "What a capital joke for me to be known only as 'Lady B.'s husband'!" Then we used to laugh, and I used to pretend to be delighted with my importance.

I am glad to say there was only *one* will in the house, and that was *his*. He was master and mistress both, but, like all great men, he gave *carte blanche* for all little things; but if he once put his foot down, and had he chosen to say black was white, white I knew it had to be. I like that. I was only too lucky to have met my master; I hate a house where the woman is at the helm. Then, like all great men, he was open to reason, and if, after having agreed to his views, I said later on, "I am going to do what you wish, but, before it is too late, what would you think of such a plan?" he would reflect a moment, and if my idea was really good, he would at once say, "Why, of course, I never thought of it; do what you say." But if his way was best, he would say, "No, I have decided."

His kindness of heart, and consideration for other people's feelings, nobody will ever know. In public life, and with his dependents, he was severe, but very just. He was always touched by any show of confidence and trust, and I must say he met it everywhere. He was adored by servants, by children, by animals, and by all people under him—soldiers, sailors, and tribes. When any British subjects were put into prison, and he ascertained that it was unjust or harsh (for instance, as the old man of ninety imprisoned a whole winter at Damascus, deep snow on the

ground, in a narrow cell with scarce bread and water enough to keep him alive, for owing a Jew sixteen shillings which he could not pay, and these things are numerous), he used to go down once a week to the prisons, and let them out on his own responsibility, and let their accusers fight him instead of them. Hence, often complaints to the Home Government against him from the rich and powerful. Once a British sailor in Trieste was put in prison for some drunken lark; he had good-naturedly treated a native soldier to a drink, and when Jack had had enough, the native stole his watch. Jack, naturally, immediately knocked him down and took it from him, so he was locked up. The next day Richard got a very dirty-looking note, on which was written outside, "The Council." The seal was Jack's dirty thumb. Inside was—

"BURTIN,

"i ham hin trobel, kum and let me haout.

"TIM TROUNCER."

Richard was delighted, and immediately went off and got the sailor out, and got the authorities to put the native soldier in his place. I simply give this as an illustration of the manner in which he was trusted and loved.

His mode of study was as follows:—

In *early* life he studied everything till he had passed in it, whether it was medicine, law, theology, or any other branch. In after life he kept his knowledge on a steady platform, studying up all things together to a certain point at so much a day, "raising the platform" (as he called it) equally. He never passed a day without reading up something in one of his twenty-nine languages; hence he spoke them all without difficulty, never mixing them. He then read a good deal, and took notes, and cut any useful and interesting paragraphs from about ten English and four local papers. He used to examine into the meaning and the etymology of words as he went on, with all their bearings and different spellings; he never read hurriedly, passing anything over. He wrote for a certain time in the day at several different tables—a table to each work. He kept himself up in all the passing events of the day, wrote his journal, copied anything that struck him, and at night he always "cooled his head" with a novel. If he were sick he would go to bed for several days—went on the starvation system, banished all business from his mind, and had piles of novels on chairs by his bed. One day he would get up quite well and go to work again. The most remarkable thing about him was, that every man who spoke to him found, that his one specialty was Richard's specialty. It seemed as if there was

nothing that he did not know; and as for hidden things, he seemed to guess them by intuition as if he were a magician.

People will wonder if I tell them of a quality quite unsuspected on the exterior. The older he grew, the greater dislike he had for women who went wrong. He was always civil to them, especially in his own house, but there was a coldness in his manner to them, in contrast to people who were innocent, and he seemed to detect them by instinct. He used to tell me that he inherited this from his father, who in his old age was exactly the same, and if any lady known to have *affaires gallantes* was coming, that he used to turn round to his mother and say, "Mind, Martha! I won't have that adulteress put by me." He was also very indignant if any lady was insulted. He especially disliked a man who boasted of favours received, or let one know in any way about it—he always said such a one was no Englishman; and when he heard that any woman had lost her reputation through being simply kind to anybody, he took her part. He said, "Those are not even the men who 'kiss and tell,' but the men who 'tell and have not kissed.' A man when he really has any affair with a woman, if he is a man, is deadly silent about it." In his journals he has mapped and classified his men into three sorts as regarding their conduct with women:—

"1. The English gentleman who kisses and does not tell.

"2. The snob who kisses and tells, or if he does not actually tell, he insinuates with a smile and a gesture.

"3. Is the lying coward who tells and does not kiss, has never been allowed the chance of kissing, who has a snub to avenge, or who blackmails for money; who forge their own love-letters, and read them not only to their friends, but at cafés and clubs.

"The two last classes were more or less unknown in England till the introduction of so much foreign blood and foreign contact. It never would have occurred to the pure-blooded Englishman. Unfortunately, when men debase themselves by asking ladies for money (there is always something generous in a woman to a man—not to her own sex), they pity them, and are kind to them, and give it to them, instead of doing what they ought to do—ringing the bell and having the man turned out of the house. I have seen more innocent women lose a spotless reputation by those acts of kindness, than others by an illicit love with an English gentleman. When I see a man trying to prove that a woman drinks, or that she is out of her mind, or hysterical, or a liar, if he tells it to me once I may forget it, but if he tells it to me twice I know that that man has got something serious to hide, and that that woman knows his secret. If the man is effeminate, or deformed, or vain, morbid, or craving for notice and sympathy, be sure it is

his own state he describes, and not the woman he runs down, who has snubbed him and knows what he wants to hide."

Of critics and reviewers he wrote as follows :—

"They no longer review books; when they are incompetent they review the author, and if the author's politics and religion do not happen to agree with the office of that paper, it admits scurrilous and personal paragraphs on the authors themselves, bringing up a sort of *dossier* of the author, which would be considered even disgraceful in a trial in a criminal court. Thirty years ago this would never have been allowed. This may amuse the writer, it may excite the reader, but I protest against it. Nothing can be less profitable to an author or a reader than a long tirade of peevish, petulant, personal comment, and unanswerable sneer. This is only used by people who can shelter themselves under an anonymous signature, or a *Critique manqué*, and is quite the mark of a pretender in literature and critical art, and which seldom disfigures the style of a true or able critic."

Much as he disliked unjust or coarse criticism, he delighted in playful bits of chaff like the following from the writer of the *feuilleton* in the *Queen*, the lady's newspaper and Court chronicle. He had simply written to the *Morning Post* a little chaff, telling truly what he had seen at a private Davenport *séance*.

"Oh, R. F. B. ! Oh, R. F. B. !
How can you such a ninny be ?
Why peril a good name and fame
By playing into tricksters' game ?
Why, when all other dodges fail,
Apply your aid to prop a tale
Not half so true as 'Gammer Gurton,'
With such a name as R. F. Burton ?"

"Gaiety," in speaking of *Echo*, said—

"The *Echo* is just a bit wild,
Its par is indeed a hard hitter ;
In fact, it is not drawn mild,
It is a matter of Burton and bitter."

Anent the "Arabian Nights," a young girl says—

"What did he say to you, dear aunt ?
That's what I want to know.
What did he say to you, dear aunt ?
That man at Waterloo !

"An Arabian old man, a Nights old man,
As Burton, as Burton can be ;
Will you ask my papa to tell my mamma
The exact words and tell them to me ?"

There was another capital chaff on his "Lusiads," but I cannot find it.

With regard to flowers, he would go out and bring one little wild flower and put it in a glass of water on his table—sometimes a single leaf. If anybody gave him a bouquet, or brought hothouse or garden flowers and put them under his nose, he would turn away with disgust; and people will no doubt laugh when I tell them that it was a peculiar form of asceticism which ran like a thread (one amongst many) through his life. He learnt singing, but he found his own voice so disagreeable in song he would not go on with it, whilst his speaking voice never had its equal—so soft and deep and attractive, that every one would stop to listen as if it were a sweet-toned bell.

In music he had the finest ear, so that a false note was an agony to him; and he could fully appreciate all Eastern music and gypsy music that would sound tuneless to an English ear, and only loved the minor key. He would go to an opera to hear a new *prima donna*, but he could not abide amateur music, and at evenings at home, if anybody proposed a little music, and a girl got up and nervously warbled a ballad about banks and butterflies, he used to put his hand to his stomach and walk out of the room. He did not allow me to cultivate much music, but if I sang melancholy music in a minor key, in a soft low voice, he would throw open the door even while he was at work.

He was intensely simple in his tastes. I used to busy myself greatly, Martha-like, about making his room extremely comfortable; but the moment I put anything pretty in it, it used to be put in the passage. He liked large plain deal tables, about six feet long and three or four feet broad, with no table-cloth. He would tie a red bandanna on the leg for a penwiper. He liked hard wooden writing-chairs, and to have a great many of these tables—one for each separate work; a small iron bedstead, with iron wove mattress, no sheets, but plenty of English white soft warm blankets. He would have no night-light; but would never have blinds nor shutters drawn, that he might see daylight as soon as possible, and the last of the twilight. His bookshelves were all of plain deal, and each category upon which he was working, was kept separate. He would not have his books and papers touched, and preferred dust and cobwebs to their being moved. His three private rooms contained only books, swords, pistols, and guns, scientific instruments, a few medicines, and plenty of clothes. He loved his old clothes. He would order rows of greatcoats and ulsters, and then go out in a little thin coat to keep himself hardy.

He had a great love for boots, and sometimes had as many as a hundred pairs in the house. I used to implore to be allowed to give his old hats away to the cabmen, and he only laughed immensely at my getting so ashamed of them; but he always had loads of new clothes, and wore the old ones for preference. There was one rather amusing story about a fencing-shoe. He lost one, and he went and asked his bootmaker if he would make him another. He said, "No; he would make him a pair." He took this shoe all over the world, and every bootmaker he saw he asked him to make the odd shoe; but nobody ever would. At last we found out that there is a superstition amongst bootmakers that if they make one boot they die. He tried it for eighteen years and never succeeded, and I have the odd shoe now in remembrance.

He never would keep two of anything. If he had two things of a sort he gave one away, and if he became attached to any particular thing he would give it away—another asceticism—nor would he indulge in any perfume except good eau de Cologne.

With regard to food, he was very fond of what some people would call common things; but no man understood better how to order a dinner, or what to order, and how to enjoy it, especially in Paris. He used to say that French cooking and English materials and a good cellar ought to keep any man alive for a hundred years; but when he could not get these luxuries he preferred, not the demi-semi sort of table with sham *entrées*, but whatever food of the country the natives ate. For instance, in West Africa on the coast, everything was turtle, which abounds. In Brazil it was *feijão* and *farinha*, which *fejoada* was brown beans, covered with a very savoury sauce, and coarse flour (the two mixed up together are delicious); and also a kind of hot-pot, which was kept continually going. In Damascus and all Eastern places it would be *kous-kous*, of which he never tired, and *kabábs*; and in Trieste, *risotto* (a savoury rice dish with lumps of meat thrown about in it), *polenta* (yellow meal made something like a pudding with little birds in it), *ravioli* (Genoese paste), and so on.

But, in fact, in each place that we went to, he used native dishes, native wine, and native smoke, cigars or otherwise, because, as he argued, they were adapted to the climate. So when we came to a pretentious hotel, and he asked for common things—let us say the little black olives—the proprietor would say, "Oh dear, no, Sir; we don't keep such common things as that;" and he used to say, "Then send out sharp and get them." He loved *bácalá* (dried codfish) and *sauerkraut*, but they have both such a horrid smell that I bargained to have them on Saturday, the day after my

reception day (Friday). One thing he could not bear, and that was honey. As some people know that there is a cat in a room, he also could not sit in the room with honey, and knew even if it was kept in the most secret drawer or cupboard. Sometimes after a dinner or lunch I have said to him, "What made you look so uncomfortable?" And he would say, "There was honey in the room, and I thought they would think I was mad if I asked to have it removed; but I felt quite faint."

His great treat of all was a sucking-pig, three weeks old, roasted well with the crackle, stuffing, and apple-sauce; and this was always ordered on our wedding-day and on his birthday.

With regard to what he drank, from the time of Richard's attacks of gout, he stuck steadily to three ounces a day of whisky-and-water during the twenty-four hours. His favourite wine was port—he used to call it the "prince of wines;" but he was not allowed it during the last three years and a half. Champagne he cared but little for. I was so sorry that he could not add, being no longer living, his testimony to Dr. Broadbent, when the discussion was on in the papers about drink in 1891; but I can do it for him now, and confirm it too. In all bad climates—West Africa, India, and elsewhere—when an epidemic such as cholera or yellow fever comes on, the first men to die are the water-drinkers, and when the first virulence has polished them off, it clears off the drunkards, and the only persons left living are the moderate drinkers. This is a positive fact, and anybody who gainsays it, has had no practical experience in very bad climates.

Our days used to be passed as follows:—

Of course, I am not speaking now of the last three and a half years that he was sick and I broken down. In his days of health and strength he suffered from insomnia, and he could not get more than two or three hours' sleep. For the first twenty-two years of my married life, I made our early tea at any time from three to half-past five, according to the seasons (and if I happened to go to a ball I did not find it worth while to go to bed); we had tea, bread and butter, and fruit. Now, if it was a home day, we would set to work first on our journals, then on the correspondence, and then to our literature. I did the greater part of his correspondence by dictation or directions, and then copied for him or wrote *with* him and *for* him. At eleven or twelve, according to the seasons, we had a regular *déjeuner* (lunch), answering to the continental fashion. He would then go to the Consulate or we went for a long walk, or I would do visits or shopping, or look after the Societies of which I was President—it might be for the poor or the animals. If it were summer, we would

take an hour's swim; if it were winter, an hour at the fencing school. In our declining days, in the summer time, we had an hour's *siesta* before beginning new work. At four o'clock a sit-down tea of bread and butter and fruit and jam, at which most of our intimates and our Staff would flock in; and then we would return to our literature till evening dinner, either in garden or house. After dinner we smoked and read, went to bed about ten, and read ourselves to sleep.

Sometimes we were invited out, or invited friends, and this was varied by long excursions, riding, driving, walking, or boating. We generally knew every stick and stone for fifty miles round the place we lived in, and, of course, larger travels or camp life varied again from this. Camp life for me would begin two hours before dawn, when I would see the horses watered, fed, groomed, and saddled, and somebody else the striking of the tents, the packing and loading of the baggage animals. At dawn we started, and we rode until the sun was impossibly hot. We then called a halt, got shade if we could, loosened the girths, watered our beasts and ourselves if possible, fed them and ourselves if we could, and in all cases rested. After about a couple of hours we went on again till sunset. We then bivouacked for the night. If we were amongst any tribes, his diwan was spread, *chibouks* and lemonade were prepared, and he sat in state and received chiefs or notables. I used to walk off with the horses, and went through the whole detail again of changing saddle and bridle for clothing and halter, cooling, watering, feeding, clothing, picketing, and then back to the tent to join the party in a humble and unostentatious manner as would become a young man, *if I were posing as such*—say a son or a dependant.

Once the visits were over we had supper, and to bed, and to-morrow *da capo*.

During our last three and a half years we were both broken down, though I am still alive to tell the tale, and we had to forget what we *used* to do, and train down to what we *could* do; but I look back with comfort and pride on the reflection that during our thirty years of married life we never lost a minute, and that it was all occupied in trying to "soar," and not to "drop." The word always in his mouth was "work, work, work," and his motto always, "Excelsior!"

He had another peculiarity on which he rather prided himself. In his latter years about most things he was excessively open—in fact, I used to be rather surprised and sometimes worried at the way in which he talked quite openly of his plans before utter strangers, and corresponded freely about literature with people he had never seen, and I often think that he came to a great deal of harm that

way, that untrue people were apt to trade upon it ; and, on the other hand, on the things he really felt most, he prided himself on his secrecy, and was very fond of *hiding things*. I used to tell him he was a regular magpie, because in the end he hid them so well that he used to have to come and call me to try and find them.

He used to trust me with the whole of the money, and I rendered him a monthly account, and it amused him immensely to pretend to people that I never allowed him any money, but sent him out with half a crown. Sometimes, when he made a small literary profit, he would hide it away, and it used invariably to get stolen. Once he put away £18 after this fashion, and our cook in our absence let some boy-friend of hers come in to play with the weapons ; the boy poked his nose into all the drawers and found it, and stole it, and after that he did not hide any more.

He never knew how much he had, if he had debts or anything. I managed all that, and used to show him once a month a total of what was spent and what there was to go on with. He liked money for what it would bring, but he was very generous ; he never gave it a thought, and he spent it as fast as he got it. He gave freely. He was born to be rich, and he liked to be thought rich. His own motto which he composed for himself was, "HONOUR, NOT HONOURS;" and his chaff motto for young ladies' albums, and which he would never explain to them, was as follows:—

"Sháwir hunna wa Khálif hunna."

"Consult them (*fem.*) and (do contrary) to them."

It is very curious the ignorance with which he was occasionally met. An educated man from Vienna asked him one day if he had ever been to Africa, and an educated Englishwoman, after living nearly eighteen years with him in Trieste, asked him the same question, and was not aware that he had ever written a book. I think that gives people some idea of his modesty.

He had a great objection *personally* to cremation, although he thought it a clean and healthy thing ; but he said with his usual joke at a serious thing, "I do not want to burn before I have got to ;" and secondly, "When a fellow has been quartered for seven years or more close to a Hindú *smáshán*, or burning-ground, it reminds him so painfully of the unpleasant smell of roast Hindú" (which pervaded his quarters when he was a struggling ensign or lieutenant). He used to carry a stick, which it was a pain to lift, to exercise the muscles of his arms ; his Damascus pipe held a quarter of a pound of tobacco ; his elephant-guns, with which he used to trot about Africa, of twenty-four pounds, which carried a four-ounce ball, I can only just lift ; and, on the other hand, and later on in life, he would

buy such diminutive things that they were almost more fit for a doll's house than for a man.

His handwriting, as everybody knows, was so small as to be almost invisible, and he used jokingly to say that the printers struck work when one of his manuscripts went in. *They* used to make hideous mistakes, and *he* used to abuse them in what he jokingly called "langwidge" all down the margins, and one day a firm sent up a foreman to say that the men declined to go on if they were abused in that manner. I was sent to interview the man, and we both laughed so much we could hardly speak, but he said he would go back and try to pacify them. Richard used always to say that a wee writing, as if done with a pin, betokened a big, strong man; a bold, dashing hand, as if written with the poker, was always a tiny, golden-haired, baby-faced woman.

Sometimes, when people annoyed Richard in little ways, I would say, "Never mind; why do you take notice of such little things?" and he invariably answered, "I am like an elephant's trunk; I can pick up a needle and root up a tree."

In his latter days, though his eyes were as soft and as brilliant and youthful as they could be, he only required spectacles just at the very end to read his own writing or small print, and the oculist found that he had two quite different eyes, which had been complained of in Madame Gutmansthal's picture, showing what a true artist she was. The right required No. 50 convex, and the left eye 14 convex. He turned to me and said, "I always told you that I was a dual man, and I believe that that particular mania when I am delirious is perfectly correct."

He was a man dearly loved by all Eastern races, by children and servants, and animals; he never made a mistake about character, and often when I have been quite delighted with people he has warned me against them, and forbidden me to have anything to do with them. I have never known him wrong in his estimate.

He had a wonderful prescience of things and events, even of those things of which he knew the least. I might quote a little common instance of so trite a thing as the "Argentines." I had some money in Argentines—not much, only a few hundreds—and one day without any rhyme or reason he ordered me to take them out. I thought to myself that if a first-rate lawyer and a first-rate broker put them in, that it must be right, and that Richard, being anything but a business man, could not possibly know anything about it, so I did not write the letter. Six months later he gave me a call; I went into his room. "Did you ever write that letter that I desired you to write, taking your money out of the Argentines?" "No, Jemmy," I said;

“you know you know nothing about business, and it is a good percentage.” He said very sternly, “Go and bring your pen and paper directly, and sit down here, and write it before me, and I will post it myself.” He dictated to me a most imperative letter to my lawyer, desiring him to withdraw the money the moment he received the letter, without stopping to write back any questions. It was done, and my lawyer wrote me back a very aggrieved letter at my want of confidence in the judgment of his broker, and bitterly complained that I had lost £14. I gave it to Richard, who was delighted. A fortnight later the smash came. To show how kind-hearted he is, he called me and said laughingly, “I forbid you to write and taunt your lawyer; I know it is an awful temptation.” He was so extremely punctiliously conscientious in his conduct to other people, so full of kindnesses and consideration for the feelings and peculiarities of other people.

I know that he is appreciated already, but not yet understood. His nobility of nature and chivalry belonged to the Knights of the Middle Ages. His science, erudition, and broad views belong to sixty years hence; his misfortune was not belonging to his Time, and hence the many failures during his life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DECLINE IN OUR WELL-BEING.

END OF 1883.

A CHANGE now came over our circumstances for the worse, and here we begin the last seven years of his life, three and a half years of long gout sicknesses, on and off, without any suspicion of danger, though much suffering, and three and a half years after that, when every moment was a fear. He began now to notice in his journals when he heard the first nightingale, when the first cuckoo note in spring, and for some time past he had noticed the first swallow, and the first flight of swallows, and then their departure, with increasing sadness. For these twenty-two years of our married life I had made, as I said, our morning tea at any time from three o'clock in the morning up to half-past five, and if I came home late from any party, I found it was not worth while to go to bed ; but now he began to have it at six and 6.30. On the 16th Miss Bishop had to go.

We went up very much to Opçina, where Richard got better and could walk. Mrs. Learmouth and family came to Trieste for a while, and then Mr. Steigand came to stay with us, and our old friend and Governor, Baron Pino.

He notices the death of Captain Mayne Reid on the 31st of October.

On the 31st of November Richard really got so bad he alarmed me, for he nearly fainted, and I got the master of the Opçina Inn (Daneu) to help me to bring him down to Trieste, and had rooms prepared on the *other* side of our house ; and about four hours after, in his new warm room, he got perfectly well. It was a curious kind of gout, because he would seem to be in agonies of pain, and after trying no end of things, one would suddenly hit upon something quite simple that took it all away. He was well enough in a day or two to lunch on board the *Bokhara*, and also the P. and O. *Gwalior*. We got tired of consulting doctors, and we sent for the wife of the

Schinder (the dog-slaughterer), who lived up in the forest of Prevald, and was reported to be a wise woman. She said that Richard had *mandrone*, or flying pains. The worst was, that as soon as he was a little bit better he would forget what he had suffered, and commit some little imprudence, like going out in the *Bora*; it was so hard for him to believe he ever could be an invalid.

We went out a great many drives, which did him more good than anything. Sometimes he would pay visits. We used to go to Miramar and sit out in the gardens.

I found the best way was to take him about a great deal to different places. I always contrived that he saw plenty of people, asking amusing people to dine or breakfast. I got then an attack of peritonitis that kept me in bed for a week; fortunately Richard and I were never ill at the same time, and I was up and able to attend him when he got his gout back again.

In the night of the 19th, the Admiralty (situated below our house) took fire, and the roof was burnt out.

We were able also to keep our St. Silvester with the Gutmansthals, but so many people had gone away, that it was not the same as the year before.

On the 6th of December, 1883, he puts the following notice in his journal in red ink:—

“To-day, eleven years ago, I came here; what a shame!!!”

He notices the death of Richard Doyle the 11th of December.

1884.

At this time we were far from being well off, and we were obliged to incur many expenses for Richard's illness; besides which, I hoped he would get change of air. It may be imagined, therefore, that when the news of the death of an aunt by marriage who did not care very much for me, and whom I very seldom saw, reached me that I received the intelligence that she had left me a legacy of £500 with pleasure. All the early part of the year we had a bad time of it. Richard had insisted on going back to the big room, and once he had put on a damp coat. I always think that foreign doctors do not understand English constitutions, which can never stand starving, and they do always starve you. He went on alternately better and worse.

In all these attacks I never left his room, day or night, and I frequently used to disobey orders as to diet. When he was free from pain he was immensely cheerful, and used to laugh like a schoolboy at his doctor, who *would* speak English for the sake of

learning and practising it. "What him eat to-day?" "Pheasant, doctor!" He plunged his hands into his hair as if he were going to tear it all out. "What for you give him the wild?" (German, *das wild*, meaning game). One day after about six months he said, "You sall give him ten drops of rum in a tumbler of water for his dinner!" Peals of laughter came from the sick-bed. "Ach! das ist gut to hear him laugh like dat? Vat for he laugh?" I answered, "Because he gets a brandy-grog fit for a sailor every night, or he would have been a dead man long ago." More tearing of the hair and real displeasure. When he got over that illness he was a veritable skeleton; his legs were like two sticks of sealing-wax.

On the 4th of February Richard lost the use of his legs. After this he got better and better, and we were quite cheerful till the 14th of March. He had been moved on to a divan in the drawing-room, upon which we had made a bed, for change of air. He was so well that I thought I might take a walk in the garden, when a servant came flying after me to tell me that he was faint. I rushed up again, and found him very bad, and sent off for two doctors. They gave him twenty-five drops of digitalis three times at intervals of fifty minutes, and for two days and nights I never left his side. What the doctors had feared was a clot of blood arising to the heart, and I shall never forget the anguish of that time. What it *really* was, though we did not know it then, was flatulence round the heart, which would have been brought away by drinking boiling water; but after two days he was so well that we could wheel him about the house in a chair. The following day he had very bad attacks of the same, and then he seemed to get quite well. He again had one bad attack, and then all was well. From that he rallied wonderfully, and he began to walk.

On the 27th of March he was allowed to go out for a drive, but even that gave him a little fresh cold. He was allowed then to sit in the garden. I had a machine constructed to carry him up and down stairs, and a wheel-chair in the garden, so that he could drive about and get out and walk a few steps with the help of my arm and a stick, if he liked.

We had a present from home of good claret and good port. He was awfully fond of port, and when he got his first glass he said, "Ah! that puts life into a man." Mr. George Paget came, and Mr. and Mrs. Phipps from the Embassy in Vienna, and Mr. Fahie from Persia, and we took drives. Richard was able to tidy his books again. The doctor came for the last time (regularly) on the 8th of April. He then went through a course of sulphur baths in the house.

During this eight months' illness he had had a bad attack of pain, and I had a mattress by his bed, and if he slept, I slept; if he was awake, I was by him; but I had been thirty-six hours on duty, without taking my clothes off, trying to alleviate the pain by various things until he slept. I then threw myself on the mattress and slept a dead sleep, and, as he told me afterwards, he woke up with the pain and groaned, and heard a sleepy voice issuing from my mattress, saying, "Oh, offer it up, dear; offer it up." I was unconscious of all this, but when after some hours I really woke, I thought he was swearing very hard, but at last I distinguished him saying exactly in the same tones as if he were swearing, "Offer it up, dear; offer it up." I asked him what he meant, and then he told me, and he said that he had laughed so much that it had quite done him good, and he often afterwards used this expression instead of rapping out an oath when the pain came.

All this time until the 4th of June, Richard was able to be wheeled out, and to walk and sit in the garden, and to take drives with me. He was very patient, very gentle, and very cheerful too, except when he was actually suffering, and we observed rigidly all the doctor's daily orders, whether sulphur baths or medicines, only reserving the right of plenty of plain wholesome food, and some claret, a very occasional glass of port, a nightly glass of grog, and the very essence of beef by simmering the meat in a jar put into a saucepan of boiling water, or squeezing the meat in a lemon squeezer, and plenty of Brand's strengthening things for invalids. I began to perceive that the drainage left much to be desired, and I was very troublesome to my poor dear landlord, who was a personal friend; but he always stoutly maintained that the smells were in my nose, and that he could not pull down the house to please me, and it was three years before I got what I wanted.

Richard notes with sorrow the death of Admiral Glyn on February 16th.

On the 1st of April, 1884, he began his "Arabian Nights" (Calcutta edition), taking it up from the material already collected with Dr. Steinhäuser thirty years before, and I volunteered to work the financial part of it. His journal shows him to be very sorry for the death of Trübner, of the great publishing house in Ludgate Hill, and also for Charles Reade, the novelist and dramatist, who was a good friend of ours, and who died on April 10th.

On the 15th of April, 1884, we had to call in an amanuensis to begin to copy the "Arabian Nights," as, what with attending Richard night and day, and doing all his correspondence and business, I got no time to copy.



RICHARD BURTON IN HIS BEDROOM AT TRIESTE.

Here he began his "Arabian Nights," 1st April 1824. In this room he died on 20th October 1890.

By Albert Letchford.

In May he obtained leave of absence, but was too weak to leave for a little while after its arrival. An incident happened which it is perhaps silly to relate, but which is uncomfortable when you have sick and dying people in the house. One girl in the house had died of consumption, and my husband was lying ill. The day the girl died, all the bells in the house kept ringing without hands, and continued for about ten days, to our great discomfort, and there were blows on the doors, as if somebody was going round with a stick. We could see the bell-pulls moving, but no hands touching them. It caused the deceased girl's family great fear, and was very uncanny.

We were able to start on the 4th of June. We had a very trying journey to Graz, which is halfway to Vienna; the train was a regular buck-jumper. Richard was quite done up three or four hours before arriving. On getting out he could hardly stand, and his head was whirling. The Hôtel Daniele was only just across the road, and leaning on me he managed to get there; I left the baggage at the station till afterwards. We stayed the whole of the next day to rest him, but had a very miserable time of it, and then went on to Vienna, which he bore very well, for it was a quiet, agreeable journey, but he had had quite enough of it when we arrived at the Erzherzog Karl Hotel.

Colonel Primrose came, and we saw Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, and our friends the Pinos. Two days afterwards Richard began to feel quite different, and he enjoyed so much seeing Sir Augustus and Lady Paget. She is one of the most charming, the cleverest, and most sympathetic of women. We left Vienna on Tuesday, the 10th, by an early train, and he was able to bear a pleasant journey of nine hours to Marienbad, although I must say that the only two objects of interest between Vienna and Marienbad are Prince Schwarzenberg's castle and the storks sitting on their nests on the cottage roof-tops. We went to Klinger's Hotel, and here he rapidly progressed, and went through the cure. We found Miss Bishop here, which was a great pleasure. She took us in hand, and literally drove us out for long walks. Richard was delighted with the wild strawberries, myosotis, buttercups, and daisies, and enjoyed Marienbad very much. I found the Society for Protection of Animals, founded in 1882, very flourishing, and gave the dog-prizes. When we went for the first time on the promenade to hear the band, he looked round for a minute, and said, "My God, what a lot of Jews! Why, the whole of Noah's Ark is turned out here!" And they really did look just like the little figures out of Noah's Ark. Mr. J. J. Aubertin now arrived, so that we were four in party. From here we visited Königswort,

Prince Metternich's place. It was a very pleasant life, strolling about in the forests, reading together, and occasionally having a professor to read German to us, making occasional expeditions, such as to Podhorn and Tepl. We made one excursion to Eger to see the Schloss, and the small interesting collection, which details the whole tragedy of Wallenstein at the Rathhaus.

A very interesting and peculiar person we used always to meet every year, was a second Cuthbert Bede from Oxford, whose real name was Mr. Robert Laing.

On return after the cure, we went back for a few days to Vienna, and then left as if we were returning to Trieste, but descending at Pöltschach, from which is a pleasant drive to Roitsch-Sauerbrunn in Steiermark, where we did a *nach-kur*. This place is not at all well known. There is no town, but there are rows of houses for patients, bathing and drinking places, a good Kur-saal, a Catholic chapel, a good restaurant, a large garden and shady walks running between the two rows of buildings, where the band plays twice a day. It is surrounded by lovely woods and mountains, and a large level country to drive upon. It is very pleasant in summer. You never see any English there, but plenty of Austrians, Italians, Hungarians, Slavs, and Jews. We there had the pleasure of constantly seeing Monsignor Strossmayer, who is an ultra-Slav and a sort of Prince Archbishop, almost a small Pope in his own country. We saw a great deal also of the Baroness von Vay Wurmbbrandt, the great spiritualist. Here we stayed till the 3rd of September, leading the pleasant idle life usual at that kind of bath. We found a bath-chair which accompanied us on all our walks; we drove out, made excursions, and read and wrote under the trees.

There were earthquakes all this month. The next sad thing was that Everard Primrose wrote to ask us to take his passage for Egypt, that he wanted to go to the Soudan; and he came down with Colonel Gerard, stayed a day and a night at Trieste, and we saw them off to join the Camel-corps in the Soudan on the 3rd of October. He promised on his return to stay a fortnight with us, as we had so often stayed with him. We never saw him again. He ought never to have gone; but his high spirit and breeding would not let him be a drawing-room soldier when there was service going on. A delicate man, and accustomed to luxury (especially such a life as that of military *attaché* at Vienna), left him no strength to throw off fever, under such hardships and disadvantages as were his lot, when it took hold of him. Again we went for a short visit to Monfalcone, Duino, and Aquilea.

After having seen all our friends off, we went up to Opçina, where I sent out thirty-four thousand circulars for the "Arabian Nights."

Towards the end of December, Richard had a fresh breaking out of the gout; we found that rubbing him with cod-liver oil did him a lot of good.

1885.

All this January and part of February Richard was ill, and I began to implore him to throw up the Service, and to live where best suited him, even in a small way, as of course we should have been very, very poor, and at any rate, I said, "One winter *may* be an accident, but two winters is a caution; and you must never winter here again." He said, "No; I quite agree with you there; we will never winter here again; but I won't throw up the Service until I either get Marocco, or they let me retire on full pension." And I then said, "When we go home that is what we will try for, that you may retire *now* on full pension, which will only be six years before your time."

We were now writing the index of the "Arabian Nights," I at dictation.

On Thursday, the 12th, I said to him, "Now mind, to-morrow is *Friday, the 13th*; it is our unlucky day, and we have got to be very careful."

But when Friday, the 13th, came, we heard of poor Gordon's death, which had taken place Monday, January the 26th, and they had been keeping it from us. We both collapsed altogether, were ill all day, and profoundly melancholy. I remembered, too, that at the time that Gordon had been sent out, it was a toss up whether Richard or Gordon should go. Richard had just begun to break up (he was fifty-five), and I knew that if he was sent he would get up out of his sick bed to go, and think himself perfectly capable of undertaking the expedition; and I remember writing privately to the Foreign Office, to let them know how ill he was. Richard at that time expressed a hope that they would not send Gordon without five hundred soldiers to back him, and the neglect of this, whether from economy, or whether Gordon refused it, was the sole cause of the failure. Richard could talk of nothing else, and he fretted a great deal about it. In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture of Gordon lying deserted in the desert, his Bible in one hand, his revolver in the other, and the vultures sitting around. When Richard saw it he said with great emotion, "Take it away! I can't bear to look at it. I have had to feel that myself; I know what it is." But the more the news came in, the less he believed in Gordon's death, and he died believing

that Gordon (disgusted at the cruel treatment of being abandoned to his fate) had escaped by the missing boat, and would come out Congo-wards, but that he would never let himself be rediscovered, nor reappear in England—and Gordon was quite the man to do it.

Spring comes very soon in Trieste, and we were able to sit and walk out a great deal in the garden. We now had a very nice telephone, which put *us* in comfortable communication with the whole of the City, and it was very useful, as we lived out of and above it.

One morning in April I had a letter, a very cheerful one, from Everard Primrose, to say that he expected to be back in April, as he was very seedy, and that he would come and stay with us for a fortnight *en route* home. I was just preparing his room, and looking round to see if I could do anything to make it prettier, when a telegram was put into my hand announcing his death. Richard and I were both terribly cut up, and we did not go for a very long time to Vienna, for we had lost our best friend there, and it would have made it too melancholy. On the 9th of May he rejoices that Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Director of Public Accounts in Egypt, is made a K.C.M.G., as "he married the elder daughter of our dear friend Lord Houghton," adding, "Dear old fellow, how pleased he will be!"

Richard having obtained "leave" (after a second attack of gout), and as I was the proud possessor of £500, we started gaily for London on the 19th of May, and went on board the *Tarifa* for Venice; it was a Cunarder. Here we saw a great number of friends, and met Lord Lytton at Lady Layard's. We were neither of us well, in different ways, and Richard was ordered to go by sea, and I by land; so, after a couple of days at Venice, I saw Richard off in the *Tarifa* for Liverpool, and I prepared to come over the Mont Cenis to London.

Now, we had come to London partly for Richard's health, and partly to bring out the "Arabian Nights." The translating, writing, and correcting devolved upon him; the copying fell to a lady amanuensis; the financial part devolved upon me. It was said that there was no room for a new edition, but every previous edition was imperfect, and mostly taken from Professor Galland's French version, made a hundred and eighty years ago, and adapted for civilization. This in itself was an abridgment, and turns a most valuable ethnographical work into a collection of fairy tales. Mr. Torrens was the nearest to the original, but he only got as far as fifty tales. Mr. Lane, whose works are so popular, has only given us half the tales, and he substituted

popular fairy tales. Mr. John Payne was excessively good, but he was limited to five hundred copies, and his profession forbade his being quite so daring as Richard.

Richard's object was not only to produce an absolutely literal translation, but to reproduce it in an absolutely Arabian manner. He preserved the strict divisions of the Nights, he kept to the long unbroken sentences in which the composer indulged. Being perfect master of both languages, he could imitate the rhythmic prose which is a characteristic of the Arabic. He furnished it only to scholars, and at a prohibitive price. He gave a most literal rendering of the Oriental phrases and figures. Richard called it the "Walling of the Horizon," the orientation being strictly preserved, instead of being Anglicized. The choicest phrases, the sacred preservation of them, speaks for itself. He kept the swing, the wave of Arab poetry, which one can only liken in its melancholy to the sound of an Æolian harp balanced on a tree-branch. He loved his work, and he was sorry when it was finished.

In many of the stories of other translators, he used to say, "the very point which enables you to understand the action is left out, because the translator was afraid of Mrs. Grundy. Arab ideas of morality are different from European, and if we are to understand the Arabs, and if the 'Nights' are to be of any value from an anthropological point of view, it can only be written as I have written it. I think it is such a disgrace that our Rulers should rule so many million Easterns, and be as ignorant of them as if they lived in a far-away planet; and it is to give *them* a chance of knowing what they are about, that I leave this legacy to the Government. I have not only preserved the spirit of the original, but the *mechanique*. The metrical portion has been very difficult, because Arab poetry is quite different to English. An Arab will turn out sentence after sentence before he comes to his rhyme.

"I don't care a button about being prosecuted, and if the matter comes to a fight, I will walk into court with my Bible and my Shakespeare and my Rabelais under my arm, and prove to them that, before they condemn me, they must cut half of *them* out, and not allow them to be circulated to the public."

Richard then found that it was a popular idea that "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" belonged to the "Arabian Nights," whereas they do not, and he found a collection of similar tales sufficient to produce six Supplemental volumes. At first I rather objected to his risking the "Arabian Nights," from a passage written by himself in his "First Footsteps in East Africa," page 36—

“When Arabs are present, I usually recite or read a tale from ‘The Thousand and One Nights,’ that wonderful work so often translated, so much turned over, and so little understood at home. The most familiar book in England, next to the Bible, it is one of the least known, the reason being that about one-fifth is utterly unfit for translation; and the most sanguine Orientalist would not dare to render literally more than three-quarters of the remainder, consequently the reader loses the contrast—the very essence of the book—between its brilliancy and dulness, its moral putrefaction and such pearls as—

‘Cast the seed of good works on the least fit soil;
Good is never wasted, however it may be laid out.’

And in a page or two after such divine sentiment, the ladies of Baghdad sit in the porter’s lap, and indulge in a facetiousness which would have killed Pietro Aretino before his time.” (This was written in 1855, thirty years before.)

But, on his explaining to me his new idea about its usefulness, its being so good for the Government, I was glad, and I helped him in every way I possibly could. It was also agreed, in order to secure him against piracy, and in order not to limit to a thousand people what the many should enjoy, that they should not lose this deep well of reading and knowledge, beside which the flood of modern fiction flows thin and shallow, that I should reproduce all my husband’s original text, excluding only such words as were not possible to put on the drawing-room table. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, jun., helped me a little, so that out of the 3215 original pages, I was able to copyright three thousand pages of my husband’s original text, and only exclude two hundred and fifteen. Richard forbade me to read them till he blotted out with ink the worst words, and desired me to substitute, not English, but Arab Society words, which I did to his complete satisfaction. The language is so wonderful, the expression so graceful, the rendering of thought as well as words so accurate, the poetry so fresh and charming. Orientalists tell me that they learnt more Orientalism by these volumes than by years of hard study, and that it greatly facilitated their study of Arabic. He translated from the Calcutta edition, the Boulak, the Hindostani, and the Breslau. The Wortley Montagu manuscript was refused him by the Bodleian Library, even under the charge of Dr. Rost, but he got one in Paris.

Richard said that “a student of Arabic, who reads the ‘Nights’ with his version, will not only be competent to join in any conversation in Arabic, but to read the popular books and newspapers, and to write letters to his friends; he will also possess a *répertoire* of Arab manners and customs, beliefs and practices, which are not

found in books. My endeavour was to give them the original text without detracting from its merits." This grand Arabian work I consider my husband's "Magnum Opus;" it is a masterpiece; it is the real thing, not the drawing-room tales which have been *called* the "Arabian Nights" for so long. The home student can realize what the Arab is, and understand those people, Egyptians, Syrians, and others, of whose "life behind the scenes" Britons know so very little.

We had no reason, in a financial point of view, to regret our venture. A publisher offered Richard £500 for it, but I said, "No, let me do it." It was seventeen months' hard work, but we found (no matter how) the means of printing and binding and circulating. We were our own printers and our own publishers, and we made between September, 1885, and November, 1888, sixteen thousand guineas, six thousand of which went towards publishing, and ten thousand into our own pockets; and it came just in time to give my husband the comforts and luxuries and freedom that gilded the five last years of his life. When he died there were four florins left, which I put in the poor-box.

WHAT ALL THE WORLD SAID.

Athenæum, February 6th, 1886.

"TO RICHARD F. BURTON.

"On his Translation of the 'Arabian Nights.'

"Westward the sun sinks, grave and glad; but far
Eastward, with laughter and tempestuous tears,
Cloud, rain, and splendour as of Orient spears,
Keen as the sea's thrill toward a kindling star
The sundawn breaks the barren twilight's bar
And fires the mist and slays it. Years on years
Vanish, but he that hearkens eastward hears
Bright music from the world where shadows are.

"Where shadows are not shadows. Hand-in-hand
A man's word bids them rise and smile and stand
And triumph. All that glorious Orient glows
Defiant of the dusk. Our twilight land
Trembles; but all the heaven is all one rose,
Whence laughing love dissolves her frosts and snows.

"ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE."

As soon as Richard arrived, in June 1885, he put himself under Dr Foakes, in South Street, for gout. On the 29th of June there was a meeting at the University of London. Richard and Mr. James, the African traveller, spoke.

The first volume of the "Arabian Nights" came out on the 12th of September, 1885, and the sixteenth volume, the last of the supplementals, on the 13th of November, 1887; thus in a period of three years we had produced twenty-two volumes—the ten originals, the six supplementals, and my six volumes, *i.e.* so-called mine.

On the 21st of October, 1885, he applied for Marocco, hearing that Sir John Drummond-Hay was about to retire, and it was the one thing he had stayed on in the service, in the hopes of getting. His letter was as follows :—

“MY LORD,

“Having been informed that Sir John Drummond-Hay proposes retiring from Marocco, I venture to think that your Lordship will consider that my knowledge of Arabic, and of the East, perhaps would make me a suitable successor to him. I need hardly remind you that, during a term of twenty-five years in the Consular Service, I have never received a single step of promotion, nor, indeed, have I ever applied for it.

“I am, etc.,

“RICHARD F. BURTON.”

This was backed up by about fifty of the best names in England, and it seemed as if it was as good as promised to him.

On the 21st of November Richard started for Marocco in Forwood's steamer *Mequinez*, from St. Katherine's Wharf. I accompanied him on board. He was advised to go, and to leave me to bring out some volumes of the “Arabian Nights.” I brought out up to No. 7, which were corrected ready for press, and joined him in January. He had for fellow-passengers the Perdicaris family of Tangier, and Mrs. Leared, wife of a former friend, Dr. Leared, Fakhri Bey, and others. It seems to have been squally. They were eight days getting to Gibraltar. At Gibraltar he saw Mr. Melford Campbell, who was full of the lost treasure in Vigo Bay. He thought he alone knew the secret of where the lost treasure was, and he was too jealous to combine with Richard in raising the means of finding it. Seeing that, Richard drew back, and whatever secret there was on his side, perished with him, as he died some time after. On the 30th Richard arrived at Tangier.

His journals do not show him to have been very taken with Marocco. Before he had been there two days, everybody ran to him with all their little political intrigues and private spites. There did not seem to be two people in the place who really liked or trusted one another. The principal house to go to for grandeur was, of course, Sir John Drummond-Hay's; but the only really enjoyable house was Perdicaris', who had a semi-European, semi-Oriental establishment, and the Oriental part was a dream. He painted very beautifully, was very talented, and his devotion to his wife was ideal. In December Richard found the air simply splendid. However, he was not long in Tangier before he began to feel gouty again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OUR LAST APPEAL.

1886.

I was to have started, by Richard's orders, soon, but I got a telegram from him saying there was cholera, and that I could get no quarantine at Gibraltar, and should not be allowed to land. But I at once telegraphed to Sir John Adye, who was then commanding at Gibraltar, and asked if he would allow a Government boat to take me off the P. and O. and put me straight on the Marocco boat; and received a favourable answer, to my great relief. I wanted to get to Richard for our silver wedding.

At last the business for which I was left behind permitted me to start, and I wished my dear father good-bye, as my husband had done; but, though I left with a great misgiving, I entertained a strong hope that I should see him again—as the doctors assured me I should. I went down to Gravesend, and embarked on one of the floating palaces, the P. and O. *Ballarat*. The Bay was bad, and I was delighted with the pluck of my Italian maid Lisa, who had never been at sea before. Her eyes got bigger and bigger as she looked through the closed porthole, and she kept saying, "There is such a big one (wave); we *must* go down this time." She would hardly believe my laughing and saying, "Oh no, you won't! You will float like a duck over it in a minute—we always do that here." The amusing part was her scorn of the Triestines when she got back, when she used to say, "Sea! do you call *that* a sea? Why, the waves are no bigger than the river in England."

About four days from England the weather was delightful. We steamed into "Gib." at seven a.m. Richard came off in a boat, wearing a fez, and Captain Baker kindly came for me also with a Government launch, into which Richard changed. We called on Sir John Adye to thank him, and on a great many other friends, and we went to S. Rocca. We had a delightful dinner at Sir John Adye's, and met everybody.

I was very glad to arrive at Gibraltar, and to be with Richard, for in my opinion he did not look at all well, being very puffy in the

face, and exceedingly low-spirited; but he got better and better, as he always did as soon as he was with me.*

On the 5th of February, 1886, a very extraordinary thing happened—it was a telegram addressed “Sir Richard Burton.” He tossed it over to me and said, “Some fellow is playing me a practical joke, or else it is not for me. I shall not open it, so you may as well ring the bell and give it back again.” “Oh no!” I said; “I *shall* open it if you don’t.” So it was opened. It was from Lord Salisbury, conveying in the kindest terms that the Queen, at his recommendation, had made him K.C.M.G. in reward for his services. He looked very serious and quite uncomfortable, and said, “Oh! I shall not accept it.” I said, “You had better accept it, Jemmy, because it is a certain sign that they are going to give you the place” (Tangier, Marocco).

On the 28th of January, having been co-founder and President of the Anthropological Institute, he was now made Vice-president, in consequence of being always absent abroad.

This is the account he gives of Tangier in his journal:—

“It is by no means a satisfactory place for an Englishman. The harbour town was in the same condition as Suez was during the first quarter of the nineteenth century; and it was ruled by seven diplomatic kinglets, whose main, if not sole, work or duty was for each and every one to frustrate any scheme of improvement, or proposal made by any colleague or rival ruler. The capabilities of the place were enormous, the country around was a luxuriant waste awaiting cultivation, and all manner of metals, noble and ignoble, abounded in the adjacent mountains—the maritime Atlas. The first necessity was a railroad connecting the seaboard with Fez, the capital; but even a telegraph wire to Gibraltar, although a concession was known to have been issued, had not been laid, apparently because the rate of progress would have been too rapid. The French were intriguing for a prolongation of the Algerine railways; the Spanish sought possession of one or two more ports, as a basis of operations. The Italians kept their keen eyes ever open for every chance. Even Portugal remembered his Camoens, and his predictions about this part of the world. The Germans were setting all by the ears, and we English confined ourselves to making the place a market for supplying Tommy Atkins with beef. The climate in winter is atrocious for one seeking dry desert air. More than once it has rained three days without intermission; once it has snowed. Tangier is but the root of a land-tongue projecting north between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, hence both east wind and west wind are equally disagreeable. It is a Sommer-Frisch for Gibraltar; briefly, it is a Desert within cannon-shot of Civilization.”

* It might be remarked, “Why did he ever leave me behind?” Sometimes it was a press of double business, requiring two people in different places, but mostly it was lack of money. If there was enough for one, he went; when there was enough for two, we both went.—I. B.

We crossed over to Marocco in the *Jebel Tarik*, and a very curious journey it was. It was a flat-bottomed cattle tug, only fit for a river. The sea was exceedingly heavy. The machinery stopped, they said, for want of oil; seas washed right over, and she rolled right round in the water, so that it was a passage of five hours instead of two. It actually snowed—a thing that the natives had never seen within the memory of man, and quite alarmed them. The Sharifah called on me; she was the Englishwoman who married the Sherif some years ago.

We made delightful excursions both in Marocco and about Gibraltar. We saw a great deal of Sir John and Lady Drummond-Hay, who was a very sweet woman, and their charming daughter, Miss Alice Drummond-Hay. We thought the Embassy a miserable little house, after the Palazzone at Trieste. The streets were muddy and dirty, all uphill, all horribly stony, like Khaifa. I thought the people in Tangier itself, looked poor, miserable, dirty, diseased, and trodden down, and you must go out very far to find anything like a fine race. After Damascus, and all the other Eastern places I had seen, I thought it horrid, and was sorely disappointed—I had heard it so raved about; but I would willingly have lived there, and put out all my best capabilities, if my husband could have got the place that he wanted, and for which I had employed every bit of interest we had on his side or mine to obtain, but in vain. I sometimes now think that it was better so, and that he would not have lived so long, had he had it, for he was decidedly breaking up. The climate did not appear to be the one that suited him, and the anxiety and responsibilities of the post might have hurried on the catastrophe that happened in the following year, 1887. It was for the honour of the thing, and we saw for ourselves how uneasy a crown it would be.

He remarks in his journal—

“My wife and I left the foul harbour-town, the ‘Home of Dulness,’ and passed a pleasant week at the ‘Rock,’ enjoying the hospitable society of our fellow-countrymen. I failed in certain *pour-parlers* concerning the treasure-ship sunk in Vigo Bay. The officer who claimed to know the true position was unduly cautious, and the right was his, more than mine. I endeavoured, but again in vain, to excite some local interest in the ruins of Karteia, the Biblical Tarshish, famed for ships. A local antiquary had made a charming collection of statuettes, and other works of Greek art, by scraping the tumuli which line the two banks of the Guadarrangua, *alias* First River, and which now represent the magnificent docks described by Strabo. He could not but remark the utter inadequacy of the defences, so famed throughout the civilized world. Fifty years ago they might have been sufficient, but

now they have fallen long behind the age, and could not defend themselves against a single ironclad. The fact is now generally recognized.

"We embarked in ugly weather on board the Cunarder s.s. *Saragossa*; she was a staunch old craft, but heavily top-laden with timber and iron works for a dock at Puzzuoli: the beams lashed and clamped to the bulwarks, and the metal loosely stowed away below. A rapidly falling barometer, a wind changing to every quarter, and a fearfully stormy sky, warned us that a full gale was raging in the Gulf of Lyons; it should be called the 'Lion's Gulf.' The sailors explain this in their own way. As in the Suez sea-jinns have been jailed, so here evil spirits have been laid by the priests, who, however, cannot boast of success in preventing their doing terrible damage. Huge seas washed over the deck, the galley was swamped, and there was a whisper that the boats were being prepared. However, in thirty hours the squall blew itself out, and the *Saragossa*, with a nasty cant to starboard, steamed into the fine new port of Genoa, self-styled the *Serpent*. After two days' rest, the cargo being reorganized, the good ship resumed her way, and passing by Ischia, where the ruins of the earthquake were dreadful to look upon, landed us at Naples.

"The old saying, 'Vedi Napoli e poi morir,' has now assumed a new and fatal significance; bad drainage has bred typhus fever, which has made the Grand Hotels along the shore the homes of death. We had time to pay a visit to Pompeii, which since my time is utterly cockneyfied. In olden days you engaged a carriage and a guide, and passed in and out of the ruins just as you pleased. Now there are barriers and tolls, and taxes, licenced *ciceroni*, and Cockney inn crowded with ruffianly drivers. Inside the *enceinte*, prudishness reigned supreme, and wooden doors are closed in the face of all feminines, before certain frescoes. My wife found an object in a church in which she had for many years interested self, Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompeii, a rich basilica erected on the site of a pagan temple.

"At Naples, my wife, having had a bad fall through the washing away of the ladder between the upper and lower decks, had hurt herself terribly. She was already not well enough to risk any shaking, when, to my horror, I saw something which I took to be a large feather pillow roll lightly into the timbers below. I saw several people rush to pick it up, and, to my horror, found it was my wife. She seemed stunned for a minute, and then she was so frightened that I should be uneasy, that she just shook herself and said she was all right; but at Naples it was evident that she had damaged herself, so that when our time was up I made her continue her journey by land, whilst I, who thoroughly enjoyed the sea, rejoined the ship."

Whilst we were there, the Italian Minister came in in proper style in an Italian frigate, with eighteen guns salute from the ship, and

the fortress answering. We received a great deal of hospitality in Tangier, which we enjoyed very much. The *Grappler*, Captain Cochrane, came over, and Colonel (now General) Buckle, commanding the Royal Artillery at Gibraltar. All good things come to an end, and the day came round to recross to Gib., but this time in a *Trans-atlantique*, and Captain Baker again kindly sent a Government launch to meet us, as it was very rough. We immediately called on Sir John and Lady Adye, Lord and Lady Gifford, and Colonel Buckle. We made acquaintance with a quantity of nice people, found Sir Allen Young there, and enjoyed a very charming week. On departure, Captain Baker kindly took us in his launch to our ship, the Cunard (for Mediterranean) *Saragossa*, Captain Tutt.

We did not like the cabin, nor the ship, nor the food; it was regularly roughing it *for invalids*. There was no doctor, a disobliging stewardess, no baths, very little water to wash with, one towel. No resort for bad weather; you had either to lie in your berth, or sit bolt upright in the saloon. No room to walk because of the cargo, as we were laden with iron and wood for a pier at Puzzuoli, near Naples; and besides the hold being full, the deck was also full, and it was even lashed to the sides. There was no ventilation below, because it was bad weather.

We had a first-rate captain and nice officers, and they and the boy-stewards did all they could to make us comfortable. As our cabin was over the screw, three gentlemen good-naturedly changed with us. Now, there was a new moon and an eclipse, and bad weather sprung up in the night. There was a tremendous nor'-wester in the Gulf of Lyons; the galley was swamped, heavy seas swept over us every minute, the iron cargo got loose in the hold and was rolling about, and we had an ugly slant to starboard—in fact, one's cabin was all uphill.

Richard was knocked down twice, and had a very heavy fall on head and forehead and shins. The coal-bunks caught fire, we shipped seas into the saloon, and it seemed at one time as if the boat on the port side would come into the saloon skylight. I shall never forget his kindness and tenderness to me in that gale.

If the cargo of timber lashed to the sides had behaved ill, it would have torn away the bulwarks, and bumped a hole in the ship. The captain was thirty hours on the bridge, and I never saw a man look so used-up as he did next day; and how relieved he was—and we all were—when we came into Genoa, looking in an awful plight! We knew that they would stay there a bit, and we bolted at once for the hotel. One never forgets the good bath and bed and the clean

food that greets one on these occasions. Sailors always say that some priest, in exorcising a devil, has laid him in the Gulf of Lyons, and from that time forth I have believed it.

We had a delightful forty-eight hours at Genoa, excepting that I went to call on a very dear old friend, and found that she had died, and that I had never heard of it; and, to my great surprise, who should I see mooning about but Miss Alice Bird (Dr. Bird's sister, of 49, Welbeck Street, our great friends), and I carried her off at once to the hotel, and thence to the ship to see us depart, as we had to continue our journey. It was blowing very hard when we arrived at Leghorn. Richard had caught cold, so we did not go ashore, but amused ourselves with buying the pretty alabaster rubbish that peddlers bring on board. Half of the companion ladder between the upper and lower deck had been washed away, and I, being unaware of it, got a heavy fall amongst the timber and hurt myself.

It was fearfully cold, blowing off bleak snow mountains. We were delighted with Vesuvius, throwing up flames, and streams of red lava pouring down her sides. We went at once to a hotel, and went over to Pompeii, which we enjoyed immensely. We found Lady Otway there, made acquaintance with all the Society, and saw everything in and about Naples. My fall had hurt me so much that Richard would not let me go on in the ship from Naples to Trieste.

A great part of the summer we used to sit under one particular shady lime tree, whose branches almost form a tent, and there were benches and tables arranged under it. We used to call it "our tree." Frequently, when we were in all the bustle of London, perhaps driving in the City to publishers, he would say, "Our tree is out beautifully now. Are you regretting it?" I would answer him, "No; *my* tree is wherever *you* are." And he would add, "That is awfully sweet of you." We were not always paying each other compliments. He used to pay them to some women, but I hardly ever got any, so that I treasured up the few; but what he did say, meant a great deal. When he used to go out to convivial parties of men, where the generality of ladies were not asked, and he would come back late in the small hours, he would tell me all about it, and then he would say, "But what a horrible desert it would be, if I had not got *you* to come back to!"

"On the 5th of June we left again for England, as I was obliged to consult a particular manuscript, which would supply two volumes of my supplemental 'Arabian Nights.'"

I have already said that Richard, after his recall from Damascus, never tried but for four things. He wanted to be made a K.C.B. in 1875, and I exerted myself very much, in writing to all the Ministers and getting it backed up by all our big friends (some fifty), and again in 1878; but it was refused. He wanted to be Commissioner for the Slave Trade in 1880. He then asked for Marocco in 1885, which we considered was as good as promised; and on the 2nd of July, 1886, we had the mortification of finding that Lord Rosebery had given it away to Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Kirby-Green. Richard said on hearing it, in his usual generous way, "Next to getting it one's self, the best thing is to know that a friend and a good man has got it;" but when he came home and told me, he said, "There is no rise for me *now*, and I don't *want* anything; but I have worked forty-four years for *nothing*. I am breaking up, and I want to go free." So this year (1886) we occupied ourselves in entreating the Ministry to allow him to retire on his pension four years before his time. It was backed up by the usual forty-seven or fifty big names, and it was not *pretence* in any of the *three cases*; *they did write*, but it was *refused*. One Minister, in friendly chaff, wrote and said, "We don't want to annex Marocco, and we know that you two would be Emperor and Empress in about six months."

THE LAST APPEAL.

"23, Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, W.,
"October, 1886.

"I have represented to Lord Salisbury and to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord Iddesleigh, that after passing fourteen years and a half in an unwholesome post, I find that the climate of Trieste, as a constant residence, undermines my health, and incapacitates me from work; also that I have not had the promotion which would encourage me to hope, nor do I see a prospect of any post which I could accept with profit to the public and pleasure to myself. I have therefore come to the determination, after forty-four years and a half in the public service (nineteen years in the Indian Army, and in the Consular Service twenty-five years and a half, which counts as thirty years, on account of eight to nine years in officially dangerous climates), to request that I may retire, at the age of sixty-five, on full pension, but to retain my post until such arrangement be made. I represented that if there were a difficulty from the Treasury, to make up full Consular pension, perhaps their lordships might recommend my services to the Civil List, on the ground of literary and linguistic labours and services. I do not wish to be so tedious as to quote all my services, but I venture to note a few of the facts which would seem to suggest my claims to some unusual consideration on the part of her Majesty's Government, and which

I venture to say will obtain the approval of the public at large. I am about to ask you whether you will give me the great benefit of your support and good word on this occasion with Lord Salisbury, and my Chief, Lord Iddesleigh, who will have the decision of my case.

"I am,
"RICHARD F. BURTON."

Here is the modest list, which does not contain half of what he did during his life of seventy years—

"SERVICES.

"(1) Served nineteen years in the Bombay Army, nearly ten years on active service, chiefly on the staff of Sir Charles Napier, on the Sind Survey, at the close of the Afghan War, 1842-49. In 1861 was compelled to leave, without pay or pension, by Sir Charles Wood, for accepting the Consulship of Fernando Po.

"(2) Served in the Crimea as Chief of the Staff of Bashi-Bazouk (Irregular Cavalry), and was chiefly instrumental in organizing it.

"(3) Was the author of the Bayonet exercise now used at the Horseguards.

"(4) Have made several difficult and dangerous expeditions or explorations in unknown parts; notably, the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah, and afterwards to Harar, now opened up to Europeans, and the discovery and opening up of the Lake Regions of Central Africa, and the sources of the Nile, a country now well known to trade, to missionaries, and schoolmasters.

"(5) Have been twenty-five years and a half in the Consular Service, eight to nine years in official bad climates.

"(6) Was sent in 1864, as H.M.'s Commissioner, to the King of Dahomé, and resided with him for three months.

"(7) Was recalled at a moment's notice from Damascus, under a misrepresentation, and suffered heavy pecuniary losses thereby. My conduct was at last formally approved by the Government, but no compensation was given.

"(8) Was sent in 1882 in quest of the unfortunate Professor Palmer and his companions, who were murdered by the Bedawi.

"(9) Have learnt twenty-nine languages, passed official examinations in eight Eastern languages, notably Arabic, Persian, and Hindostani.

"(10) Have published over forty-six works, several of which, like 'Mecca,' and the 'Exploration of Harar,' are now standard."

"23, Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, W.,
"October, 1886.

"I have now written to Lord Salisbury, that since the Treasury declines to concede to me full pay before full time of service, and that the £300 a year to which I think I am entitled by regulation, were I to resign the service, is hardly an equivalent of forty-five years' hard work in anything but wholesome climates, to beg of him to

favour me by placing my name upon the Civil List for a pension of £300 a year.

“There are precedents for such a privilege, but I would not quote names unless called upon to do so. I have told his Lordship that I have had several kind letters from all quarters, expressing their conviction of the reasonable nature of my request, and professing themselves willing to strengthen his hands by their support, in the hopes that such a favour may be conceded, the general idea being that mine is an exceptional case. I have ventured to assure his Lordship that I have every reason to hope that (this being no political question) the Press on both sides will be in favour of this act of grace, should it meet with *his* approval.

“I suggested that *if* there be any difficulty about my drawing Consular pension and Literary pension, that the Literary pension might be put in my wife’s name, she being also an authoress and my coadjutor.

“I now beg to thank you for your kind expressions on my behalf, and to ask you whether you will crown them by writing to Lord Salisbury in such terms as will win this petition for me.

“I am,

“RICHARD F. BURTON.”

Richard had been having little attacks of gout off and on—bad one day, and better and well within two days—and had been plying up and down between Oxford and London. On the 19th of October I had a cab at the door to take me to Liverpool Street to go on a visit to my convent in Essex, but most fortunately, before I stepped into it, a telegram was put into my hands, saying, “Gout in both feet; come directly;” so I started for Oxford there and then, arriving in one hour and a half after I received the telegram. I found him quite helpless, not being able to put either foot to the ground, and very feverish and restless. It was a misty, muggy day, and there was thunder and lightning, and buckets of rain all that day and night till twelve o’clock the following day. The morning after my arrival I ambulanced him up to town, everything being prearranged by telegraph, and Dr. Foakes, his gout doctor, to meet us at our lodgings.

This was his third *bad* attack of gout since 1883—eight months, three months—and this time he was in bed several weeks. All his friends used to come and sit with him.

The day before we left London for good (January 4th, 1887), we saw and said good-bye to “Ouida” for the last time, and on the 5th he notices the death of Sir Francis Bolton.

CHAPTER XXX.

WE LEAVE ENGLAND.

1887.

1887 opened with fearful weather, fog and snow. On the 5th of January we left London for good, and went to the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, where Richard could see his own relations, who had several large receptions for us, and were glad to leave the fog behind us about twelve miles away from London.

On the 12th we were very shocked and sad at getting a telegram announcing Lord Iddesleigh's death. The last thing this kind and noble-hearted man did, was to send down a basket of game, because Richard was not well. The following day, on a foggy, rainy, raw, and breezy day, we crossed for Paris, where we generally lodged at Meurice's. Here Richard enjoyed the society of our friend Professor Zotenberg, and was delighted with the library, the Bibliothèque Nationale, where he found the Arabic original of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp;" and we saw a great deal of Mr. Zotenberg. He is a friend I hope I shall keep all my life. Here I found dear Anna Kingsford exceedingly ill; she had been in bed ten weeks with inflammation of the lungs. She cheered up a little at seeing Richard and me, but we never saw her after, for she shortly died.

On the 20th of January Richard was not very well, and Dr. George Bird appeared opportunely. He was not at all pleased with the health of either of us, and especially of Richard, and he prescribed. We left the next day for Cannes, which we reached in eighteen and a half hours, greeting each other on the morning of our twenty-sixth wedding-day in the train. Here we had to drive about and look for rooms, and were at last glad to get into the Hôtel Windsor, as we were rather done up.

We thought Cannes very pretty, and so is most of the Riviera, and we could understand English people, who leave their truly abominable climate with never a bit of sun, rejoicing in it; but to people like us, who lived in every kind of climate, its faults were more apparent

than its virtues. You have sun and blue sea and sky, cactus, small palms, oranges and figs, magnolias and olives, spring flowers and balmy air, but this is on the agreeable days. English people, we remarked, go and sit with beaming faces on benches fronting the sea, with the warm sun right in their faces, and a bitter biting wind driving against their backs and injuring their lungs, just as much as if the sun was not there, while the smells of drains, especially in the principal street, were something atrocious.

His journal goes as follows :—

“We had now nothing more to do in England. The weather had been frightful for three weeks, so we took rail to Folkestone, and left fog and rain behind us twelve miles from London. After a short visit to my sister, we crossed the Channel and arrived in Paris, where I wanted to translate the tales ‘Zayn al Asnàn,’ and ‘Aladdin,’ lately discovered in the original Arabic by my kind and obliging friend, Hermann Zotenberg, Keeper of the Oriental Manuscripts. The artificial heating of the fine reading-saloon was too much for my heavy cold, and I was obliged to satisfy myself with having the MSS. copied and sent after me. My condition became worse at Paris, and Dr. Bird said we should go south without further delay. Here we parted with my wife’s friend and colleague in philanthropy, Dr. Anna Kingsford, M.D. She was in the last stage of consumption, suffering from mind and soul, distressed at the signs and sounds connected with vivisection. Her sensitive organization braved these horrors in order to serve and succour, but both she and my wife could not help feeling that their efforts were in vain. We took the so-called *train de luxe*, which proved terrible for shakiness. We arrived at Cannes on the morning of our twenty-sixth wedding-day, and after weary searching for lodgings, were glad to find comfortable rooms at the Hôtel Windsor. The Riviera was beautiful with the bluest skies and sea, sunshine, crisp breeze, and flowers; the greenest vegetation, always excepting the hideous eucalyptus, everywhere clad in rags and tatters like the savages in their native land. The settlement contains, in round numbers, six hundred and fifty villas, large and small. The Society was the gayest of the gay, ranging from Crown Princes of the oldest, to American millionaires of the newest. Cannes is a syren that lures to destruction, especially to the unseasoned patient from the north; the bar-pressure is enormous; the gneiss and schiste and porphyry rocks suggest subterranean heat, and nerves suffer accordingly. Behind the warm sunshine is a raw breeze, and many of the visitors show that look of *misère physiologique*, reminding one of Madeira. One meets with friends without number,* and what with breakfasts,

* I notice he was introduced to one lady whom he describes in his journal as “a charming kangaroo;” and it was so apt, so clever, as his comparisons always were.—L. B.

lunches, five-o'clock teas, dinners, balls, and suppers, not to speak of picnics and excursions, time is thoroughly taken up, but, as a place for invalids, it appeared to us one of the most dangerous. The Rue d'Antibes, or High Street, is at once a sewer and a bath of biting cold air; the strong sea-breeze setting in on the fair esplanade before noon chills to the bone, and a walk in the shade from the burning sun is too severe a change for most constitutions. A great drawback is the vile drainage, and also the want of a large pump-room or salon—not a café or a club—where the World can meet. There, during the few rainy weeks, when the south-eastern or the south-western winds blow, the absence of *promenoirs* in the hotels is a serious inconvenience.”

We called immediately upon our old friend Dr. Frank, and he and Lady Agnes Frank introduced us to all the Society there, and we were very gay indeed. Richard had the honour of dining twice with the Prince of Wales. We went to Lady Murray's fancy dress ball given in honour of the Prince, where Richard appeared for the last time as a Bedawin Arab, and I as Marie Stuart; and Mr. and Mrs. Walker also invited us to a garden-party to meet their Royal Highnesses. We had the honour of being invited to breakfast by their Imperial Highnesses the Prince Leopold and Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. She was the Infanta of Portugal. We were presented to the Archduke Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Richard was invited to dine with him; and we were sent for by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden; and of literary people we met Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, and Miss Dempster, the author of “Blue Roses,” and an immense quantity of charming people. We had a delightful breakfast with Monsieur and Madame Outrey, and with Mrs. Ince-Anderton, at the Californie, and met M. Lematte, a great painter from Algeria. On the 12th of February the Albany Memorial at Cannes was consecrated in the presence of the Prince of Wales. It seemed to be nothing but an incessant round of gaiety. I mention these things because it was our last little gleam of the gay world. We took an immense quantity of walks and drives, made excursions, but unfortunately Richard found one of Dr. Kellgren's men, Mr. Mohlin, and he *would* go on working at the savage treatment with him, which I am almost convinced he had not the strength to bear. My belief is, though we did not know it, that he had a bad cold brought on by the awful weather in England, which had given him a chill on the liver, whereas he was being treated for suppressed gout.

He began now to think about translating literally the “Pentameron of Basili.” He spoke the Neapolitan dialect very fluently as a boy.

On the 23rd of February, 1887 (Ash Wednesday), he writes—

“Was a black-letter day for Europe in general, and for the Riviera in particular. A little before six a.m. on the finest of mornings, with the smoothest of seas, the still sleeping world was aroused by what seemed to be the rumbling and shaking of a thousand express trains hissing and rolling along, and in a few moments followed the shock, making the hotel reel and wave. The duration was about one minute. My wife said to me, ‘Why, what sort of express train have they got on to-day?’ It broke on us, upheaving, and making the floor undulate, and as it came I said, ‘By Jove! that’s a good earthquake.’ She called out, ‘All the people are rushing out in the garden undressed; shall we go too?’ I said, ‘No, my girl; you and I have been in too many earthquakes to show the white feather at our age.’ ‘All right,’ she answered; and I turned round and went to sleep again. She did her toilette as she had intended, and went off to Mass and Communion for Ash Wednesday, as she was obliged to do. It did less harm at Cannes than at Nice or Mentone. It split a few walls, shook the soul out of one’s body, and terrified strangers out of their wits. One side of Cannes felt very little, and the other side, upon which we were, caught the rebound from the mountains, and we felt it very much, but neighbouring towns, especially Nice, Mentone, and chief of all Diana Marino, suffered terribly. Mentone seemed as if freshly bombarded, and Diana, where the focus was supposed to be, showed a total wreck, with much loss of life. Savona was much shaken, and the quake frightened Genoa and Rome, Avignon and Marseilles. (Even in 1890 many ruins had not been repaired.) Seven minutes after the first shock came another and a heavier shake, which increased the panic, and a third explosion, between half-past eight and nine, cleared out all the hotels.

Scenes ludicrous and tragical were the rule. At first the hotel folks began a mob’s rush for the gardens, habited no matter how, into the streets. An Italian count threw his clothes out of the window, flew downstairs, and dressed under a tree. Ancient fashionable dames forgot their wigs, and sat in night-gowns and shawls under the trees. An Englishman ran out of his tub with his two sponges in either hand, but all the rest of his belongings were forgotten. The pathetic side was the women and children shrieking for their families, and fainting and fits and arrested action of the heart caused some deaths. A host of terror-stricken visitors crowded the railway stations, and, to the great praise of the authorities, were sent away as fast as they could fill the trains—hotel-keepers and railway authorities trusting—and it is said they carried off thirty thousand visitors in one day. A well-known capitalist hired a railway carriage at five hundred francs a night to sleep in. Many of those departing in the trains were absolutely in their night-gowns, and abandoned their baggage. It was the beginning of several lasting illnesses. When my wife came in, she went to take her coffee, during which there was another great shock. She came in at once to me and begged me to get up, but I would not. About nine o’clock there was another bad

shock, and she again begged me to get up. I thought I would by this time, for it was getting too shaky, and if the house did come down I did not want to be buried in the ruins, and to cause her to be so too; so I slowly got up and dressed, during which operation she gave me the religious side of the question. The priests had flocked to one church, and there were seventeen hundred scared people, who had neglected their religion, fighting to get into the confessionals. There was one (French) woman who had flown into an Abbé's room, and flung herself upon his bed, shrieking, 'Get up! get up, Father! I have not confessed for twenty years.' The poor Abbé did get up, but a shock flung him against the wall, and he fainted; but when he came to, he heard the woman's confession. Now, if people know that it is necessary to go, what fools they are to put it off till they are utterly irresponsible!"

Here are some rather incoherent lines on the margin of his journal—

I.

"Seven thousand years have fled, the primal day
 Since, Lufifi, thou wast evangelized.
 How didst thou fall? say, mooncalf, say.
 Seven thousand years! and yet hast not had time
 To think the thoughts that take an hour to rhyme?"

2.

"Was it ambition lost thee Heaven? all
 That makes an angel worse than human fool?
 Or was it pride? But pride must have a fall,
 Learns every schoolboy in each Sunday school.
 Can such base passion rule abstract minds?"

"This influx continued for several days. My wife and I went about our usual business, writing, calling, driving, and the principal amusement was watching the trains fill up with terrified people, some of them very scantily dressed, wrapped in a bed-curtain tied up with a bell-rope. I enjoyed it as much as a schoolboy, for I took notes and caricatured them in their light costumes. Although there were only three severe shocks, the ground seemed to suffer from a chronic trembling, that kept people in a continuous state of nervous agitation, and a few sensitives declared they could perceive distinct exhalations which made them sea-sick. We perceived it till we got to Milan, which was off the line of earthquake—that was not till twenty-five days after; and it was noticeable there that on the 20th of March all the clocks stopped at 12.40 owing to excess of electricity.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales showed his accustomed coolness in time of danger; he dressed leisurely before leaving his apartment. As I said, my wife and I had had ample experience of earthquakes in various quarters of the globe, and remained quiet till the upheavals were over, and afterwards went to call upon our friends."

On the 24th I got very uneasy about Richard. I saw him dipping his pen anywhere except into the ink. When he tried to say something, he did not find his words; when he walked, he knocked up against furniture. He would not take any medicine, because we were to leave next day to go over to Nice to inspect the ruins, from thence to Mentone ditto, and then make our way straight back to Trieste; but I took him to Dr. Frank, who was a very old friend of ours, and whose wife, Lady Agnes, had made our visit to Cannes thoroughly happy. Dr. Frank examined him, found him as sound as a bell, prescribed rest, and thought I was nervous. On the 25th the same symptoms returned, and on the 26th, though we had packed up, I absolutely refused to move; and Richard said, "Do you know, I think that that earthquake must have shaken me more than I was aware of." Now, it was not only the shocks of earthquake, but that the earth for several weeks kept palpitating in a manner very nauseating to sensitive people, and he was intensely so. He forbade me to send for Dr. Frank, saying it would pass; but I disobeyed.

Dr. Frank, thinking I had got a "fad," did not hurry, but, passing by on his rounds, thought he would look in and say good-bye. He stayed with us half an hour, assured us that Richard was all right and as sound as a bell, and was just feeling his pulse once more preparatory to saying good-bye. While his pulse was being held, poor Richard had one of the most awful fits of epileptiform convulsions (the only one he ever had in all his life), an explosion of gout. It lasted about half an hour, and I never saw anything so dreadful, though Dr. Frank assured me he did not suffer, but seemed doubtful as to whether he would recover. When Dr. Frank told me that he thought it doubtful he might not recover, I was seized with a panic lest he might not have been properly baptized, and asking Dr. Frank if I might do so, he said, "You may do anything you like." I got some water, and knelt down and saying some prayers, I baptized him. Soon the blackness disappeared, the limbs relaxed, he opened his eyes, and said, "Hallo! there's the luncheon bell; I want my luncheon." Dr. Frank said, "No, Burton, not to-day; you have been a little faint." "Have I?" he said. "How funny! I never felt anything." To make a long story short, that was the beginning of his being a *real* invalid. As soon as he was well enough to be spoken to about his condition, I told him what I had done, and he looked up with an amused smile, and he said, "Now that was very superfluous, if you only knew;" and after a pause he said, "The world will be very much surprised when I come to die," but he did not explain his meaning. I did not know the full significance of it; I could only guess. There were attending upon him, Dr. Frank who managed his case; Dr. Legg came once, but Dr.

Brandt and Dr. Grenfell-Baker (who was there for his health) came every day and relieved guard, Dr. Brandt sleeping there at night. I had a trained nurse, Sister Aurélie of the Bon Secours, Lisa my maid, and myself always, so that he was well looked after.

Dr. Frank found that it was impossible for me to move without a travelling doctor. Richard strenuously resisted it for several days, saying "he should hate to have a stranger in the house; that we should never be by ourselves; that we should have an outsider always spying upon us, who would probably quarrel with us, or hate one or both of us, and make mischief, and confide all our little domestic affairs to the world in general; that a third was always in a nondescript position." Now, this was a risk we had to run; but I argued that if we put by £2000 of our "Arabian Nights" money and gave ourselves four years of doctor (till 1891, unless he *previously* got quite strong), that it would tide him over the worst crisis of his life into a strong old age, and that as soon as he was free from Government, and we settled down at home, we should be in the land of doctors, and free to live by ourselves again, and to do what he liked, which had already been arranged for 1891. He then consented. I telegraphed to England, and Dr. Ralph Leslie was sent to us. As soon as the case was handed over to him, we commenced our Via Crucis to Trieste.

It was astonishing, in spite of malady, what wonderful cool nerve Richard had in any accident or emergency.

This is his own account:—

"I was not fated to escape so easily. Just as we were packed up and on the point of starting for Nice to see the ruins, and we were in the act of saying good-bye to our old friend of twenty-four years, Dr. Frank, I was suddenly struck down by an acute attack of cerebral congestion, the result of suppressed gout. For a time I was ordered to be kept absolutely quiet, confined to bed and sofa with a diet of broth and bromide, milk and soda-water, and was carefully nursed. My wife felt that though she had successfully nursed me through seven long illnesses since our marriage, that this was a case beyond her ken. Dr. Frank also explained to me that circumstances might arise which would require an educated finger to feel the pulse, and to give instant remedies, where all the tenderness and care of my wife's nursing would be without avail. So, after strenuously opposing a course which I felt would be a grievous burthen to our lives, and be a most unpleasant change, I saw reason in it, and I allowed her to telegraph to London for a physician who was on the look-out for a travelling appointment, and was skilled in such matters, to take temporary charge of my case. In contending on this subject, she said, 'How many valuable lives are lost by

friends saying, "If you are not better by to-morrow, we must send for the doctor;" or in the night, "When it is light we will send for the doctor"! Remember poor H——.' She was obstinate in her determination not to risk these things, and resolved to lose no chance of passing me through my three or four years' crisis into a sound old age. A man living in London, surrounded by the ablest doctors in the world, may dispense with this disagreeable luxury; not so, however, an exile in a foreign port town. A foreign doctor, however clever, finds it difficult to treat an Englishman, only because he has never understood or never studied a Britisher. I think, if it had not been for my wife, I should have died of inanition in my first two long attacks of gout, eight months in the winter 1883 and 1884, and three months of 1885. From the two first in Trieste I rose a perfect skeleton, which made me determine never to spend another winter there, even if I had to leave the Service. However, the Foreign Office, which has ignored me in every way else, has been merciful about 'leave,' and I hope to be a free man in March, and a Londoner in September, 1891.

"The Trieste apothecary can seldom make up English recipes. Either he has not the needful drugs, or he needs four or five days to get them, and he sells the worst quality at the highest prices. English drugs are considered strong enough to kill.

"On the eleventh day from the attack, Dr. Ralph Leslie, of Toronto, arrived. He visited all the doctors, took over the case, and stocked his medicine chest. We were able to leave Cannes on the 9th of March. We went to the Hôtel Victoria, Monte Carlo, because it was quieter than those near the gaming-tables. Here we took drives, and I became much better. We drove to Mentone to see the ruins, but we both got seedy going along—a sort of stifling—and just as we drove into the town there was another earthquake. Poor people were rushing into the streets bringing out their mattresses, carriages flying in all directions. We drove over the town and inspected everything, but did not put up for fear of a repetition of Cannes, so we drove back to Monte Carlo. Clouds gathered over Mentone. At midnight there was another shock. We were both seedy about eighteen hours, and my wife could feel the gases, I only the palpitation of the earth.

"On the 14th of March we drove over to Nice, and I was able to stand an excursion of six hours, and felt almost perfectly well. I had loads of visitors—Mr. Wickham, Mr. Myers (Professor Sayce's friend), and Father Wolfe, S.J. We only went once to the gaming-tables, and thought it very slow. My better half lost eighty-five francs in ten minutes. We determined after several days to start from Monte Carlo to Genoa. It was a big business for me, and we started by a 5.20 p.m. train. The trains had to crawl past the towns for fear of shaking down the buildings that remained, so that I was nine hours out, and as I had to be carried from the train to my carriage, which had been telegraphed for, another English family did me, and had got into it, and thereby also got our rooms and our supper; and when we arrived, they had to get us other rooms, and a bouillon

for me, and we did not get to bed till two, but next day we got very good rooms.

“On the 18th of March we saw the death in the papers (as no one knew our whereabouts) of our poor uncle, Lord Gerard, and we were both very sad and agitated.

“Our next great move was to Milan, where everything was ready for us. At Milan there was still a great deal of electricity in the air, but thank God we were off the line of earthquakes.

“After staying some time at Milan, we moved on to Venice, and the air there, being of such a mild nature, immediately began to do me good. I could go out in gondolas, and took a little walk in the Piazzetta, and enjoyed it, and received visits from my friends, and on the 31st of March I passed a nice day without pain; on that day I bought a little Knight in armour. From Venice my wife telegraphed to our Vice-Consul, Mr. P. P. Cautley, to change the whole of the house, putting me in the rooms with the best climate, and reserving for ourselves a private apartment of six rooms, divided from the rest of the house and in the balmy corner.

“On the 5th of April I was able to write a little, and that day we went on to Trieste.

“The details of our melancholy journey will, I fear, scarcely interest any one but ourselves. It was a real *Via Crucis*, as I had to be ambalanced the whole way, and, being very weak, we were twenty-eight days accomplishing the twenty-eight hours of express train which lie between Cannes and Trieste, which was only varied by minor earthquakes till we reached Milan; at Genoa by the agitation of seeing Lord Gerard's death in the newspaper, and my wife having a large blood-cyst on her lip, which appeared soon after my fit, and which Dr. Leslie had to cut out at Milan. It was indeed a road of anguish and labour, and right thankful were we to find ourselves once more in our own home on the 5th of April, after being out ten months.

“Our climate is one *sui generis*; it is a perpetual alternative of the raw north-easter, called the *Bora*, and the muggy south-western, called *Scirocco*. The former often causes the quays to be roped, in order to prevent pedestrians being raised in the air and thrown into the sea, and within the last eighteen years it has upset two mail trains. Then there is the *Contraste*, when the two blow together, one against another, making a buffer of the human body. The *Scirocco* is a dry wind from the North African desert, and arrives at Trieste saturated with water, but still containing the muggy oppressing sensation so well known to travellers in Algiers, Tunis, and Marocco. Moreover, the old town is undrained, the quay is built over nine several sewers, some of large size, and it is said that the new town of Trieste is built upon ninety-two feet of old sewage, consequently the normal death-rate is at the lowest, thirty-five per thousand per annum, nearly double the amount of London, and in more than one winter it has ranged from seventy-five to eighty-five. Foreign residents here remark that a process of acclimatization must take place whenever they leave Trieste or return to it. However,

on this occasion it did not maltreat me ; indeed, an improvement in my case began at Venice, and continued when I reached my post."

We had some visits, and amongst other literary celebrities, Dr. MacDowall, and Madame Emily de Laszouska, *née* Gerard, Dr. Bohndorf, and Dr. Oscar Lenz and wife, African travellers ; General Buckle, Madame Nubar, and Madame Artin Pasha. We used to sit a great deal in our garden, or in the gardens of Miramar, where he wrote on the margin of his tablets—

"F. G. HACKE'S NEW IDEA IN WORDS.

" ' And is the sea alone? Even now
I hear faint mutterings.'
' 'Tis the waves' mysterious distant whisper,
Response of words like voice of the sea,
Communing with its kind.'
' It seems a murmur sweeping low,
And hurrying through the distant caves ;
I hear again that smothered tone,
As if the sea were not alone.' "

We went as usual to Opçina, the Slav village of the Karso, to the Jäger, to Duino to visit the Princesses Hohenlöhe, and received many visitors of all nations, many of them exceedingly interesting.

Almost the day after we arrived, Dr. Leslie inquired what smell it was that pervaded the house. We told him we did not know ; we had often complained, but that we had never been able to have redress. So now he insisted on our having something done, or else our giving up the house, and that at once. The house suited us exactly, and we felt it would be dreadful to have to leave it, as we had an accumulation of fifteen years' household gods. But on our telling our resolution to our proprietors, they allowed a thorough investigation to be made, and we discovered two very serious drains, with old flues communicating with them directly to our apartment, and these were at once cleared out and built up, so that there were no more smells, and the house was comfortable after ; but I often thought since, that we owed our escape from typhoid to our frequent travels.

On the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd of June we made grand gala for the Jubilee. An address was drawn up and sent to her Majesty. The first day was devoted to service in the Protestant Church, which we attended officially ; on the second we had a banquet and ball at the Jäger. Richard took the chair at dinner. He was brought down to dinner by his doctor, where he made a most loyal and original speech ; immediately after dinner he was taken upstairs again. It

was the only occasion on which he would ever consent to wear his order of St. Michael and St. George.

Richard loved our house, and was always lamenting that we could not put it on wheels, and take it about with us wherever we went, because for Richard there were really a great many drawbacks in Trieste.

One of our amusements was to buy a lot of caged birds in the market, and taking them up to our rooms and letting them fly. It was such a pleasure to see them darting into the air with a thrill of joy; and if they were in any ways maimed, there was an almond tree just outside our window, and touching it, on which they used to hop until they recovered themselves.

He used now to take long walks with the doctor, and when he was tired he used to get a lift in a passing cart. Once, when we were up at Općina, Daneu's poor little boy, only six years of age, broke his leg, which upset us all the more because he was so brave. He never cried, even during the setting.

Finding Richard of such a restless disposition since his gouty attack, and that he only seemed to be well when moving, I wanted to substitute a kind of wandering about, as if in tents; and I thought that I might manage this by having a caravan built like the gypsy caravans—a larger for us, and a smaller for our suite, which would have been Lisa, a cook, a general servant, and a man to look after the eight white bullocks that I proposed to buy in the Roman Campagna. I thought that all the fine weather we could be perpetually on the move through the lovely scenery of Istria and Steiermark. The life would have suited us. Dr. Leslie heartily entered into my plan, but somehow it fell through.

A little incident happened (summer, 1887), trifling of its kind, but it made us sorry, as we were both fond of animals. A swallow built its nest in my study, and I had a pane of glass cut out of the window to enable it to come in and out. The five eggs were already laid and in process of hatching, when one of the birds died. It fell down dead, and the other bird kept trying to lift the dead body from the ground to the nest, but it was too heavy.

We buried the dead swallow in our garden, and put up a little wooden epitaph ; but the poor bereaved surviving swallow sat on the edge of the nest all the summer, looking at the eggs, until it flew away with the general departure of the swallows. When it had gone, we blew and strung the eggs, and hung them in the chapel. We preserved this nest sacredly, in the hopes others would come, and I hope it is there still. It made Richard a little superstitious, which superstition was verified.

We now prepared for our summer holiday. It began to be most dreadfully hot, and there were two cases of suspected cholera. One day arrived the two Princesses Hohenlöhe, Princess Taxis, and Prince Palavacini, and the Comte de Brazza to tea. These impromptu visits did Richard a great deal of good.

All this time we were treating him with electricity, and sponging in the morning and evening, and he seemed to get on wonderfully.

In June, Richard had two slight attacks—one a shaking of the legs, and one a staggering in the garden. These would have been, probably, fits if he had not been taken such immense care of. The chief thing he suffered from (it had been coming on for four years, had now declared itself in an aggravated form, and which there is no doubt finally killed him) was flatulent gases round the heart, which it was very difficult to get rid of, which assumed all the appearance of heart-complaint, and which caused the last struggle with life. I see so many people suffering from this nowadays, who do not know what it is, that it is good to mention it. He had one little room close to his bedroom, whose only light came from stained-glass doors. This was fitted up as an Oriental smoking-room, with divans, and well lit up with many Oriental lamps, was exceedingly pretty, and safe from draughts. Here every morning was put his full-length bath, which he could take, aided by the doctor and me, without fear of catching cold ; and when he was dried and wrapped up, he would lie on the divan, and smoke and think out his day's manuscript, or receive a friend.

On the 26th of June we lost Madame Luisa Serravallo-Minelli the nice girl who used to study the Akkas with him, and who had long since married Mr. Minelli.

During the whole of his illness, one of the kindest visitors to us was the Archduke Ludwig Salvator, who lived opposite us at the other side of Muggia Bay, constantly paid him a visit, and always sent his magnificent publications to him ; for the Archduke is not only an author, but a first-rate artist, and illustrates his own books.

Richard writes—

“As a rule, the climate of Trieste has no spring; winter modified continues till the summer suddenly sets in; and in this July, 1887, the heat was abnormal. So on the 15th we set off to find summer quarters. ‘We’ meant my wife and I, Dr. Leslie, and Lisa, my wife’s maid, who occupied a very peculiar position. The father was an Italian of Verona, had seceded to Austria, and when Austria left that part of Italy he came to live near Trieste. He had house and servants, carriages and horses, but he sacrificed everything for the ‘cause.’ The Italians would have none of him, the Austrians did not want him, and between two stools he came to the ground. He was either a baron in Verona, or Austria made him a baron for services. This title, of course, extended to the whole family; but the pension was only £60 a year, and they lived an hour from Trieste like peasants, and in a peasant’s cottage. The sons found employment, and the daughters remained at home, but Lisa, being a girl of spirit, wanted to see something of the world, and she attached herself to my wife, retaining her title as Baroness.

“We stayed a day or two at Adelsberg. It is a delightful place, but there is something so peculiarly electrical about it, it never agreed with either of us. We also found the world-famous caves were spoiled by the electric light, and we who had known the weird and subterranean state, deeply regretted the old wax candles. We again left for Laibach, the capital of Carniola, in whose lowlands once a large lake (already mentioned) was full of *pfahlbauten* (pile villages), and where the enormous number of prehistoric relics were lately found.

“The next stage was by the Great Southern Railway to Pöltschach, and thence a beautiful drive to Rohitsch-Sauerbrunn, an hour and a half in the interior; but the great heat thoroughly tired me out, and I had a fortnight of bad health. A little sketch of Sauerbrunn may not be unacceptable, as an Englishman rarely finds his way to the place.* A small *bad-ort*, or bathing-place, has been laid out in the valley of the little stream, surrounded on all sides by densely wooded hills. On one side is the long line of buildings containing the Kursaal, the restaurant, and the baths where red-hot masses of iron are cooled in water by way of forming a chalybeate. Opposite is a row of buildings to contain visitors, and between the two, headed by a little Catholic church, are flower-gardens, with a bandstand, where lawn-tennis is not yet known. Two little temples covered the sources. A long *promenoir* contains shops, prolonging the public buildings to the east, and a scatter of village finishes the sketch. The visitors who fill the place during June, July, and August are from all the provinces of Austria, principally Hungarians, Croats, and Bohemians, with a few Triestines, some from Fiume, a few Roumanians, Turks, Greeks, and many Jews. The life, as may be

* Sauerbrunn has been already mentioned, but I want to give his description of it.

imagined, is simple enough. They rise before the sun, walk about drinking the waters, and flock to the restaurant for rolls and *café au lait*. Then comes the bath, after which they sit under the trees, reading, writing, working, talking, smoking, and playing cards and dominoes until twelve. Then back to the restaurant for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which is really a dinner. The cooking was tolerable, the wines too, and the price half that of Marienbad. After dinner comes *siesta*, in the afternoon strolling, more water-drinking, and listening to the band, the more active taking a walk to the top of the hills, or a drive up the carriageable roads. Then more water-drinking, and, lastly, a light supper between six and eight; and, unless there was a dance or a concert or a conjurer in the Kursaal, all were in bed soon after nine. At ten the place was as silent as the grave. The morrow was *da capo*.

“If not gay, it was peaceful and exceedingly restful to the tired brains, especially to the Herr Professor, who could only afford one month of utter *dolce far niente* after eleven of hard drudgery. The visitors vary from six to twelve thousand. The nicest drives are Rohitsch, to Pöltschach, and Marein, Graf Atems Schloss, Kostánitz, and Marien Kirche. At Stoinschegg, a short walk, is a distiller of *sligovic*, which is the spirit-drink of the country, and he produces all sorts of liqueurs, of which prunes are the basis. Here we met our old friend Mr. Thayer, of Trieste. We hired a bath-chair and two men, so that we could walk, and when I was tired I could get in and rest and be drawn about, and so could my wife alternately.

“The peacefulness of this sort of life was broken by only four occurrences worth noticing. One was two violent thunderstorms, preceded by a sudden fall of hail as large as eggs. My wife and I, though four yards from shelter, were hard hit before reaching it. It broke all the tiled roofs like an earthquake or a bombardment. You could see into the interiors through the rags and tatters. It destroyed the crops, and the roads were strewn with large branches of trees. People came from all parts with broken heads; and the peasants brought in lumps of jagged ice that had fallen on the mountains, which, even after they had been melted by their hands and pockets for an hour, weighed ten deccas, or five ounces. The smooth ones were like goose’s eggs, and the children played at ball with them for several hours. The first was on the 23rd of July, and after the people had rebuilt their roofs and premises it occurred again on the 14th of August, and did the same amount of damage. We had never seen anything like it, and when my wife, by my directions, wrote it to the English papers, the public disbelieved it, and said ‘that the Burtons had been seeing wonderful things and telling wonderful tales.’ It is a very curious, and not altogether unpleasant sensation, that of not being believed when you are speaking the truth. I have had great difficulty in training my wife to enjoy it, and frequently, for her instruction, have told a true story to a party of people and have been jeered at, or people have looked askance at me; and immediately after I have told them a most fan-

tastic lie to punish them, they have gaped, and said, 'How wonderful! how interesting!'

"The second event was meeting with Monseigneur Strossmayer, the great Slav Archbishop, whose head-quarters are at Diakovar, where he has erected a palace and a guest-house. He is a little king in his own country, but is sometimes looked coldly upon by Austria, on account of his leaning towards Russia and Pan Slavism. He is a man of simple, affectionate, and patriarchal manners, and out of his Cabinet shows nothing of the politician or diplomatist; there is no doubt that he is one of the leading men of that part of the world in the present century. He was very kind to us. He took an especial affection for me, and visited me every day, when I was unable to leave my room.

"The third event was the reading of Dr. Salusbury's treatment by drinking nearly boiling water, which seemed to act like magic. I had been suffering from frequent pain and faintness, and I feared that I had something the matter with my heart.

"On August 29th, I saw my wife drinking some hot water, and asked her to give me some of it. No sooner had I got the cup than I exclaimed almost involuntarily, 'Oh, what a comfort!' I continued that treatment, and from that day faintness and trouble of the heart changed their character, and were no longer a terror to me. My strength increased, so that I could soon comfortably take long walks. Would that we had thought of it and tried it in 1884, in my first attack of gout!

"The fourth event was the arrival of the English Squadron, on September 9th, at Trieste, with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince George of Wales, the Marquis of Lorne, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. We wanted to return to Trieste and do more than our usual duty on the occasion, and contribute to the festivities in honour of the Royalties bringing the town of Trieste and the fleet into harmonious relation. This had been our pleasant duty for many years past, and now, on this, the grandest occasion of all, we were condemned to be absent. The doctor sternly forbade anything of the kind; he would not guarantee my life for half a day if I had to put on uniform, go on board, and be present at official receptions. The authorities kept telegraphing for my wife, but she would not leave me for an hour, so we both wrote our explanations and excuses to the royal secretaries, and through them offered our house to her Imperial Highness, who graciously accepted it, if need arose. I ordered our home to be put in suitable order, a *major domo* to be sent for from Vienna, the flag to be hoisted, a cold buffet always to be laid, the house to be illuminated every night, and was only disappointed on return to find that no Royalty, not even any of the officers, had honoured us by using the house.

"The Governor of Steiermark, Graf Gundaker Würmbrandt and the Gräfin, came over to see us, and also the Fabers."

On the 5th of September occurred the first of a series of a stopping of our horses, which happened three times during these years. We

drove to look for the Chapel of Loretto. On the way back it was quite light in the afternoon; the horses, which were going a good pace, suddenly stopped still, backed, trembled, and sweated all over, and snorted and sobbed from their hearts. Nothing would induce them to go on, though the coachman flogged them. We all had to get out, and there was nothing to be seen to frighten them. I went to their heads, and patted and soothed them, while Dr. Leslie took care of Richard. They then bounded on for thirty yards or so, and we followed on foot and got in, and they went quite well. The coachman said he had driven for twenty years, and he had often read of these things, but he had never seen them.

We were now reading Mr. Stanley's book on Africa under the trees at Sauerbrunn.

On the 25th Richard bewails the death of Gozzadini, archæologist of Bologna.

"I strongly advise future visitors," he writes, "to leave Sauerbrunn the first week in September, as the rain and cold sets in, and the place becomes as deserted and melancholy as a ball-room after a ball. We did not want to return home, in spite of the Triestine proverb—

'Prima pioggia d'Agosto
Rinfresca mar e bosco.'

We left Sauerbrunn on September 18th, and we broke our journey by a three days' visit to Abbazia, near Fiume, called in the high-falutin style, the 'Austrian Riviera.' We went with the object of choosing our rooms for the winter, and we one and all fell ill in consequence of the horrible drains in the main courtyard of the Stephanie Hotel; but we decided, and decided wrongly, that the evil would be abated during the winter season.

"We had now a visit at Trieste from Mr. Gibbs, of Egypt and Vienna, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Krause from Vienna.

"On our return home Dr. Leslie had an offer of what seemed a very good post, a yachting tour to India and China with a great man, and he wanted very much to accept it, for our present way of life was necessarily rather tame to a strong young man, accustomed to expeditions, who would have been just the thing for us in our old travelling days, but he must have found it hard to subdue himself to our changed conditions."

Richard clamoured hard not to have any more doctors; he felt that we might do without, but I was now thoroughly broken down myself. I was unable to take anything that might be *called a walk*. Driving was sometimes very painful to me, and it would not have been safe to let him go alone. I could not be the same use that I had always hitherto been, though I could keep him company

in the house, and be his secretary and nurse him, but I frequently turned faint and required assistance. I could not stoop to give him his bath, or shampoo him, and we were too far from the town to get an immediate doctor in emergency, so I begged him to bear with it a little bit longer, as he had done for the past seven months. I heard that Dr. Grenfell-Baker, who had been so kind to us at Cannes, was in bad health, that his health had driven him from London practice, and that he was looking for a travelling appointment, and I begged to be allowed to write and ask him to accept ours. I obtained permission, and he relieved Dr. Leslie on October 15th, 1887.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHANGES.

DR. Baker had a most unpleasant journey. Not having done it before, he came with full confidence, without a greatcoat, without a brandy flask, without food, and as soon as he arrived on the Karso, he found a *Bora* that nearly upset his train. After fifteen hours of this, though the house was well built with immensely thick walls, the *Bora* sounded as if it too was just going to be carried away, and two earthquakes were not a pleasant greeting; but a warm welcome, a comfortable room, a good supper and hot grog, soon restored him. It was quite winter, and there was snow on the Risano. A number of friends and acquaintances, old and new, flocked through Trieste, which somewhat enlivened the dull season. Amongst others, Sir Cecil Domville, naval *attaché*; and an epoch was made by a visit likewise from Dr. and Mrs. Schlieman, of Troy. Princess Wrede also arrived at nine a.m. to take her coffee in a rush from Graz to Trieste.

We were very sorry to lose Dr. Leslie, he was so genial and good-humoured—one of the best-hearted men that ever lived. I may say a man who would go twenty miles out of his way to do you a service, and—great praise—he never said a word against anybody; above all, he had a true reverence for Richard.

Our days at Trieste, after Richard got ill, were passed in the following way:—Instead of getting up, as we used to do, at any time from three to half-past five, we rose at seven, had a breakfast of tea, bread and butter, and fruit on a little table near a window, where he used to feed the sparrows and other garden-birds on the window-sill, so that an almond tree which brushed up to the window was covered with them waiting, and, as he remarked, “they were quite imperious in their manners if he did not attend to them at once.” He then wrote his journals—two sets, one private, which was kept in a drawer in my room, and one public ephemeris of notes, quotations, remarks, news, and weather memoranda; then

he would fall to to his literature. At nine o'clock the doctor would come in, and as I, being ill, could no longer stoop to help with his bath and toilette, Dr. Leslie, and afterwards Dr. Baker, superintended the bath and the electric foot-bath; but he shaved himself and dressed himself. During the bath he would frequently read out to them passages from what he was writing. The toilette finished, he resumed his literature till half-past ten, when, if the weather permitted, he would go out for a good walk with the doctor.

At twelve o'clock we had breakfast, which was really luncheon, after which he smoked (always the tobacco of the country—those long, thin, black cigars with a straw down the middle), and played with the kitten, and talked. He was very cheerful and enjoyed his meals. He would then lie on his bed with a book, and sleep perhaps for an hour, and then get up and do more literature. A little after three, if it was winter, he would go for another walk in the garden, or, if bad weather, into the hall, or in the summer-time, at about five o'clock, for a good long drive, or very often an excursion in the neighbourhood, and was always accompanied by the doctor or me, or both of us. Tea was at four, a sit-down tea, which was purposely made into a meal of all sorts of fruits, cake, sweets, and jam, because it was the hour for our intimates to pour in, and he enjoyed it. If any friends, English or other, were passing through Trieste, they lunched and dined with us. He liked company, and it did him a great deal of good; and he always used to say "that he liked to see his fellow-creatures, at hotels and public places, for instance, even if he did not want to mix with them;" but generally all the nice men in the hotel collected round him, smoking and listening to his conversation. After tea and talk and walk were over, he went to his room and worked steadily till seven, or half-past, when we had dinner.

He enjoyed his dinner, after which he sat in an armchair and smoked and talked. Glorious talk and sweet musical voice that we shall never hear again on earth—a perfect education to those who had the boon of hearing him! Sometimes, if the nights were fine, we used to sit on our verandah overlooking the sea and mountains, and watch the moon and stars through a telescope planted there for the purpose. At nine o'clock at night he retired; the doctor again helped him to undress, and then left for the night; and I said night prayers with him, and we talked awhile. He would ask me for a novel—he always said "he cooled his head with a novel when the day's work was done"—and we went to bed, he reading himself to sleep. Sometimes he did not sleep well and was restless, and sometimes very well; but in all cases far better

than he had ever done before he was an invalid. We had an electric bell between our beds, so that if he was restless it woke me.

On the 30th of October he mourns the death of Mr. Henry Levick, the first European to take up his abode at Suez, where he lived forty-one years. He pioneered the Mail Service through Egypt, assisted in arranging the Overland route, often accompanying the mails across the desert. He was the first English Consul at Suez, was packet-agent and postmaster to her Majesty, and agent for the late Government of India. The widow and numerous children have been left to starve for the last six years. She is now head of the English Hospital for Trained Nurses in Paris, 34, Rue de Prony Parc Monceau, and sadly in need of kindness and patronage.

On the 31st of October we were inundated with anonymous letters, which made us angry (I thought then that it was only a Triestine amusement, but I found out, twenty-three months ago, that it was equally common in England, and twice as coarse); the object then being to make us clear out our house of everybody in it that we wanted.

On November 17th he deploras the death of Colonel Valentine Baker.

The Empress now arrived at Miramar for a little rest and seclusion
His journal continues:—

“On the 1st of December my wife and I, accompanied by Dr. Grenfell Baker, returned to Abbazia to avoid the fearful *Boras* of Trieste, and to shelter in the supposed mild climate of the Austrian Riviera. It is only a few hours' rail distant, but you must rise at four a.m., though with a decent train it could be done in two hours. We were, however, doomed to disappointment. On December 7th the snow began and lasted two months; the earth was covered, and the pine and bay trees, the local boast of the place, were so broken and bent under its weight, that many of the undergrowths did not recover. There are two sorts of *cur-orts* (health resorts); the first is when everything is planned out for the comfort and cheeriness of the invalid, as in Switzerland and the Riviera, and the second one is when ambition upstarts barely out of its swaddling clothes, unformed and without a prospect of ever becoming better. Then they are expensive, uncomfortable, and are merely traps laid by money-grubbers for unhappy invalids, who ought never to go where they cannot rough it, but where healthy people may manage to live in dullness and discomfort, and of this category are Abbazia and Hammám R'irha in N. W. Africa.

“At Abbazia you rise early, drink coffee, walk, breakfast at twelve in the restaurant, siesta, walk or drive, dine at 7.30, and retire to your bedroom. There is no public room or meeting-place, no news-

papers, except in a tiny room. There is charming society, the Austrian and Hungarian cousinhood, some of which we enjoyed very much; but it is a clique. The Jews and Americans *doré* theirs. The harmless and inoffensive people who go there for imaginary baths and waters creep in to meals and out again and disappear. Hence a serious occupation or a study is a necessity. I got Father Josef Janc, the Catholic priest, to come and read German with me in the evenings, and I had my literature—my two last volumes of supplemental ‘Arabian Nights;’ my wife the same. We varied our time by driving to Castua, Moschenizza, Ika, Sovrana, and to Fiume to see the Count and Countess Hoyos and family and Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead (whose father gave us an occasional field-day with the torpedos), and our colleague, the English Consul Mr. Faber and his family. We walked, drove, lounged about smoking in the grounds. The views are beautiful. The winds are not boisterous, as at Trieste. Fiume is an hour away, and the boundary between my jurisdiction and Faber’s lies halfway—Abbazia being in my jurisdiction. Fiume is as dull as ditchwater, with one fifth-class hotel. Your room in the hotel at Abbazia may be comfortable, but the food becomes worse and worse as the visitors increase, and the sanitary arrangements, the bread and water, are fearfully bad.

“To give some idea of its primitive state in 1887–88, although I had been Consul here for fifteen years, they refused to take my cheque, because ‘they did not know who “Couits” was.’ There is no *promenoir*, no *wandelbahn*, no *kur-salon*, in fact no public rooms. There is a fine large dining-room, where, unless you are an archduke, you may not smoke for fear of spoiling the gilding; consequently you are driven into a kind of *estaminet*, where at 8.30 you can cut the reek of tobacco and food with a knife. A head director often visits Abbazia, but he is never at home to strangers, knowing that they only seek him to make complaints. The management is under an Austrian, not a Swiss. The appointment is always given to an employé of the *Südbahn*, which owns the place, and not to a *hôtelier*, therefore he naturally does not know his work. And Austria in such matters is fifty years behind Switzerland. The British grumbler (who has made Switzerland) is still more almost unknown in the dual kingdom. The dullness of life is almost incredible, and what gaieties there are—the Christmas tree, the New Year’s Day ball, the concert of Tyrolians, and the gypsy band—as in all irregulated establishments, turned everything topsy-turvy, and converted stagnation into utter misery.”

We had a visit at Abbazia from the Dowager Lady Galway, and Richard had an attack of gout when the snow came on, and on the 19th we had an earthquake.

On the 14th he got another slight attack of gout in both feet. Gout now became a trimestral attack, which the doctor considered to be a safety-valve for the head and general health, provided it was

a healthy gout in the feet. Richard was gouty off and on all this snow-time. On the 18th the Crown Prince, poor Prince Rudolph, came to the hotel and stayed forty-eight hours; on the 21st we were further put in sorrow by the news of the death, at the early age of forty-one, of dear Anna Kingsford.

On the 5th of March we bade adieu to all the charming friends we had made there, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we drove to Mattuglie to take the train for Trieste. The superintendent of the railway, our friend Mr. Thomas, made a charming arrangement for us. From Mattuglie to St. Peter's is only two or three hours, but St. Peter's, on an elevation, is an ice-bound place in winter; there you have to stand about for an hour or more in a miserable little station, waiting for the night-mail for Trieste. I coaxed him into giving us a large saloon with tables and beds most luxuriously fitted up, a carriage behind for the servants, and a compartment behind for the baggage, so that when we got into the train, Dr. Baker and I had nothing to do but to put Richard to bed, and we congratulated ourselves warmly on the arrangement, because, as we neared St. Peter's, the train passed through walls of snow much higher than itself, down which a howling wind came as through a funnel, whilst our saloon was perfectly warm. When we got to St. Peter's we were detached and shunted, a nice hot dinner was served to us in the carriage, and we got Richard into Trieste without the slightest hurt.

On the 19th of March, 1888, his sixty-seventh birthday, Richard finished his last volume of the supplemental "Nights" (the sixteenth volume), but it did not come out till the 13th of November, 1888, and during the intervening months he corrected proofs, and began writing what he called "chow-chow"—odds and ends that he had been waiting to finish up. We were exceedingly relieved, because he had always had such a fear of not living to keep his engagements, and we had received money for it.

On the 2nd of April we began a second "reviewers reviewed" on the "Arabian Nights" critics (the first one was on the "Lusiads;" Richard having been roughly handled, had raised our ire).

On the 7th of April we had to deplore the loss of our good kind friend, R. Mackay Smith, of Edinburgh, and on the same date of Lady Margaret Beaumont, another of our kindest friends.

On the 9th of April he was rather agitated about some lost papers. I have spoken at length of a peculiarity he had of hiding things, and latterly especially he could not remember where he put them. Then he had to call me, and I was frequently several hours hunting for them. I have a particular prayer that I always say when I cannot find anything, and it has occasionally happened that the lost thing

was found immediately, so he used to call me in an agitated way, saying, "Come here, I want that prayer directly; I have lost such and such." On the 11th of May we had the pleasure of a visit from our old friend, Frederick Foster Arbuthnot, of 18, Park Lane, who stayed with us some days.

Richard's journal runs as follows:—

"After four months of snow, alternating with the Scirocco, the damp, depressing, and ozone-wanting gift of Northern Africa, we left Abbazia on the 5th of March, 1888, disappointed in the hope of staying there till the end of the month. The train which conveyed us passed through walls of snow ten or twelve feet high on either side. Passing friends made the stay in Trieste in spring very delightful, but unusual heat set in on the 9th of May, and gave the signal for departure. In consideration of the state of my health, the Foreign Office, though it would not release me, was kind enough to let me judge of when I could or could not stay at Trieste; in fact, an informal sick certificate. As the summer was premature and I could not stay, I thought I might as well go back to England and see my supplemental 'Nights' brought out, so on May 16th we went to Venice, Milan—where we called, on the 20th, on the Emperor and Empress of Brazil (who had been most truly kind to us during our four years' stay in their country; the Emperor was then thought to be dying, so we did not see them, nor did we ever see them again), and we arrived at Varese. Under Signor Marini and his English wife this was an exceptional place, the centre of a charming country, geographically a neutral ground between the uplands of Swiss Ticino, pretty, pleasant, and picturesque, and the lowlands of the Italian Milanese flats, which are flat and admirably fertile.

"Varese is a charming place; a beautiful hotel with lovely grounds, scenery, and splendid spring and autumn climate, and easily got at, where we met many friends. Hence during the spring and autumn it attracted a host of English, who all, save a very few, took flight in summer and winter; but the management soon changed, and what became of the Hôtel Excelsior under the Italian committee I could not say. I only know that the Marinis have opened an hotel, and are doing very well, in Via Tritone, Rome. The interests of the place were private theatricals in the evening, and the procession of Corpus Christi in the picturesque little town. There was also much interest in prehistoric villages and collections. The departure was not comfortable to Lucerne. Most travellers would have returned to Milan, and started direct by the St. Gothard Railway. We, wanting to see the country, determined to drive to Chiasso, a horrid little frontier town where we were to pick up the train, and where one wishes a glad adieu to Italy.

"The drive from Varese to Chiasso on the 1st of June was delightful. A beautiful country of deep-wooded hill and vale, abounding with acacia and yellow broom, and peopled with cuckoos and hoopoes. We dined at the buffet in the open. We were directed

not to the buffet at Chiasso, which is excellent in food and wine, and can supply bedrooms, but to a wretched *soi-disant* hotel, St. Michele, fit only for the roughest of peasants, with the prices of milords. The wonderful mountain scenery at St. Gothard, with its rich valley and snow peaks, its long tunnel under the venerable well-known hospice, Mont St. Bernard, and its marvellously engineered line, whose windings look on paper like sundry pairs of spectacles, with its green hills, glaciers, rockery, and waterfalls, and rushing river below in the depths, is too familiar to the general public to bear description, but the glorious mountain air, the kindly ways of the people, and the contrast of the Swiss frontier custom-house with the horrors of Italy, left a most grateful impression.

“On the evening of the 2nd of June we found rooms at the Schweizer-hof, Herren Häuser, who have made this the model establishment of Switzerland, and one may say of the world. I had not seen Lucerne since 1840—when I was a boy, and my tutor took me to drink the waters of Schinznach, *en route* to Oxford—so to me it was quite a new world. Herr Häuser could, however, show me the remains of the three humble inns, belonging to that proto-historic period since the Lake country has become the playground of Europe, and art has assisted nature in making it like the transformation scene of an opera—*un décor de théâtre*. Here everything is done for the comfort and delectation of the travelling idler. Under the crispy air and bluest of skies grand piles of hotel rise from the margin of the blue lake, looking upon semicircles of forest and mountain crowned by snow peaks, nestling villages and villas in groves of pink chestnut blossom, steamers flying gaudy flags, which are illuminated at night with coloured lamps. On the left a dwarf eminence is crowned by the Cathedral, which contains a remarkable life-size crucifix and an *alto rilievo* of the death of the Blessed Virgin.

“On the right towers the naked and jagged cone of the cloud-capped mountain Piliatus, which has become Pilatus, has bred a host of grisly legends which the gaunt rock and its lakelet on the summit have suggested. Behind the town still runs the *enceinte* of mediæval wall, with its picturesque towers surmounted here and there by grotesque figures. Lucerne is essentially a three-days' place. Next day there was a procession of virgins in white and soldiers saluting, etc. The first things you visit are the two quaint wooden bridges and paintings of Holbein's 'Dance of Death.' Then you climb the Drei Linden hill for a panorama of the place; you must ascend in the funicular railway the Gat hill, and wander through the pine forests. You perhaps visit the public library, which contains not books but musty fusty documents, and you walk through the absurd museum, which does not even boast of a catalogue. On the second day you take the steamer to Vitznau, and ascend the Rigi by the far-famed railway. We always compare the engines of these lift-railways to a huge praying mantis. The panorama is worth seeing; the land lies below your feet in the shape of an embossed map. Rigi Staffel has the best climate.

“On the third day you are in local honour bound to hire a two-horse carriage, and to drive about the environs to see the scenery; and then you must railway up to Pilatus. We all differed in our estimate of the lake. I could not admire it. As a piece of water, it is cut into various sections by projecting points, and reminded me of some large river of the upper Mississippi. My wife, on the contrary, was enchanted with the Lucerne end of it, and found a great delight in lazing up and down in the steamers. With Dr. Baker everything Swiss is sacred; it is his Eden, and must not be touched by hand profane. Lucerne must, however, be seen during the season; at other times it is like the inside of a theatre at early morning. We went back to it in March, 1889, and saw it at its worst, when deep snow covered the ground, and the roads were slushy and uncared for, when the streets were deserted, when the people showed homely faces, and their ugly German did not sound so unmusical. The local aristocracy of hotel-keepers and shop-keepers seemed hurt by the presence of strangers, and applying for entrance to a public building was looked upon almost as a grievance. The moral was, avoid Lucerne when not in gala dress.

“We left on the 9th of June, and remarked the meanness of the station; and at the first sight, which subsequent experience confirmed, the Swiss railways generally, for accommodation and convenience, have not kept pace with the hotels and all their other luxuries. The Anglo-Americans especially are full of gibes at the crawling trains. Arrived at Berne, we found the Berne station (Swiss capital) the worst of any metropolis in Europe, an Inferno in the hot, and a well in the cold season; a cave of the winds, at all times damp, draughty, and dangerous. It reminded us of York a quarter of a century ago. We returned from Berne to Ouchy through a charming country of vineyards, orchards, and smiling fields. Thirty years ago my wife was here as a girl with a married brother and sister, when it was the smallest of places, and a little inn, which then stood on the borders of the lake, was the best accommodation. Now the large Beau Rivage, with its fine grounds, ought to attract many travellers, but it is said not to pay its expenses, the reason probably being that it is managed by a company.

“Reserving Lausanne for future inspection, we went on to Aigle, passing through mountains, and skirting the south-east horn of the lake. This favourite summering-place showed itself at its worst. The rains were unceasing, and the muddiness of the roads made driving and walking equally unpleasant. Despite the weather, we managed, however, a few of the nearest trips. We drove up the valley of the Rhone, went to Bex, Trocadero, Villar, Bouvret, Diableret, and by rail to Montreux. We walked up to the Roman tower, at the St. Triphon-Ollon quarries, famed for its black marble, and inspected the Gorge de Trient, which twenty years ago was not a show place, and has now become a wonder, and yet no wonder; for it is a most impressive sight, with narrow-planked bridges, lining the steep sides of a perpendicular cliff six hundred feet high, with two hundred and forty feet of boiling, swirling torrent rushing

beneath you, and it is a fifteen minutes' walk through this more or less dark place to the roaring waterfalls. My wife thought it a grand sight, and was very much impressed, and said she felt so small, and that she would not go in there by herself for anything. I must say I thought but little of it, but it is a dreadful place for nervous people, and a dizzy one for the bilious. There were Americans photographing, and guides firing pistols to show the echo. The annual receipts from visitors is eight thousand francs.

"We visited the Augustinian monastery of St. Maurice, which will be alluded to later on. The weather, instead of behaving better, became worse, and as the house suddenly filled with people, it by no means improved the service or the *cuisine*. After a month's stay, we determined to take sudden leave, and on the 12th of July departed to Geneva. A delightful change of climate—for here summer had set in. We put up at the Continental, and I enjoyed breakfasting with Professor Karl Vogt. But I could not stand a fearful automatic grind-organ, the size of an average clothes-press, which raised its abominable voice immediately after dinner, and never ceased till it had run down. This was explained by the Continental being an American institution, and after all the grind-organ, like the street band, is kept up by the suffrages of the majority. We will speak again of Geneva on our return."

I must remark about Aigle that there is besides the village a large hotel situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, and where the Dent du Midi was so clear that it seems as if you could touch it. It was a very amusing place, and we met a number of very nice people; we stayed a month because Dr. Baker's mother and very charming sister came there to meet him. Here we were reading "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Richard was perfectly delighted with it, and afterwards we had a contrast in Rénan's "Apôtres."

I need not say that wherever we were, and Switzerland was no exception to the rule, that every excursion that was possible to make was made, and everything that could be seen was seen—it did not matter if it was mushroom-growing, cigarette-making, or Swiss milk condensed. We not only stayed at our head-quarters, but we knew the country pretty well all round.

One of the most delightful excursions was driving up the Valley of the Rhône to St. Maurice. We used to get a capital little breakfast and a good bottle of Dole du Valais at a hotel pension, kept by a Dalmatian at Aigle. We had a very nice *Curé* at Aigle, the Abbé Stercky, who became a friend of Richard's.

Richard enjoyed all these things very much. Part of the time, however, it rained, and then he used to get melancholy and ill. On the 12th of July we had had enough of it, and went to Geneva, where his delight was to go and take a huge middle-day dinner with

the old Professor Karl Vogt and his numerous family, without either the doctor or me. The Professor was a very jovial person, and his jolly fat laugh used to sound all over house and garden, and the dinner lasted from at least twelve till four. They were simple and kind-hearted people, and they thoroughly appreciated Richard.

On the 15th we left for Paris, and had a very shaky journey, but it did not hurt him. Our great friend Professor Zotenberg met him, and dined with us. On the 18th we left Paris for Folkestone, where we stopped one day to see his sister Lady Stisted and her daughter, and the following day, the 19th of July, 1888, we arrived at the St. James's Hotel in London. We had not been in London for two years, and we had naturally an immense quantity of people to see and business to transact. About ten days after, Richard got very ill, and kept us in a great fright; but it lasted a very short time, as he was at his club next day.

One could imagine what a delight it was to him to return to the club. He used to like to be dropped there at about half-past eleven or twelve. He would lunch there, take a siesta after, and read and write and see his men-friends, and then either Dr. Baker or I used to call for him at six. It was the only free time he had from our surveillance, the whole three years and a half of his illness, and it was an immense relief to him. I do not mean to say that he could not be alone in his room as much as ever he liked, but we never let him walk or drive out by himself, lest a return of the attack should occur, and he would have no assistance, and we always carried restoratives in our pockets.

Here we had the pleasure of seeing our friend H. H. Johnston, Consul in West Africa and artist, one of the most charming and sympathetic of men. St. James's was too noisy, although Richard thought the situation quite perfect. His central point of the world was Apsley House, and he despised everything between that and the desert. Dr. Baker now went for a holiday, and Dr. Leslie came back to us.

However, Richard took it into his head that as Ramsgate has such a reputation for air, we would go and try it; so on the 3rd of August we went to the Granville, where we stopped for a week, taking drives to Margate, to St. Peter's, and Westgate, to see Admiral Beamish, or to Deal, Sandgate, where we tried to see Mr. Clarke Russell, and Broadstairs, in each of which we found friends or cousins. We did not think much of the Granville Hotel, having been thoroughly spoiled by the best hotels abroad; but our great amusement was that, having lived so much away from home, we

knew nothing about Bank Holiday, and found ourselves landed in a hundred and fifty thousand of the people for four days, and Richard's delight was to go and sit on the sands and watch them—the Salvation Army, the niggers, the performers with ventriloquist-heads stuck on poles; but we were immensely edified, for although here and there there was a little rough play, there was not a single case of drunkenness. After a week the air proved too strong for Richard, and we went back, this time to the Langham Hotel.

Here we had a most pleasant time, for, in spite of its being August, old friends and relatives came and lunched and dined with us every day, which cheered Richard up immensely; and our friend F. F. Arbuthnot joined us, and passed a week in the hotel, and amongst others were Mr. John Payne, Du Chaillu, Mr. Henry Irving, Swinburne, Mr. Theodore Watts, and others. Dr. Baker came back eventually, and we went off to Oxford, where Richard delighted in driving round to all the Colleges, and where we met numbers of old friends—Mr. Arthur Evans and his wife, Mr. Chandler, Professor Sayce, etc. From there we went to the Queen's Hotel, Norwood, to be near Richard's sister and niece for a fortnight, and enjoy the Crystal Palace.

A Norwood treat was having a clairvoyante down from London, who pronounced on our health. She told Richard that he was bad in the head, eyes, down the back of neck, stomach, feet, and legs; that I had cancer; that I had healing powers, powerful light from heaven, a red cross above me, a large protection and light from above, with troops of friends and patrons. The cancer prophecy made Richard unhappy, till he saw how little I believed in it. The drives were to Dulwich and to Croydon, to see Commander Cameron and his wife. One particular treat we had was going to Colonel Goureaud's, who gave us a field-day with the Eddison phonograph, which we had seen in its infancy in 1878 in Dublin. Richard thought that it opened a wonderful future in science. He offered to do the *muezzin's* call to prayer, "Allahu Akbar," into a phonograph; somehow it was not done. What a treasure it would be now!

After a fortnight we went back to the Langham, which we liked thoroughly. We saw our last of Lawrence Oliphant about the 1st of September. In London Dr. Baker had several consultations for Richard with Dr. Mortimer Granville, who took infinite pains with him, and gave him a long and careful examination. Dr. Mortimer Granville said he was as sound as a bell, barring the gout. And that day, the 23rd of September, he insisted on going to the club by himself, and he did so several times whilst he remained in London.

It was a relief to him to feel that he could do something of former times.

It would seem as if we were always changing our abode ; and so it was. His magnetism was so immense, his brain travelled so fast, absorbed so quickly, that he sucked dry all his surroundings, whether place, scenery, people, or facts, before the rest of us had settled down to realize whether we liked a place or not. When he arrived at this stage everything was flat to him, and he would anxiously say, " Do you think I shall live to get out of this, and to see another place ? " And I used regularly to say, " Of course you will. Let us go to-day, if you feel like that ; " and that would quiet him so far that he would say, " Oh no ; say next Monday or Tuesday ; " and then we went. During the latter days of his life, this restlessness became absolutely part of his complaint, and we used to seem to be moving on every week. One of his peculiarities was that he never would remain one moment in the hotel behind me. We used to plan to divide our work. I did all the courier's work, and the doctor took care of my husband. I used to go down to the stations or the steamers, with Lisa, a full hour before time, to take the tickets, weigh the baggage, procure a compartment for our party alone, telegraph forward for carriage, for rooms, and meals, so that his journey might go on oiled wheels, and Dr. Baker was to follow with him to save fatigue, getting him in five minutes before the start. We never could manage this ; he would not let me go away one single instant before him, but used to jump into the same carriage.

The chief things Richard notes on this visit were as follows :—

" But on the 15th we left Geneva for Paris—when Zotenberg dined with us (at Folkestone I saw my sister)—and London, which we reached on the 20th of July, after nearly two years' absence, and lodged at the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly. Literary work awaited us both, and I was again obliged to run the risk and dangers of the Bodleian at Oxford ; but this time I had my wife and Dr. Baker with me, and I escaped all the evil results.

" During the time we were in London we had luncheons and dinners every day for our friends. It is no use giving a long list of names, but most of them were the most interesting people in London. We were also asked out immensely into Society, and in the daytime we accepted ; but we made a rule now, on account of my health, never to accept a dinner or evening invitation, because I was obliged to dine at 7.30 and go to bed at 9.30, and my wife would not leave me. Amongst others, we had the pleasure at Lady Henry Gordon Lennox's of meeting Mr. Villiers, a brilliant relic of the old school, and my wife was fortunate enough to be taken in to lunch by him.

" On the 21st of August we went down to Bromley Holwood to see Lord and Lady Derby ; they showed us Pitt's old house, the oak

under which Pitt organized the abolition of slavery, Pitt's writing-table, and a doll which the Queen gave to Lady Derby when she was Lady Mary West."

He writes on the 22nd of September :—

"To-day my wife was sent for to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy to receive from Count Lützwow a very beautiful portrait of the Empress of Austria, in approval of her life and works. This has made me very proud and her very happy."

In October we went down to Newmarket, to see my cousins Lord and Lady Gerard, where we met some very pleasant people, and where Richard was very much interested going to the training ground, and saw hundreds of racehorses taking their gallops, and Captain Machell and Colonel Oliver Montagu explained everything to us.

On the 15th of October, 1888, Richard left London. Little did we think he would never return to it more alive. We stayed at Folkestone ten days to be near his sister and niece, and had some charming country drives. We crossed on the 26th of October—his last sight of Old England. Two years later he was gone.

We stayed at Boulogne. He was very fond of it ; it agreed with him, and he liked to go over all the old haunts where we had met as young people, and his old fencing school too. He writes : " My old fencing-master Constantin is eighty, with a young bright eye." On the 29th of October, 1888, we went to Paris, also for the last time, and here at breakfast and dinner we generally had Professor Zotenberg (who gave us an always-remembered breakfast at the Lion d'Or), or Professor Houdas, or Mr. Barnard of the *New York Herald*—all who knew things that were interesting to him. We went on from there to Geneva by the *train de luxe* to the Hôtel Nationale, which was as nice as could be. On the 19th of November, after dinner, the chandelier fell on the dinner-table, the gas rushed out, and waiters went to fetch a lamp. This happened to us two winters running. Geneva is a charming place in winter, and agreed well with Richard, who was again enabled to enjoy his days with Karl Vogt. We got to know very pleasant society and had delightful drives—one to Ferney (château of Voltaire) and the Voirons. After he left England in 1888, his health got ever so much better, and I had confident hopes that he would last for many years. Here Richard made his last public lecture. The Geneva Geographical Society asked him to speak, and he had a regular ovation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT MONTREUX.

ON the 2nd of January, 1889, we moved ourselves to the Hôtel des Alpes at Montreux. The journey is only an hour. It was bitterly cold, but the temperature rose fourteen degrees on the way. Here we had a delightful time, excursions to the Château de Chillon, to Hôtel Biron, to Villeneuve, les Avants, three thousand feet high, Mont-Fleurie, Glion, etc. But our favourite place seemed to be St. Maurice, where we had several delightful days in the valley of the Rhone, but one particularly to be remembered. Abbé Stercky went with us. He is one of the monks, was Curé of Aigle, and Richard liked him. The little inn is cosy, with its good Dalmatian proprietor, who kept a cheerful room, a blazing wood fire, a capital good breakfast, and a good bottle of Dôle de Valais. We passed a good deal of time in the monastery.

It is the oldest Augustinian monastery in the world, and having Abbé Stercky with us, we saw all the treasures—gold, silver, gems, and onyx treasures from Charlemagne and St. Louis of France; they, and also manuscripts and old books, were shown to us by a gentlemanly and polished monk, Père Bourbord, otherwise they are generally shown by a surly monk, who does not let you see anything. There were a number of very charming people stopping at the hotel, which was crowded for the winter. We all fraternized, and we had extensive afternoon receptions and tea-fights, and in the evenings we all used to contribute something to the amusements—who could sing, sang; who could recite, recited; who could tell stories of foreign lands, did so, and also ghost-stories; and there was music and dancing and acting galore, also theatricals and a musical drill beautifully performed. It was a charming hotel, with every accommodation, plenty of places for smoking, and Richard used to enjoy it thoroughly, parties of men flocking around him.

On the 22nd, our wedding-day, everybody was so good to us;

there were presents and flowers, and little speeches. I got quite choky, and Richard ran away and locked himself up.

When Richard had had enough of Montreux, we moved on to Lausanne. We drove about immensely, sometimes to Ouchy, and a very interesting excursion was going to see Voltaire's house, Mont Morion, occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Niven, whom we knew at Matharan, in India.

On the 25th we went off to Berne to see Mr. and Mrs. Scott, our Minister. It was looking very picturesque and beautiful; the *Hôtel Belle Vue* comfortable, with lovely views. It was very cold, covered with snow, and the air dry and crisp; in fact, everything was a "Snow Hell." The weather did not hurt Richard; he completely changed. Since Richard had been ill, he was quite a different man to what he had been previously in tastes and feelings. Whereas before he was always cold, and would have fires in the height of summer, now in the bitterest weather a fire in his room made him sick. He would now eat sweet things and drink milk, which in his stronger days he could not look at. He slept, instead of whole nights of insomnia, though often not as well as one could wish. He liked the world and company, whereas before he had shunned the general run of society, and in many other ways was quite different.

At Berne he saw a unique Swiss sword. Swords were looked for at every place, so we went straight to an antiquarian, who showed us some iron blades, metal scabbards, and arabesque spear-heads.

It was now that we returned, 1st of March, 1889, to Lucerne, which was another "Snow Hell." We went to the *Hôtel Nationale*, the only place open, had lovely rooms and good fires, but the rest of it deserved all Richard said of it a while ago.

On the 4th we rose early, quite well, and made all ready to go, and having an hour to wait, sat down to enjoy the fire, when all of a sudden I got an aching in every bone, a bad rash came out, and faint, cold down the spine, hot and cold, nausea; could do nothing but rock and groan, and groaned and rocked the whole eight hours to Milan.

On the 10th we went down to Venice, to the *Hôtel Victoria*, where we were put in big, damp, dark rooms like catacombs; and on the 12th arrived at Trieste, where I was very weak for a long time.

Though I little contemplated the great catastrophe and break-up of my life in 1890, but with a view to leaving Trieste in July, 1891, I began to wish to collect all possible reminiscences of the home I loved so well. One of the visitors to our Trieste home wrote me: "I think of you so very often, and your lovely home on

the shores of the Adriatic, with its rich treasures of mind and heart. It stands out before me like a lighthouse on the sea of life, pointing onwards, upwards, to a higher, nobler state of existence, to which I shall try to reach." These words, which have been differently expressed to me in many different languages, and in this particular case coming from one "who had almost," she says, "lost faith in God," inspire me with great gratitude to God, and make me wish to perpetuate it in oil-painting reminiscences, that it may become part of our lives in our future more prosaic London home.

I now selected from among other artists Mr. Albert Letchford, a young painter of great talent, who had studied in Paris and painted in Egypt, and who began to paint for me, on the 10th of May, the four views from our windows, nine of our favourite "interiors" of rooms, including Richard studying in his bedroom. After that he painted my husband for the Stanley Exhibition, and one life-size, fencing, which I now exhibit in the Grosvenor Gallery.

At this time there occurred the strikes in Austrian-Lloyd's which agitated the country very much, and we expected a revolution, which did not happen. We had also a visit from Count Tékeli, who had made his splendid African journey, which was most interesting. On the 12th of May we had a delightful sea-trip to Parenzo with friends (Baron Marco Morpurgo, the then great banker and Director of Lloyd's, and his wife, the best friends Richard and I ever had in Trieste). The object was to visit the old Cathedral of Parenzo, a complicated mixture of most ancient Byzantine, Roman, Grecian, and Venetian. It has three depths of old floors quite distinct. We went over to Duino to stay with the Princess Hohenlöhe and Princess Taxis, a two hours' drive from Trieste, which was our favourite visit in the neighbourhood. We had the pleasure of receiving Count von Würmbrandt, the Governor of Styria, Baron Spaun, and Admiral Sterneck; this was followed by festivities for the Archduke Otto and the Archduchess, and Archduke Leopold. On that occasion Richard was allowed to go out in the evening to the Morpurgos' *fête*.

Sometimes our drives were varied by delightful little sea-trips.

On the 13th of June, going up to Opçina, our horses enacted the same scene as that which happened at Sauerbrunn in 1887. On the 29th of June we were very sorry to lose our nicest English neighbours and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Craig. In June also Richard felt sadly the death of Professor Chandler.

On the 1st of July, 1889, we went back to Adelsburg, where the air was cold, and it was delightful to have no mosquitoes. General Buckle accompanied us on this excursion. On the 2nd we had

frightful storms, the lightning striking seven or eight times just about the house. The Caves by this time were quite spoiled by the electric light. We were able to save a poor dog that had been shot into an abyss by some cruel people, and Richard moralizes in his journal, "What had that dog done to be saved? It was ten thousand chances to one, against any one caring for his cries, and getting him out of that abyss by lowering men with ropes, which seemed impossible."*

We had a delightful drive to Planina. As usual, in spite of all evidences of a most healthy place, we got very sick, and so we went on, on the 8th to Graz, a delightful central place in Austria, the paradise of poor aristocracy, and retired military and naval "swells." From here we went over to Tobelbad, where we found some very dear Austrian friends; but Tobelbad is in a hole, and we found it so unhealthy, that we were glad to get to the top of a hill to breathe, and drove back to Graz. A Baron von Ponte Reno, one of our young friends, just about to be married, died a few days later. Here we had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of Professor Schuhardt; it was so hot we could not breathe. After a great many excursions we went on to Mürzöschlag, which is the station at the bottom of the Semmering, on the Südbahn line in Austria. It was a curious season. The heat, or reports of cholera, had driven every soul out of the towns to the mountains, and one could not get a bed for love nor money, and so the Erzherzog Johann Hotel was what the Austrians, with their delicacy and kindness, called *Sehr Primitif*, which meant "devoid of all the necessaries of life;" but the air was delicious. We looked everywhere, at Spital two hours away, and up and down the Semmering, at all the hotels, first the station, then *Stephanie Gast-Haus*, then *Johann*, and *Panhaus* the highest, then the Südbahn's Semmering, and two dependencies, one of which we liked the best. We reposed on a turf full of ants, and got back to the station to Mürzöschlag.

I immediately took a carriage, and drove up to *Lambach Hotel*, on an eminence above the town. It was delightfully situated, only it was full. Splendid air, beautiful views, only all the rooms were occupied except one; so I put Richard and Dr. Baker into that, and Lisa and I went down to a sort of outhouse, where we had a little room leading out of the carriage stable, which was bounded on one side by

* In the same way, a house near us had a large monkey in a little room with bars just above ground, and the boys used to poke at him with sticks, and shy pebbles at him. I would go over to him with fruit and cake, and Richard used to say to him, "What crime did you commit in some other world, Jocko, that you are caged for now, and tormented, and going through your purgatory?" And he would walk off muttering, "I wonder what he did—I wonder what he did?"

the pigs, another side by the wash-house, and so on ; but even these discomforts, and some of them were very ludicrous, had their compensations. Baron Kremer (and his wife), one time Finance Minister at Vienna and *homme de lettres*, and Sir Arthur and Lady Nicholson were in the hotel. From here we made an excursion to Reichenau. On the 31st we went to Neuberg, and visited the old Cistercian Monastery and Cathedral, and the Emperor's shooting-box. It is a romantic little wayside inn, with a running stream and a mill-wheel. On the 2nd we had a delightful journey from Neuberg, past Frein and Fohenwerk, to Maria-Zell, which is the Lourdes of Austria.

Maria-Zell is placed on a mountain-side—not in a valley, as Murray has it—and the Church and Monastery are on an elevated plateau in its midst. It is 2900 feet high by the aneroid. The air is delicious, the climate is dry ; there is a feeling of elevation, of being able to breathe, and of looking on an equality with the mountain-tops on all sides—where the clouds, storms, and winds would meet in bad weather. It is an eight hours' drive—and even a difficult and dangerous drive—from any town. You must not want society ; you must not fret your heart out after your letters, nor expect to find books or papers ; your resources must be within yourself, and whatever you want you may bring with you. You may even bring your tub. There are no doctors ; but there is an apothecary's shop, which I suspect must be a gift of the Emperor to the pilgrims, as it is a miniature copy of the Hof-Apotheke at Vienna. The town itself is not a town, and not a village ; but, if I may say so, a religious market town. Here we found the sword of Ludwig the Great, first King of Hungary. This is the Lourdes of Austria, and the Cathedral and Monastery are *everything*. The shops and the houses and the forty-six inns of various degrees are to serve *it*.

We lodged in the best, close to the church, the Goldenen Löwen, kept by a very dear old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, of seventy and seventy-five years of age, who have known much better days, and are patronized by the Austro-Hungarian aristocracy, as they once owned the Erzherzog Karl Hotel in Vienna ; but they lost £40,000 in the *krach* at the Vienna Exhibition, and came here. They are most attentive and kind, and treated us with the old chivalrous politeness of bygone days. Everything was the pink of cleanliness ; she knew so well what one wanted, and how to make one comfortable. The holy shops run in a horseshoe circle round the Cathedral, where you buy all kinds of religious *bric-à-brac*, and get it blessed. The Church is very large, and would take too long to describe ; there is a special inner sanctuary for the celebrated

Madonna and Child, whose history is long. Our great amusement was watching the processions of pilgrims, which interests you very much for a time; there were endless streams flowing from every part of Austria, and many of them would begin at the bottom step, and go all round the church on their knees—a most exhausting process.

It is a charming place, and we stayed here a fortnight. It seemed to be the only place where one could get beds. We had delightful drives to Erlach, Grimau, and Sigismund's Chapel. At first Richard was not very well, which made one anxious, but afterwards it passed off. There is a Calvary to ascend, and a spring for sore eyes. But I do not describe Maria-Zell at length, because the descriptions at Lourdes must fully explain it; only that, ours being in the wilds, the processions and the people were of a far more picturesque nature, and that of Lourdes is well regulated, everything being cut and dried for the pilgrims.

At last we heard there was room on the Semmering, so we left Maria-Zell at eight a.m. There are no trains; the roads are like footpaths over rugged mountains, with precipices here and there. In four hours we reached Frein, where we found food, and Richard slept for two hours; then we had two hours' more driving, and reached Neuberg. But our former picturesque little post-hotel was full, Lady Nicholson and her children occupying a great part of it, so we got primitive accommodation at a little public-house, where, however, we were consoled by Lady Nicholson's coming over to dine with us; and of the beds, the less I say the better. To get at the promised accommodation at the Semmering, we had to pass two pleasant hours at Mürzschlag station, where we had a capital breakfast, and again met the Baron von Kremer, who accompanied us to the Semmering on his way to Vienna. We never saw him again. He died shortly after, and left a desolate wife.

We found this place delightful, a *dépendance* of the Südbahn Hotel, Semmering, with glorious views, delicious air, very fair food, and, above all, quiet; full of Austrians, Hungarians, and Jews. Here we got a startling letter from the Foreign Office to Richard, wanting to know why he had had so much leave, although they had told him to take it. It agitated him, and hurt him. Our delightful drives here were to Maria-Schütze, another smaller pilgrimage place, like Maria-Zell, but with only a small village, one shop and one inn. Snow fell upon the Schneeberg—this was always a signal for Richard not being very well; but these little attacks of gout came and passed quickly. He did not get on well here, so we made up our minds to leave on the twelfth day. The fact is, the Foreign

Office letter had worried him, and made him anxious to get back to Trieste ; so we went up to Vienna.

Sir Augustus and Lady Paget were absent, but the secretaries, Mr. Phipps, Lord Royston, and Mr. Maude, dined with us, where we soon had a nice little society round us, and of literary people, Dr. and Madame de Griez, Mr. Brinsley Richards and his wife, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Lavino of the *Daily Telegraph*, and, last but not least, Major and Mrs. Keith Fraser. We drove to Karlenberg, and that evening Richard broke out with gout. Dr. Baker telegraphed to England for some particular medicines, and they arrived by immediate post ; but we were not allowed by law to have them, for the protection of the native chemist, so we had them sent back to Trieste. Disheartened, we determined to leave ; but first we visited the tomb of Prince Rudolf. Many were passing down into the vaulted chamber where the sarcophagus lies. It was very, very cold and dark, and it made us so melancholy to think what he had thrown away in one moment.

The next evening we left by the night express, and arrived at Trieste at ten next morning. How nice it is to arrive at home !

On the 8th of September he deplores the death of Wilkie Collins ; and on Friday, the 13th, the death of George Elliott Ranken, and Lady Holland, at seventy-eight.

Here Richard got well very quick. Mr. Joyner, C.E., from Poonah, India, paid us a visit, whom we had not seen for thirteen years. He was not in the least changed. We had a fearful storm, of rain, hail, thunder, lightning, and wind, which smashed twelve of our windows. H.M.S. *Scout* came in, Captain Conybeare, Lieutenants Torlesse and Carr ; and we had the pleasure of receiving some of the officers for a few days. It always did Richard so much good seeing his countrymen from home. He had to have a small operation performed on the 7th of October, after which we went up to the mountains for quiet and rest. The *Scout* steamed out on the 10th, and we waved a flag from the roof, which they could see with glasses. We all got rheumatism, and went down again shortly. On the 22nd of October Richard had to be worried with another second small operation. I told the operator to be as gentle as he could, as Richard was in a very nervous state, and he would hardly believe me, he looked so well and strong ; but he told me afterwards that he found out that it was so. Dr. Baker found him a very clever man, and what he had to do, was done as painlessly and as quickly as possible ; and Richard was well enough to entertain our dear friend Alexander Thayer, ex-Consul-General of the United States (who dined with us regularly once a week), on his

seventy-second birthday, which occurred the same evening, a few hours after the operation. We had several friends, who each had their day to either breakfast or dine with us. It was a custom always kept up.

On the 25th of October he got a second curious official letter from the Foreign Office about not giving his Vice-Consul sufficient money. (He was giving him £350 a year, and the Embassy would have sent down anybody for that.) He was very angry, and reduced it in consequence. A third time the Foreign Office worried Richard with writing that he had been in England, which he had not, and was again angry. In fact, there seemed to be a dead set against him during August and October, 1889.

On the 15th of November we embarked for Brindisi in the Austrian-Lloyd *Ettore*. Crowds of friends came to see us off, with flowers. She was a long, narrow ship, powerful screw, and very much lumbered up; but there was no Austrian-Lloyd's on which we should not have found ourselves at home. There was a heavy ground swell later on, and a good wind. A moorhen was blown on board, and I kept her till the ship was close to the marshes. We landed the next night at Brindisi, after thirty-one hours' passage, and heavy gales came on, and we had to stay there several days for our steamer on to Malta.

We got off on the 24th in the P. and O. *Rosetta*, had a beautiful passage, arriving at Malta next day, after a twenty-nine hours' passage. I was glad to find that Richard was never the worse for the sea. We were afraid lest the shaking might affect his head, but providentially the whole of that winter, unlike the last sea voyage, we were only five hours in heavy weather.

Richard knew Malta well, but neither Dr. Baker nor I had ever seen it. We went to the Royal Hotel, "Cini's," where we remained twenty-three days.

We had been intending to go on Thursday, the 12th of December, and I here got a slight return of the sickness that I had in Lucerne last year, but nothing like so heavy, and Richard also had a little gout. There was only a ship once a week to take us to Tunis, so Richard was anxious to go all weathers, the sailing-time eleven o'clock. That morning the gales were dreadful, the sea mountains high; he called out to me, "It is fine enough to go." "Very well," I said, with an internal quake, feeling so ill. Presently a message was sent up from the office to say that the weather was as bad as could be. There was a little hesitation on his part; still preparations went on. About an hour later came a second message from the agents, "The steamer had broken her moorings and had gone aground; no

passengers were going, the hurricane was bad; should we mind transferring our tickets?" Richard looked out, and saw the sea was mountains high, wind howling, the rain like buckets. I shall never forget the joy with which I bolted into bed to nurse my sickness.

On Friday, the 13th of December, he deploras the death of Robert Browning.

Having taken leave of all our kind friends, we embarked on the 19th of December on the good ship *St. Augustine*, a French transatlantique. The going out was exceedingly interesting, and very rough. Malta seems to collect round it a regular swirl of bad weather, wind, rain, mist, steam, fog-clouds, and heavy swell round her like a mantle, but you have to stand out to sea to perceive it. Richard and I planted ourselves against a mast, to get the last view of Malta, but our feet were so frequently up in the air, and the stern of the boat hiding all view, that after a while we had to give it up. It gives you the impression of a huge sand-coloured rock rising out of the sea, and being covered with houses of the same colour. It might be a huge ivory toy carved for a museum. You are impressed by the immense ramparts, bastions, and guns everywhere; by the deep moats—one 950 yards long, 55 deep, and 30 wide—and its drawbridges. You feel its immense strength, its English solidity, the difficulty an enemy would have to take it. If you are an exile, your heart is cheered by the sight of the dozen men-of-war in harbour, and the five or six regiments, and the heights covered with the red-coats of our own nation. The natives have a superstition that Malta is like a large mushroom in the sea, and the waves perpetually beating against the stem will one day break it, and Malta will sink. We had a nineteen hours' run to Tunis, and the sea slowed down after five or six hours.

We had a merry dinner with the French officers, and a quiet night. The cabins were unendurable as to size—beds four feet nothing and very hard, no sitting or lounging places. If we had had very bad weather, I am afraid we should have suffered very much. The next day we were also fortunate, for, arriving at Tunis—landing at Tunis is not a delight—ships lie out half a mile distant, and in heavy weather I should think it would be very difficult; a steam-launch comes off and takes you and your little traps and puts you down in a shed, then goes off once or twice more for big baggage and goods; then you go to the custom-house to be examined. Here we hire two carriages and put all our baggage, great and small, in it, and tell them to drive it into Tunis. Then proceed ourselves to the little station, and wait one hour for a train, and

a half-hour does the eight miles into Tunis station ; then you go in a 'bus to the Grand Hôtel. Never go to the Grand Hôtel, only fit for commercial travellers, but go to the Grand Hôtel de Paris—nice rooms, quiet, civil people, reasonable prices. Thus it took five hours from the time of casting anchor to getting housed. I think we enjoyed Tunis the most of all, as it was decidedly the most Oriental.

On December 27th Richard deploras the death of our friend Baron Von Kremer, one of Austria's best Oriental scholars, which reached him on the 1st of January.



ARAB TENTS (TUNIS).

Richard got another slight attack of gout, and was a little shaky about the legs, but it soon passed. As soon as Richard improved, we saw everything that was to be seen, made excursions, and passed much time in the bazars. We did not think, however, that Tunis was either as grand or as wild as Damascus, although the French having possessed it for so short a time, it is not quite spoiled as is Algiers.

There are some little Sisters of the Poor, who have a large house a mile out of town over dreadful roads. They are of all nations ; there was one American and one English nun. There is the best view

of the town and surrounding country, which pleased Richard very much. They keep sixty-five old men and women, mostly incurables. We often went there.

One of our most favourite excursions was to Marsa, to our Consul-General and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond-Hay, son of old Sir John Hay of Marocco. You drive through Napoleonic endless straight roads, through brackish swamps for miles and miles, till you come to the aqueduct and ruins of old Carthage. Large masonry works are still standing; the stones and mortar are very poor. The villa where they live was Sir Richard Wood's; it is semi-Moorish, semi-European, and stands just beyond the ruins. They were just beginning it, and have now made it perfectly beautiful. They are charming people; he quiet and reserved, she affectionate, clever, and lively.

We found here some genial people—Commandant Coyne, a French Arabist; Mr. Seton-Karr, author and traveller; Mr. and Mrs. Pitner, the Austrian Consul-General; and Count Bathyani. We had delightful drives, and Dr. Baker photographed Bedawi in their tents. We often went to Dar el Bey; and the Kasbah, the former palace, has beautiful Moorish rooms, but they are dark and melancholy. The bazars are very nice, but, excepting one or two shops, are not a patch upon Damascus. Our favourite drives were generally round the Arab and the Jewish quarters. We had drives also to Belvedere, where is the military hospital, Ariana, Bardo, and Mamlíf.

Here we were reading "Salammbó," and Mr. Broadley's two excellent volumes on "Tunis and its Conquest."

The most interesting thing was to pass through the Jewish and Mohammedan quarters, so narrow, such types, such smells and sights. Lisa and I used to go to the harems and learn to make Arab dishes. We were also cheered by the arrival of Mr. Terence Bourke, brother of Lord Mayo, who has a delightful Moorish house in the Mohammedan quarter, where he gave us much hospitality. We had charming Arab breakfasts with him. Poor Lisa got the influenza. Influenza was not so much known then—it was only talked of at a distance.

CARTHAGE.

Carthage must be divided into two parts—1. Commercial; 2. Military. The cisterns are Roman, not Punic. There are two roads from Marsa to Carthage. The upper, which we went, a mere track and dangerous, leads to Sidi bin Sa'id, an old church excavated, and the chapel of St. Louis; the lower road is the highway to Goletta. On a bit of ascent to the left, on the Goletta coast, is

the palace of Cardinal Lavigérie. Cardinal Lavigérie was trying to make a small Rome at old Carthage; his new Cathedral was of Maltese build—another al Melláhah, surrounded by gardens, with inscriptions on the walls: some five hundred are not yet published. Statues and fragments and everything were plastered on or about the walls, the columns below; a large building underground, temple of Ashman, has very fine masonry. The chapel of St. Louis is small and circular, stands alone, and has one high altar. It contains the tomb of Count de Lesseps, Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps' father, with a big inscription. In the great hall, where you are received, there are numbers of modern pictures; there is a splendid view of the sea, and Cape Bon and Tunis.

The flat below is a mine of antiquities. Old Carthage port, now the quarantine, is much like a natural dock, the entrance silted up. Indeed, it is a beautiful panorama. The museum begins with Italian art, with Bible subjects on one side. On the opposite wall—Pagan subjects—there is a fine collection. Three skeletons are disposed as if in the tomb, and six or seven pots at the head—*fatua* on the right side—and pots at feet sometimes. There are Pagan and Christian mosaics. All the land belongs to the Cardinal, who was the Pope of Carthage. No foreigner could excavate anywhere. There is a huge convent. The monks are all in white, with a big rosary and fez, and are called "Les Pères blancs de la Mission Africaine." There is a convent of Carmelite nuns close by. Carthage runs all along Tania, where mosaics are found. The old sea-walls of the port are behind the present Goletta.

The Fathers were delightful, and showed us everything. The Cardinal, who we were dying to see, was absent. The Cathedral will be very nice when it has toned down; it was at present too gaudy.

There is a big stone near Tunis, very long and slanting; ladies who wish to be pregnant slide down it, so it is worn quite smooth. We made as many excursions into the interior as it was possible, considering the state of Richard's health, but the most difficult thing was how to get from Tunis to Algiers, which, considering the accommodation, was a frightful dilemma. The little coast-steamers are wretched; the weather was very cold, the sea was exceedingly rough, and the possibility of landing, when you do arrive at a port, is always extremely uncertain, on account of the heavy rollers. Hence, should the heavy sea have affected Richard's head by the shaking, we should have had no redress. There was no possible stopping-place for any one by train, who from health motives ought

not to rough it. There is, indeed, Souk el Arba, after six hours' train, where there is a tramps' hut (but nothing to eat), at about half-past ten in the day—twenty-four hours to wait for next day's train. There is Ghardimau at 11.45 (the frontier where they visit baggage). There is Souk-Ahras at 2.13, where the country becomes wild and bold. People in health *may* stop here for the next day's train, but we determined that none of this would do, especially as the carriages are made for hardy Arabs, and not for luxury.

Now, through the immense kindness of the railway director, M. Kœely, I was fortunate enough to secure a saloon, with two benches mattressed and cushioned, where, with railway rugs, four could lie feet to feet, a small but clean toilette, and a curtained terrace, where we put all our little baggage, and Africano, our good dragoman. We left our hotel, and conveyed Richard to the train at 8.30 p.m. overnight, and established ourselves on board our train, because it started at 5.15 in the morning (and a cold January morning), and our hot coffee was brought to us inside by the kindness of the same director. We had all our meals in the train, as we were provided with an ample basket of food, drink, smoke, and books. Richard enjoyed the terrace and watching the country; the air was most exhilarating, and he felt quite well. We should not perhaps have thought so much of the scenery in Austria, but still it was very beautiful. Then it must be remembered that Tunis has only had the advantage, or disadvantage, of eight years of civilization. The difficulties of engineering must have been great, but the train was very well driven, prudently on bad places, and always true to time.

At Duvivier we were shunted from the Bona to the Kroubs train. It began to get dark. We dined on board, and had a bottle of champagne we had brought with us, and got fearfully tired about eight o'clock in the evening, and lay down. At 8.20 we were shifted from the Kroubs train to the Constantine train, where we arrived at 12.15 in the night, having been out twenty-eight hours and running nineteen; but Richard was the strongest of us all, and none the worse. We drove to the Hôtel du Louvre, and were glad to tumble into bed. We would willingly have stayed here a long time; the hotel was not so bad as its entrance makes you think. It was the healthiest and the most interesting town we had seen. We had to celebrate here our twenty-ninth, and, alas! our last, wedding-day. We passed it in inspecting our surroundings. It is of a peculiar gorgy character, and must have been impregnable in old days. The Devil's Bridge and hot springs are most picturesque. The Arab tents are made of straw, thatch, and dirty rags, and look as if all the rubbish of the world

were heaped upon them. The Arabs in this part of the world are big, magnificent-looking men, who make everybody else look small, with white burnous, and have beautiful white teeth. The French very sensibly swagger about, and the troops make a great fanfare of trumpets. The people here are cruel to their donkeys, who seem born to carry loads of stone upon their backs.

The difficulty now was how to get on from Constantine, which was only halfway to Algiers; for though I did all my best, there were races going on at Biskrah. There was but one saloon, and it was taking the directors down; so as we could only go by the common train, we knew that Richard could not bear anything but a short journey, which would be at first about an eight hours' run to Sétif. The country was a large continuous undulation, and although quite flat *in appearance*, we rose gradually from 2000 to 3500 feet above sea-level, with distant mountains. There were plenty of Bedawi tents and flocks, and two or three buildings shortly after leaving Constantine that looked like a palace in a plain, on a little eminence bare of trees or garden, and two square, large, ugly houses. The Spahis are very picturesque with their many-coloured garments and red cloaks, and have, as well as the Kabyles, beautiful teeth. At Sétif we found the Hôtel de la France comfortable, with fair food. The town is not much to look at, the usual undulating country with good soil, and we passed an agreeable day, chiefly in the market, which was full of picturesque Berbers, who had also some curious things to buy.

The next day (after forty-eight hours' rest) we did another six hours to Bouira, which is a very picturesque part of the country, especially going through the Gates or Gorges. The little Hôtel de la Poste is no better than a small public-house, but the food was fit for Paris; we always said that that cook must have committed some crime, to go and hide himself in such an awful hole as that. The next day we had a very pleasant journey of eight hours to Algiers. The entry at night reminded us so much of Trieste. From the station to the Hôtel St. George's, Mustafa Supérieure, was an immense long way, but delightful when one got there.

Algiers is an ideal place to look at; at first Richard was delighted with it, and thought he would end his days there, but in about three weeks he began to change his mind, and said nothing would induce him to have "our cottage" there. For myself, I thought it was the dampest, most neuralgic place I ever was in; but it is very beautiful, superior to Trieste in beauty, the town more elevated, and looking like ivory, as Eastern towns do, but yet like Trieste; and the country green, and picturesque with palms. Here we found delightful society—Sir Lambert and Lady Playfair, Count Bathyani, Mrs. Camp-

bell Praed, the Marquise de Beaufort, Lady Clementina and Mr. Mitford, Lord Carbery, Mrs. and Miss Newton, the Rev. Colin Campbell, Colonel Preston, and a very nice and clever Miss Florence Shakespeare Owens, and many other charming people. Here for the second time a huge glass chandelier fell, nearly cutting the table in two just as we had left our places.

On the 16th of February we started for one of the greatest humbugs in the world, the baths at Hammam R'irha, passing Blidah, where there is a wonderful gorge, and archæological remains. There is a wretched little station called Bou Medfa, where a tumbledown little 'bus, only good enough for luggage, awaits passengers; but fortunately we got a *calèche*, two good horses, and a pleasant Jehu, and we had a long drive through cold, raw, snowy air (in February). At first we had a glorious day, splendid weather, and a beautiful view for distance. We stayed here a week, during which it did nothing afterwards but pour with rain, and a walk put you almost knee-deep in thick red clay. We visited the *gurbi* or hut of Suleiman, the Arab guardian of the hotel, and sat with his wife. We should not call him an Arab or a Bedawin at Damascus, but in all these kind of places they generally have these protectors, even at Alexandria, but not in Syria. It would have puzzled any one to live in that *gurbi*, except people used to living in very small tents.

Richard got gouty here, and we were glad to return to Algiers at the end of the week; but we did not go back to the same sort of life, of which there are two. One life is to live up at Mustafa Supérieure and take care of your health, and the other is to live in town and see something of native life. You cannot do both, because getting up and down from Mustafa to town occupies all day; so we now went to the Hôtel de la Régence, where we stayed a fortnight in order to see something of Algiers. Here we read "Mosállam," by Laurence Oliphant, which explains so much of his life.

We went all over the City, seeing the most interesting things—the Cardinal's Moorish Palace, the Cardinal's Cathedral, the Museum, where is shown poor Geronimo's body. He lived in 1540, was taken prisoner and baptized, but his relations caught him again, and kept him as a Mohammedan till he was twenty-five; then he returned to Oran, where he renewed his Christianity, but he was caught again by a Moorish corsair and brought to Algiers, where he was ordered again to become a Mohammedan; and as he would not, he was sentenced to be thrown alive into a mould, with his feet and hands tied with cords, and the block of concrete containing his body was built into an angle of the fort. In 1853 it was destroyed, and on the 27th of December the skeleton was found enclosed in

the block. The bones were carefully removed, and interred with great pomp in the Cathedral, built on the site of the Mosque of Hassan. Liquid plaster of Paris was run into the mould left by his body; they thus obtained a perfect model, even of his features, the cords which bound him, and the texture of his clothing, and this you see in the museum. We wandered about the Mosques and about the bazars to buy curios, and although Algiers is now only a French town on Arab foundations, the Arab part of the town, that remains untouched, was as interesting as anything we had ever seen. Take, for instance, the Mosque or Zaouia of Sidi Abd er Rahman Eth-Thalebi, which contains his tomb and its surroundings; there are numbers of tombs around him, and the usual drapery, lamps, banners, and ostrich eggs. Take the Arab town with its close, dark, steep streets, and its dark holes and shops, the ways of which are like climbing a wall of steps. One is ascended by 497 steps; they are mostly alleys just wide enough to pass through, and is a labyrinth in which you might easily lose yourself. The *Kasbah*, or Citadel, is also well worth a visit. We made as many excursions as was possible in the interior, considering the state of Richard's health, and when he was not well enough for a walk or a drive, he received African Professors. Some of our party went to see one of the fanatical religious meetings of the Assaouiyeh, the religious confraternity of Sidi Mohammed bin Aissa, which take place sometimes in the native quarter. I have seen many of these sort of things, but never carried to the extent that I am told they are carried here, where they mutilate themselves, and sometimes a sheep is thrown amongst them which they devour alive. I could not sleep that night for knowing it was going on, but our party comforted me by telling me next day that nothing of the sort had taken place.

We now took our departure from Algiers.

Richard said that one of his great pleasures in leaving North Africa, and especially Algiers, was the intense cruelty to animals. It was no pleasure to walk or drive, and some people felt it so much, that they walked by back ways, and only looked forward to giving up their villas altogether, since there was no one to stop it. The Rev. Colin Campbell and I did what we could all the time we were there.

At last the day came for leaving. The day before the sea had been frightful, and, though it was fine this day, we had the heavy swell of yesterday's storm. It was a capital boat, the only good steamer on this coast, all new appliances, electric light, corky in the water like our Irish boats (the *Duc de Braganza*). Mrs. Campbell Praed, who had been with us all along, accompanied us to Marseilles, and it was delightful to have her society.

We enjoyed our passage exceedingly on the 7th of March, the only fine day amongst a series of gales. In the evening Richard and Dr. Baker went into the smoking-cabin, and there a young man, a travelled passenger, was holding forth to the others with regard to African travellers, and Richard Burton in particular, having no idea that the said Richard Burton was part of his audience. It became exceedingly amusing when he began to relate the tale of "how Richard Burton had murdered two men on his Meccan journey, because they had suspected him of being a Frank and a Christian." Richard then said quietly to him, "What traveller did you say did this deed?" "Oh, Burton, the famous Mecca-man!" "Have you seen him?" "Oh yes, of course I have." "Well, then," said Richard, "I am that man, and I assure you that I never did this deed; that I had no cause to, for I never was suspected. I have been told that such a tale was rife about me, but I thought it was a joke, and it has never come face to face with me as a serious thing till to-night. There *were* two Englishmen travelling about the desert at this time; they were put into a great difficulty, and I believe they had to do it in self-defence, and in consequence of this misfortune, their travels never appeared before the public; but it did not happen to me." This reminds me of dining out one night long before; it was a very large dinner-party, in London, and the gentleman opposite to me bent forward and said, "I heard you talking a great deal about the East; did you ever chance to meet Burton the traveller?" I saw his agitated neighbour nudging him, so I laughed, and said, "Rather! I have the honour of being his wife." On another occasion—it was at the British Association for Science in 1878—we were stopping with Lord Talbot of Malahide; it was a show place, and the Association came over in the afternoon, and were being lionized about. Richard had given a lecture the day before in Dublin, and a little crowd were collected around us. Suddenly a middle-aged lady, not knowing who I was, walked up to me, by way of saying something pleasant, and said, "I did not think much of the lecture of Burton the traveller, did you?" Richard and I were ready to split, but I was so sorry for her, that I said cheerfully, "Oh yes! I liked it very much indeed; but, you know, it was a very abstruse subject, and one which people in general are not likely to understand." (It was on the Ogham-Runes, the tree-language of ancient Ireland, as compared with El Mushajjar, the tree-language of ancient Arabs.) Meantime her friends, who had been tugging at her mantle in agonies, had got her off, and then we had a good laugh.

The following day it darkened, and looked rainy and cloudy, and

the sea inkier as we approached the Gulf of Lyons. The approach by sea to Château d'If and the Isle d'Hyères, with their little rocky islands, the solitary lighthouse, and Notre Dame de la Garde towering the town on a white rocky eminence, was exceedingly pretty and effective. You cannot have a prettier drive than going by La Plage, and the lovely Corniche road to Notre Dame de la Garde, and returning by the Prado. The City is magnificent; it lies in a basin surrounded by hills, and fringed with pine-woods of every family of the race, stunted and tall, blown into weird shapes by the wind, dotted with country villas and fine buildings, and all this is ring-fenced by immense bare limestone rock.

The *digue*, or breakwater, is built in a triangular shape so as to throw off the canalization. You enter a series of new docks, the old port running to the bottom of the finest street, perhaps the finest in the world—Rue Cannébière and Noailles.

After staying here one day, we went on to Toulon, and on to the Hôtel Continental at Hyères, which we thought delightful. We had a delicious drive to Carquerain, and down to the sea. Between this and Nice we met Admiral Seymour of the *Iris*, and travelled in the same train, and went on to the Isles Britanniques at Nice. The French Squadron was in; their manœuvres were very pretty, and they looked "fit." The *Bataille des Fleurs* was going on. Sir Richard Wood and Mrs. Campbell Praed came to breakfast, and he took us to see all the fun. He was looking very well and fresh. We were exceedingly pleased to meet him, as he was the one Consul held in honour before Richard Burton at Damascus. After one whole day there, we took the train for Genoa, and we had rather an unpleasant journey, as Richard was a little ailing, and could not enjoy the motions of the Italian train curving round the coast. One must admit that the district of the Riviera is beautiful, the English type (after you pass Monte Carlo, Mentone, Bordighera, and San Remo) changing to poor picturesque Italy, when it becomes defiled by its vulgar, petty officialdom. We hated Genoa from our sad remembrance in 1887, so, instead of going to our old hotel, we went to the Hôtel de la Ville on the Port, and disliked it very much, and felt that we had left civilization. We wandered about, and went to the beautiful Campo Santo and bought things; and next day went on to Milan, where we also changed our hotel, and went to the Cavour, which we liked exceedingly. Next day we got on to Venice, to the Grand Hôtel, but we only stayed one day, as Richard was suffering from hotel food, and so we reached home on his birthday, the 19th of March (his last birthday, sixty-ninth), having been out rather more than four months.

OUR LAST TRIP.

On the 1st of July we went for our summer trip, as July and August in Trieste are almost insupportable. We went first to Gorizia before described. The next day we made the usual interesting pilgrimage of Monte-Santo on a peak, which is a small Maria-Zell, the *local* Lourdes, which occupies about six hours to go and see everything and return. We dined out of doors in the evening at Gorizia, and next morning went on to Tarvis. It was a long day, and Richard was very tired. Tarvis is very beautiful, but we could not enjoy it, because we were none of us well; so we only stopped for a day or two, and then we went on to Villach and to Lienz, where we had always been longing to stay.

The Post Hotel is a charming, comfortable, old-fashioned inn. There we used to sit out under the eaves, feed the pigeons, make the boys scramble for pennies, and buy things from passing pedlars, and Richard decided, that though it is an old village, it is *not* "dry rot," and that the mountain air was beautiful. We had an uncomfortable train to Franzensfeste, but there we got a delightful *aussichts-wagen* to run over the Brenner, which, though it was our fourth time, we enjoyed immensely. The Tyrol Hof in Innsbruck where we stopped was good, but very dear. There we met Mrs. Crawford, the widow of the M.P. who had been kind to us years ago. We were just in time to catch our old friends the Von Puthons, who were transferred to Linz. There was a delightful zither-player in the evening. No one knows what sounds, what soft passionate music, can be got out of those instruments till one hears them in their native land. Here people should buy rough but picturesque parures of black garnets, which is a specialty.

From Innsbrück we made a four hours' run to Feldkirch over the Arlberg, which was really dangerous, as Richard had before foretold. There had been landslips, and some places were planked over so that you could see the precipices under the carriage, the train going very slow. There were several bad places, and one unpleasant bridge. The next train to ours could not come over. I heard a gentleman, who I was told was one of the engineers of the line, say in German to some other gentlemen, "We thought it would last for ever when we put it up, but now I would not let my own family cross in spring after the rains." We stopped to see my nephew Bertie Pigott, who was in college here. The Jesuits have a large college, which is the principal thing in the town, very much on the same principle as that of Sliema Malta, and have their playground, athletic exercises, museum, library,

good church, etc. In the Cathedral there is an Holbein's altar to see.

We left after two days, and arrived at Zurich in time for the great Schiefs-Stätte *fête*, or Federal Rifle Association, which takes place every other year. It dates from the sixteenth century, assumed its present rifle form in 1830, and consequently was the first known to Europe. It used to be the great political event that drew all the Cantons together. It is the focus which cements that simplicity, equality, and independence which go to make up the sturdy Swiss character, and is the secret of the union which makes their strength. It always takes place in a different town, and numbers 220,000 members out of two millions and a quarter—more than the regular army. This year it was at Frauenfeld, and the great people assembled at the Hôtel Baur au Lac where we were staying. One hundred and fifty Minnesingers were singing their national songs on the lawn, some hidden in boats on the canal by the side. There was a sort of illumination, and fireworks, not only on shore, but on the lake, which you might have mistaken for Venice.

The next day we were all away to Frauenfeld. Seven thousand pounds are given in prizes. The number of people on the ground, besides shooters, was 40,000. There was a huge wooden marquee for dining 6000 people, and 3000 sat down at a time. Every Swiss is ambitious to be a good marksman, and it is thought to be a disgrace to be a bad shot. The Roman Catholic priest gave us hospitality. He had passed the last sixteen years of his life in making an exquisite collection of enamels on copper, silver, and gold—religious subjects, selected with great care and judgment. Two-thirds are early seventeenth century, and he wanted to sell them.

Mr. Angst, the English Consul, is a very great man, and it was a fine thing to be a friend of his in Switzerland. He and his wife showed us a great deal of hospitality, and we passed many pleasant days enjoying his collection of curios, swords, and china, which are all Swiss, for he is a patriot. A delightful excursion is by boat to Rapperswyl, calling at fifteen or sixteen stations down the lake on the left. There is a little hotel Der See, one of eight fronting the little quay. We had a delightful breakfast, after which we re-embarked and came up on the other bank. Next day there was a great Consular dinner, which lasted from twelve to six, at which Richard and Dr. Baker attended. Here we met a very nice Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale. We had a charming excursion to Uetliberg, and another to Einsiedeln up in the mountains; it is the Swiss Lourdes. The scenery was lovely, the air beautiful. We had a good dinner of blue mountain trout at the Pfau. We went all over

the Cathedral, and the circle of pious shops, and drank from the fountain of fourteen spouts. We bought pious things, and the monks came in at three o'clock and sang the "Ave Maria." Our return was on a beautiful summer evening; the lake glowed in colours, there was a gentle mist and a full moon, but we arrived very, very tired.

During this Swiss trip, Richard always brought Catullus to *table d'hôte*, and whenever he was bored he used to pull it out and write his notes upon his Latin copy.

I did all I could to persuade him to go from Zurich to Bâle, from Bâle to England, to leave the Service and to stay in England till he was thoroughly rested and well; then we would go back and pick up our things, or let them be sent after us; but he would not hear of it. I tried this twice during this Swiss journey when we were half-way, for I saw that the frequent attacks of indigestion and nervousness and gases round the heart were on the increase, and it did not seem that *any* climate, or *any* staying still, nor yet travelling, improved them. Still he persevered in saying that he would keep on till next March, when he would be free, and be home the following September.

During the last six months of his life (to show how tired he was getting of everything), he used frequently to say to me, "Do you know, I am in a very bad way; I have got to hate everybody except you and myself, and it frightens me, because I know perfectly well that next year I shall get to hate you, and the year after that I shall get to hate myself, and then I don't know what will become of me. We are always wandering, and the places that delight *you* I say to myself, 'Dry rot,' and the next place I say, 'Dry rotter,' and the third place I say, 'Dry rottest,' and then *da capo*."

About the 20th of July Richard had a small attack of gout which passed away, and again slightly at Davos.

We went on to Ragatz, Mr. Angst accompanying us. The Quellenhof Hotel is as big as a village, but it was too full to be comfortable. Lady Taunton and Lady Elizabeth Grey were there, and we met them in several places—two interesting sisters with lovely silver hair. Here you drive to the waterfall and Meienfeld, and to Pfäfersbad, where there is a quelle and gorge like that of Trient, the same swirling river under you, darkness, weirdness, the same tiny planks to walk along next to the rocky wall, and the mountains meeting overhead. Another drive is to Wartenstein, and Pfäfers village, where an old Convent is turned into a large Lunatic Asylum.

Wartenstein is a *châlet*-restaurant which holds about thirty visitors, and there is a lovely view. We left Ragatz when we had seen everything, and went on a new line of railway only opened a fortnight before,

up to Davos-Platz, six thousand feet high. The scenery is always nice and sometimes grand. We were lodged in a fine large hotel, the Belvedere, which was not finished. The centre of the scene is a plateau swamp in the middle. The roots of the surrounding hills are covered with hotels, villas, and pines, and above them again are high mountains with snowy peaks and fine air. In winter it is dry and covered with snow; it is the great consumption focus, and people say it is full of germs. Here we met five people we knew, amongst them Father Graham, a priest from London. We had come here on purpose to make acquaintance with Mr. John Addington Symonds, but he was gone away, and he only came back on the evening before our departure, and we saw him for about an hour, which was better than nothing.

We had a delightful drive from Davos to Maloja, with a comfortable landau, two good steady grey horses, and a nice coachman; it was a truly delicious day, which I shall always remember amongst my mental treasures. We ascended the Fluela Pass through gorgeous scenery, starting at ten o'clock. In an hour and a half we stopped to give bread to the horses, and then in another hour and a half we came to the highest point, 6700 feet, where we were in deep snow; a lake was covered with ice, and two Mount St. Bernard dogs greeted us. Here we baited the horses with bread and wine, and lunched from our basket. The Schwarzhorn, 13,000 feet high, was to our right; there were glaciers and chamois, gorges and grand ravines. When we started again we descended to Sûs, a large village, where we rested, had tea, and baited our horses for a couple of hours, and then we drove on two hours more to Quoz. I think Quoz one of the prettiest places I ever saw, and should like to have stayed there longer. It is a beautiful, romantic, Romansch village; the scenery is lovely, the hotel is civilized. We put up there for the night, starting at ten o'clock the next morning, and arrived at Samâden, where we were very badly treated by the landlord, who made us pay sixty-six francs for three-quarters of an hour's entertainment.

Three-quarters of an hour further we arrived at St. Moritz-Kulm, stopped our carriage, got out for a moment, and in opening the door ran up against Canon Wenham, of Mortlake, who is our spiritual pastor where I now live, and whom I had known for at least thirty-five years. He was very glad to see Richard, and we frequently met during our stay in Switzerland. Canon Wenham has since told me that when he first saw Richard at St. Moritz, that he kept saying to himself, "I wonder whether you or I will be the first to go?" Richard died two months after that, and ten months later he

performed his funeral service at Mortlake. The baths and the village are below in the valley. We soon started again for Maloja, but did not get in till 4.30, owing to an accident. For the *third* time our horses suddenly behaved queerly; they were steady, plodding brutes, but one sprang over a low stone wall, leaving the carriage on the other side, and the other stood trembling, sweating, and sobbing as if it was going to have a fit. It was a narrow road with a sharp precipice into the lake, and very little would have sent us rolling into it. We were some time extricating ourselves. We all got out, and the horses were unharnessed and taken into a neighbouring field, where they recovered themselves. I was dreadfully frightened, but Richard was quite cool. On all these three occasions the coachman and Lisa and I thought that the horses saw something we did not see, but Richard and the doctor opined that there was some natural cause, such as a snake crossing the path. The gypsies passed, and stopped and helped us.

Maloja hotel is a luxurious palace at the head of the lake, looking down the lake on one side, and on the other down into Italy. It is the last of the Engadine plateaux, has glorious scenery and air, snow mountains, and blue sky and lake. We found here Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, accompanied by their faithful Captain Jephson, and Mr. Stanley's black boy Saleh, Dean Carington, Mr. Oscar Browning, and Mr. Welldon (Headmaster of Harrow), Sir John and Lady Hawkins, the Duchess of Leinster, Lady Mabel Fitzgerald, and Lord Elcho, Mrs. Main (lately Mrs. Fred Burnaby), Miss Emily Blair Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and son, Lord Dunraven, and other pleasant people.

There were all sorts of amusements—a large ball-room, beautiful band, theatricals, concerts, alpinism, fishing, and kodaking, picnics, glee-singing by a chorus of workmen, who sang at the church in the morning—everything that could be desired, but our chief amusement was driving. We used to go over to St. Moritz Kulm, where we met Mr. Strickland, who edited the St. Moritz news, and Father Wenham.

At Maloja Richard talked to me a great deal about the possibilities of what might happen in case of his death—"Not," he said, "that I am thinking of dying;" and I told him that I thought he should leave literary executors. I mentioned four people who I thought would expect to have a "finger in the pie," so to speak, in case of his death, but he absolutely declined to let *anybody* but myself search into his papers, and desired me to see to it if any necessity arose. He said, "No one has helped me but you during thirty—I may say thirty-five—years; who is likely to know so well now? Besides, I know that you will do everything for me, body and soul—that

you would wish done for yourself." A little while after this he called me into his room and said, "I may very likely live for years, but I should like to leave three papers, which I am now going to sign in your presence." The first concerned religion, the second his private papers and manuscripts, and the third his money and mining affairs, and I have carried them all out to the very letter from the day he died till now.

The lake was very grand in a storm, black, green, and yellow, with lowering black clouds, enveloping mountain and lake, lit up by dark red lightning. We had great fun in being photographed by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, who was here with two charming sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Richard and myself, and Saleh the black boy, and Mrs. Bancroft placed us. Mrs. Bancroft made us all laugh just as we were going to be taken, by seizing up a long broom-handle and poising it as a lance, saying, "Won't you have *me* as Tippoo Tib?" Mrs. Stanley did a very amusing thing; she got a piece of paper, and turning part of it down, said to my husband, "Will you give me your autograph, Sir Richard?" which he readily did, in English and Arabic. She then turned up the back of the paper, on which she had written, "I promise to put aside all other literature, and as soon as I return to Trieste, to write my own autobiography." So we all signed underneath him, and since I have had it framed.

On the 31st of August he deplores the death of his friend, General Studholm Hodgson.

The two or three last days of August the snow was so dreadful that we only longed to get down into Italy, and on the 1st of September, wishing good-bye to our friends, we started at two o'clock, and had a delightful drive of three hours and a quarter through the snow down the mountains. The snow was so bad that it was doubtful whether we could manage it, but we did without accident. We passed several picturesque places, amongst others Castasegna, where I got out of the carriage, while they were refreshing the horses, to look at the tombs in the little church, and walking up to one, I saw on it "Richard Vaughan Simpson, died in 1834, aged 23." I said a prayer for him—perhaps I was the first countrywoman that had passed and done so. As we passed the frontier we were lightly examined, and we got into Italian picturesqueness, passing one or two fine waterfalls. Chiavenna looked most picturesque in the distance, as we descended to the good little Hôtel Conradi. There was a blue shade over the snow mountains as the sun was setting.

The next day we left Conradi's to get to Como. The train was an hour late; we had to go in the third-class with forty-eight people, and the boat was late too. The lake was looking lovely, with its

villages, especially Gravedona, Varenna, and Bellagio, which reminded us of Madeira. We were about seven hours doing twenty miles. We had delightful drives through the trees above the Villa Lervelloni to the ruined castle which overlooks Como with all its three arms of the lake, and listened to the bees and the birds, smelled the forest, and were glad we were alive. We also went to Como itself. In the evening we met Sir Frederick Napier Broome, late Governor of Western Australia. We were now reading Sinnett's "Kârma." We left Bellagio early, a couple of days later, and went down the other side of the lake (Lago di Lecco) on a very pleasant morning. You take a branch railway, and join the main line (Milan to Venice) at Rovato for Venice. We went to the Grand Hôtel, but soon left, as the gondola music used to drive Richard wild. There is one man, if he still exists, who sings as if he would burst, like the cicala.

On the 7th of September we left for Trieste, sauntering down the Gran Canale in gondola the last thing. We had a comfortable journey, and were glad to get home that evening after ten weeks out, which we had thoroughly enjoyed, except on the occasions when Richard was suffering. But how sorrowful it would have been, could we but have foreseen that it was the last journey we should ever take together in this life! If we could but look forward, we should not be able to bear it.

HOME FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS.

The few following weeks at Trieste we continued to write together in the evening, he being engaged all day with his "Scented Garden," his "Catullus," "Ausonius," "Apuleius, or the Golden Ass," and other things, as he had been since his last Supplementals came out (November 13th, 1888); and in early morning we used to take a list of all the manuscripts published and unpublished, their destinations when packed for England, and sorting the correspondence into years; and Dr. Baker took a great many photographs, as he had done all this year in the garden, of us and the views and friends, which I am having formed into two lamp-shades on gelatine.

These last few weeks Richard kept saying to me, "When the swallows form a dado round the house, when they are crowding on the windows, in thousands, preparatory to flight, call me;" and he would watch them long and sadly. Strange to say, after his death seven of them took up their abode at his window, and only departed in December. They are building again at "our cottage" at Mortlake. It seems as if he were watching.

On the 11th of September he deploras in his journal the death of Sir William Hardman, of the *Morning Post*.

On the 20th of September, a month before he died, in his diary he writes, "I feel too well," and another paragraph, "The house covered with swallows;" and then he says that night, "Sat on balcony—perfect evening, perfect day." He was then taking papaine for his gout.

On the 27th we had gentle earthquakes late at night, but which were prolonged till dawn.

In October he complains of liver and biliousness in his journal, but remarks that his cure was working well.

On the 15th of October we paid together our official visit to the Governor and his wife, and we had friends to breakfast at the Hôtel de la Ville, where he was very gay. He was not very well in the evening, but nothing particular, and a glass of hot brandy and water seemed to set him quite right. I had begun partly to dismantle the house, and to put away things to make it easier for packing on return, in order to hurry matters when we came back, previous to leaving for good. We were going to start on the 15th of November for Greece and Constantinople, and we were already sorting out what we would take, having our saddlery looked to, and writing letters to the Ministers of these countries to ask their advice on certain points, and getting letters of introduction.

On the 18th of October, Dr. Baker photographed us in the garden. Richard was always better when he first got home, and then got tired of it after. When he first arrived, 8th of September, he only weighed 70 kilos, but by the 2nd of October he had increased to 72.5 kilos.

On the 18th of October he was a little inclined to gout, and complained that he had no pleasure in walking.

On the 19th (the day before he died) he complains of a little lumbago.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE RETURN HOME FOR THE LAST TIME.

“ Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold ;
And Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine is made of gold ;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
Who burns up all he sees
Alike, as warm, will set as soon—
Oh, call it by none of these.

“ Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, and Passion are,
Yet human still as they.
And if thy lips, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name !”

THE good air in Switzerland, and especially Maloja, had set Richard up completely. We returned on the 7th of September, little thinking he had but six weeks to live.

The day before he died, though he was unusually well and cheerful, he said, “ I am beginning to lose the good I got in Switzerland, and to feel the corroding climate of Trieste again. I count the hours till the 15th of November.”

This was the day that we were to have sailed for Greece, but, alas ! for human foresight, human misery, it was the day of the third and the last great Church ceremonial or dirge for the repose of his soul. Some circumstances that were unavoidable, not important but irritating, for the past few months had annoyed him, and he was always saying, “ What a blessing it would be, and that he could hardly wait for the moment, when we two would be settled quietly in England together again, and independent of the Government, and of all the world besides !” And it will always comfort me to remember that during spring and summer, after our return from Algiers, I begged of him to throw up the Service, and instead of

In the garden. Crowds of birds were sitting around it on the trees, watching it drown, and doing nothing for it. He got Dr. Baker to get it out, and warmed it in his own hands, and put it in his fur coat, and made a fuss till it was quite restored, then put it in a cage to be kept and tended till well enough to fly away again.

The last night, the chief talk at dinner was about General Booth's article—the first that came out in the *Pall Mall Budget*—of "How to relieve the Millions." He took the greatest possible interest in it, because (as he said) they could get at people that no clergyman of *any* Church could get at, and it sounded such a sensible plan. He said to me, "When you and I get to London, and are quite free and settled, we will give all our spare time to that." This is the man who is supposed to have killed and crushed everything as he went about in triumph over the world.

In point of fact, the "Richard Burton" described by part of the press, notably by the *Saturday Review*—the Richard Burton quoted by a great portion of the people who *professed* to know him so well, and *really* hardly knew him at all, never existed—was a man I never knew and never saw.

To the last breath, there was never a saner, or a sounder, or a truer judgment in any man who walked this earth. He saw and knew all the recesses of men's minds and actions.

All those six weeks I was very uneasy to hear him talking more than ever agnostically at the table, and to our surroundings, and to witness the conflict going on within himself in the privacy of our own rooms, because I had been warned by people who have experience in these matters, that it *would be the case* the nearer he was to death; and yet his health seemed so well. It never struck me that death could be so near. He said once to me, after an unusual burst at tea, which had made me sad, "Do I hurt you when I talk like that?" And I smiled, and said rather sadly, "Well, yes; it always appears to me like speaking against our very best friend." He got a little pale, and said, "Well, I promise you that, after I am free from the Government and from our present surroundings, I won't talk like that any more." And I said, "How I long for that time to come!" And he answered, "So do I."

I realized the following quotation about prayer:—

"The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire poured out in prayer to God, will ever be lost; but in God's own time and way it will be wafted back again, in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessings on you, and those for whom you pray."

The nightingales were very beautiful in our garden at Trieste, and after dinner, it being unusually fine weather in September and October, we used to sit out on our verandah smoking, taking our coffee, looking at the beautiful moonlit sea and mountains, and the moon and stars through a large telescope that stood there for the purpose. And one day I found the following on the margin of his journal :—

“THE NIGHTINGALE.

“ Sweet minstrel of the younger year,
Small Orpheus of the woody hill,
Say why far more delight my soul
That artless note, that untaught trill,
Than all that tuneful art can find
To charm the senses of mankind ? ”

“ ‘ Listen ! ’ the Nightingale replied.
‘ The notes which thus thy feelings move
By perfect Nature were supplied,
To praise the Lord and sing of love.
Hath Art ne’er taught mankind to sing
High praises of a meaner thing ? ’ ”

THE END.

Let me recall the last happy day of my life. It was Sunday, the 19th of October, 1890. I went out to Communion and Mass at eight o’clock, came back and kissed my husband at his writing. He was engaged on the last page of the “Scented Garden,” which had occupied him seriously only six actual months, not thirty years, as the Press said. He said to me, “To-morrow I shall have finished this, and I promise you that I will never write another book on this subject. I will take to our biography.” And I said, “What a happiness that will be !” He took his usual walk of nearly two hours in the morning, breakfasting well. People came to tea ; he had another walk in the garden, when the robin incident occurred.

“ How oft we’ve wandered by the stream,
Or in the garden’s bound,
Our hands and hearts together join’d ;
Pure happiness have found !
But now we linger there no more,
Beside the woods or burn,
And all that I can utter now
Is, ‘ When wilt thou return ? ’ ”

That afternoon we sat together writing an immense number of letters, which, when we had finished, I put on the hall table to be posted on Monday morning. Each letter breathed of life and hope and happiness, for we were making our preparations for a delightful voyage to Greece and Constantinople, which was to last from the 15th of

November to the 15th of March. We were to return to Trieste from the 15th of March till the 1st of July. He would be a free man on the 19th of March, and those three months and a half we were to pack up, make our preparations, wind up all our affairs, send our heavy baggage to England, and, bidding adieu to Trieste, we were to pass July and August in Switzerland, arrive in England in September, 1891, look for a little flat and a little cottage, unpack and settle ourselves to live in England.

We had now been back in Trieste six weeks from Maloja, in the Engadine, and during those six weeks my husband did several things, with a difference that would have struck me, except for his improved health and spirits. How we should break our hearts could we see ahead, and yet how one regrets not seeing!

“What part has death or has time in him
Who rode life's lists as a God might ride?”

SWINBURNE.

During this time, in spite of his having his *Agnostic-talking* tendencies worse upon him than ever, at table and in company, *in privacy* he used to lock our outer doors for a short while twice daily and pray. Our six rooms ran round in a square, cut off from the rest of the house, and as his bedroom and mine were corner rooms, I had, quite accidentally, a large full-length mirror in my corner, that gave me command of three rooms, including the chapel, so that though he was alone I could see him. And I did not alter it, lest he might have a seizure of any sort. In the chapel was a large crucifix, and he would at times come in, and remain before it for half an hour together, and go away with moist, sad eyes, and sometimes look over the books or papers.

The only difference remarkable on this particular Sunday, 19th of October, was, that whereas my husband was dreadfully punctual, and with military precision as the clock struck we had to be in our places at the table, at half past seven he seemed to dawdle about the room, putting things away. He said to me, “You had better go in to table;” and I answered, “No, darling, I will wait for you;” and we went in together. He dined well, but sparingly; he laughed, talked, and joked. We discussed our future plans and preparations, and he desired me on the morrow to write to Sir Edmund Monson, and several other letters, to forward the preparations. We talked of our future life in London, and so on. About half-past nine he got up and went to his bedroom, accompanied by the doctor and myself, and we assisted him at his toilette. I then said the night prayers to him, and whilst I was saying them, a dog began that dreadful howl which the superstitious say denotes a death. It

disturbed me so dreadfully, that I got up from the prayers, went out of the room, and called the porter to go out and see what was the matter with the dog. I then returned, and finished the prayers, after which he asked me for a novel. I gave him Robert Buchanan's "Martyrdom of Madeline." I kissed him, and got into bed, and he was reading in bed.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

THOS. TICKELL

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

TENNYSON.

At twelve o'clock midnight he began to grow uneasy. I asked him what ailed him, and he said, "I have a gouty pain in my foot. When did I have my last attack?" I referred to our journals, and found it was three months previously that he had had a real gout, and I said, "You know that the doctor considers it a safety-valve that you should have a healthy gout in your feet every three months for your head, and your general health. Your last attack was three months ago at Zurich, and your next will be due next January. He was then quite content, and though he moaned and was restless, he tried to sleep, and I sat by him magnetizing the foot locally, as I had the habit of doing to soothe the pain, and it gave him so much relief that he dozed a little, and said, "I dreamt I saw our little flat in London, and it had quite a nice large room in it." Betweenwhiles he laughed and talked and spoke of our future plans, and even joked.

At four o'clock he got more uneasy, and I said I should go for the

doctor. He said, "Oh no, don't disturb him; he cannot do anything. And I answered, "What is the use of keeping a doctor if he is not to be called when you are suffering?" The doctor was there in a few moments, felt his heart and pulse, found him in perfect order—that the gout was healthy. He gave him some medicine, and went back to bed. About half-past four he complained that there was no air. I flew back for the doctor, who came and found him in danger. I went at once, called up all the servants, sent in five directions for a priest, according to the directions I had received, hoping to get one, and the doctor, and I and Lisa under the doctor's orders, tried every remedy and restorative, but in vain.

What harasses my memory, what I cannot bear to think of, what wakes me with horror every morning from four till seven, when I get up, is that for a minute or two he kept on crying, "Oh, Puss, chloroform—ether—or I am a dead man!" My God! I would have given him the blood out of my veins, if it would have saved him, but I had to answer, "My darling, the doctor says it will kill you; he is doing all he knows." I was holding him in my arms, when he got heavier and heavier, and more insensible, and we laid him on the bed. The doctor said he was quite insensible, and assured me he did not suffer. I trust not; I believe it was a clot of blood to the heart.

My one endeavour was to be useful to the doctor, and not impede his actions by my own feelings. The doctor applied the electric battery to the heart, and kept it there till seven o'clock, and I knelt down at his left side, holding his hand and pulse, and prayed my heart out to God to keep his soul there (though he might be dead in appearance) till the priest arrived. I should say that he was insensible in thirty minutes from the time he said there was no air.

It was a country Slav priest, lately promoted to be our parish priest, who came. He called me aside, and told me that he could not give Extreme Unction to my husband, because he had not declared himself, but I besought him not to lose a moment in giving the Sacrament, for the soul was passing away, and that I had the means of satisfying him. He looked at us all three, and asked if he was dead, and we all said no. God was good, for had he had to go back for the holy materials it would have been too late, but he had them in his pocket, and he immediately administered Extreme Unction—"Si vivis," or "Si es capax"—"If thou art alive"—and said the prayers for the dying and the departing soul. The doctor still kept the battery to the heart all the time, and I still held the left hand with my finger on the pulse. By the clasp of the hand, and a

little trickle of blood running under the finger, I judged there was a little life until seven, and then I knew that, unless that happened which had happened to me,* that I was alone and desolate for ever.

I sat all day by Richard, watching him, and praying and expecting him also to come to. I thought the mouth and left eye moved, but the doctor told me it was imagination. But what was no imagination, was that the brain lived after the heart and pulse were gone; † that on lifting up the eyelids, the eyes were as bright and intelligent as in life, with the brilliancy of a man who saw something unexpected and wonderful and happy; and that light remained in them till near sunset, and I believe that soul went forth with the setting sun, though it had set for me *for ever*. I was so convinced of his happiness, that I lifted up my heart to God in a fervent thanksgiving *for him*, and I knelt down with my broken heart and said my “*Fiat voluntas tua,*” and when I rose up I said, “Let the world rain fire and brimstone on me now.” It has!

The Protestant clergyman, a most charming gentleman, earnest in his profession, and a staunch friend, soon came in. I asked him if he would like to do anything, but he said, “No, there was nothing to be done.” But he himself knelt down and said a very beautiful prayer.

I can never forget what Austria in general, and Trieste in particular, did in Richard’s honour, nor could I ever say enough of the kindness, delicacy, courteousness, affection, and esteem shown to me, his desolate widow. I asked for *nothing*, for I felt how difficult was the question. I only asked that he might not be put in the ground, but into some *chappelle ardente*, from whence I might take him home as soon as I could arrange to leave. To my great contentment and lasting gratitude, I found that the Bishop had conceded to him all the greatest ceremonies of the Church, and the authorities a gorgeous military funeral, such as is only accorded to Royalty—

* This is what happened to me. In my younger days I had malignant typhus. I appeared to die. I was attended by two very clever doctors, who were with me at my supposed death, which they certified, and I was laid out. My mother’s grief was so violent that my father judged it expedient to send for her confessor to give her some consolation. He happened to be the famous large-minded clever Jesuit and theologian, old Father Randal Lythegoe. He consoled my mother for some time, then he knelt down and prayed for me, and then he got up and put on his stole. “What are you going to do, Father?” said my mother. “I am going to give her Extreme Unction,” he said. “But you can’t; she has been dead several hours.” “I don’t care about that,” he said. “I am going to risk it.” He did so, and about two hours after he was gone I opened my eyes, and gradually came to.

† His journals show that he believed in this too.

an honour never before accorded to a foreigner. One half-Englishman came and made some objections on behalf of a small section of English, and claimed him for the much-abhorred place in the little English Protestant cemetery, and said that they would not come to the Funeral or the Church if it was to be Catholic. But Dr. Baker gallantly took our part, and told this person in very plain terms what *he* thought about it, and that they had better stay away, so that I never even heard of the annoyance till it was over.

The coffin was covered with the Union Jack and his sword; his insignia and medals were borne on a cushion, and a second hearse was hid in garlands and flowers. The Consular corps for the first time suspended their rule, and in full uniform surrounded and walked on each side of the hearse as pall-bearers. At their own special request, a company representing the crew of a large English ship, which had just arrived in port, made a conspicuous part of the *cortége*. I came next, but I was too stunned to notice details; but they tell me that no funeral has been equal to it in the memory of any one living, not even Maria Theresa's, ex-Queen of Spain, in 1873. It was not, as in England, a case of six or eight hundred attending; there are one hundred and fifty thousand in Trieste, and every one who could drive or walk, from the highest authorities to the poorest, turned out. The Governor with his Staff, the principal Military and Naval officers, Civil Authorities and Consular corps, were all in uniform, and every flag in the town and harbour was at half-mast.

If I were to live to be a hundred years old, to my dying day there will be photographed on my mind, the sun setting red in the sea over the burial-ground; the short, beautiful oration of his friend Attilio Hortis, who was commissioned by the local Government to speak, but whose voice was broken. The orphanage children then sang, with sweet tremulous voices, the hymn "Dies ira, dies illa," and sobs were heard all around. I alone was tearless; I felt turned to stone. The coffin was placed in a small chapel in the burial-ground, where I remained behind the rest.

"Ellati Zaujuhá ma'ahá b'tadir el Kamar b'asbiha."

("The woman who has her husband with her (*i.e.* at her back) can turn the moon with her finger.")

"El Maraa min ghayr Zaujuhá mislahá tayarán maksús el Jenáhh."

("The woman without her husband is like a bird with one wing.")

I can never forget—but all unhappy widows will understand me—my horrible return to my empty shell, the house, leaving him in the burial-ground, which but sixty-three hours before had been a beautiful and much-loved home. Two days later the guardian

of the cemetery had his own bedroom draped, adorned, and consecrated as a *chapelle ardente*, and the coffin was conveyed there, the other chapel being too public. It was always decorated with lights and flowers, and I had free access to go and pray by him, and I was allowed to keep him there for the three months I was preparing to leave Trieste. Everything possible was done in consideration of my feelings, everything possible was spared me, and when an Austrian official proceeding was necessary, it was done with the delicacy and nobility which is the stamp of that country.

On the Thursday after his death, a eulogy of Richard was delivered in the Diet of Trieste by Dr. Cambon, who praised him as "an intrepid explorer, a gallant soldier, an honour to the town of Trieste, which is especially indebted to him for his researches into the history of the province of Istria." The House adjourned as a mark of respect for the deceased hero.

I do not like to think of those first three weeks, so full of the depth of woe. It is impossible for me to tell how kind every one was, how all Trieste combined with goodness and tenderness and attention that nothing might hurt. Meanwhile the press was full of *him*. How I wish he could have known—but he did know and see—all the appreciation and the regret for him, as shown by notices in the press, of which I have books full, the flowers, the telegrams, the cards, the letters, and calls, all showing how truly he really *was* appreciated, except by the handful who *could* have made his life happy by Success. The City had three great funeral requiems with Mass sung, and all the obsequies. One took place at the Capuchins, one at the parish church, one at the Orphanage of St. Joseph.

I now ascertained, through friends who spoke to the Dean, what the intentions were about Westminster Abbey, and the Dean replied that it would be impossible to bury any more people at the Abbey; nor can I say that I was very sorry. Neither did St. Paul's offer. I saved our dignity by taking the initiative, following a line of our own, and refused before I was asked. It might have pleased a few people, but I know he would not have cared about it, neither did I. In these churches a showman would have occasionally earned a sixpence by pointing out a cold dark slab to trippers, and saying, "There lies Burton, Speke, Livingstone," etc., etc., and many others, *some* of whom were not fit to tie the latchet of his shoe—his name in a common list of theirs.

He and I had our peculiar ideas, and I was determined, if I could, to carry them out. He hated darkness so much that he never would have the blind down, lest he might lose a glimpse of light from twilight to dawn. He has got the *very thing* he wanted, only of

stone and marble instead of canvas—to be buried in a tent above ground; to have sun, and light, and air, trees, birds, and flowers; and he has love, tears, prayers, and companionship even in the grave. His tent is the only one in the world, and it is by far the most beautiful, most romantic, most undearthlike resting-place in the wide world.

Finding my purse would be too slender to carry it out, and as friends started subscriptions for me,* I secured my ground, made my design, and set sculptors at work in the cemetery in which, for the last forty years, most of my people have been buried, and which he himself had chosen.

My desire was to embody the beautiful idea found in the tombs of Lydia and Lycia, and which is enshrined in the Taj Mahal at Agra. The early tomb-builders had doubtless some connection with Nomads, and embodied the conception that the home in death should be like that of the home on earth. For this reason I feel, the public have not quite understood the beauty of my mausoleum-tent. I wished to embody the poetry contained in my husband's "Kasidah," with the religion he wished to die in. I have sent to the desert for strings of camel-bells, which will hang across the tent, and like an Æolian harp when the wind blows, the tinkle of the camel-bells may still sound near him. I have asked Major J. B. Keith, in his "Monograph on Indian Architecture," which will include tentage and tombs, to explain my meaning in his "Great Tents of Antiquity" better than I have done myself.

I lost all at once; my beautiful home had been my pride—it had to be given up. The money, except a little patrimony, died with my husband. I had to say good-bye to all the friends I had loved for eighteen years. Lisa, my confidential maid upon whom I entirely depended, to whom I owed all my personal comfort, who managed everything for me, and who alone knew all my belongings, I had to part with, for reasons which I do not wish to mention here. We had always had what was playfully called a very large "staff" in our house in my husband's life. The Master being dead—if I had been a sensible woman—I should have cleared my house out directly after the funeral; but I was too absorbed with the horrors of my now desolate position, and I had neither sense nor heart enough to make any changes. From this arose complications, misunderstandings, and heart-burnings enough to make life still more unbearable. We all know what one

* I received £688, and I owe this handsome contribution to the exertions of Baroness Paul de Ralli, of Trieste, to Sir Polydore Keyser, and Mrs. Roland Ward, who started and collected it.

bad bit of yeast does to a loaf of bread. I shut myself up entirely alone in my husband's rooms for sixteen days, sorting and classifying his manuscripts, packing and arranging his books, and carrying out all his last wishes and written instructions. What a terrible time it was I passed in the midst of these relics, shutting myself away in solitude, and rejecting all offers of assistance, as I could not bear any one to witness what I had to go through, and also there were many private papers which I knew nobody ought to see but myself, and much that he particularly desired me to burn if anything happened to him.

There were old servants to be placed out, many people dependent on us, institutions of which I was President to be wound up, debts to be paid, old friends to say good-bye to. My husband's and my personal effects, his library and manuscripts, were packed in two hundred and four cases. Having been eighteen years at Trieste, I felt there would be a meanness in selling, so I furnished the orphanage, and a few rooms for Lisa, and gave away everything where I thought it would be most useful or most valued; and this, with constant visits to my beloved in the *chapelle ardente*, which was half an hour's drive away, occupied fourteen weeks, though I got up at six and worked till ten p.m. I never rested, and it was a life of torture. I used to wake at four, the hour he was taken ill, and go through all the horrors of his three hours' illness until seven. I prayed for supernatural strength of soul and body, and it was really given to me.

On the 20th of January, 1891, I had to go to the Sant' Anna Cemetery to see the beloved remains prepared, and conveyed on board the Cunard steamer *Palmyra* at the New Port. The remains had been placed in a leaden shell, with a glass over the face; this was again closed in a very handsome coffin of steel and gilt. On this day it was put into a plain white deal case, two inches thick, dove-tailed, and secured with iron clamps and screws, and painted in black—"To the Rev. Canon Wenham, Catholic Church, Mortlake, S.W., Surrey, England." The case was filled with sawdust, in which, according to Austrian law, a bottle of carbolic acid was poured, which has rather stained the coffin. (I cannot think who could have started the irreverent report in the press that it was a piano-case.) Accompanied by the Vice-Consul, Mr. Cautley, I proceeded to the steamer, and saw the precious case lowered, and put into a dry and secured place. Poor good Louis Marcovich, the guardian of the cemetery, would not take one single penny of the present that I had prepared for him, for giving up his bedroom for three months. He only said, clasping my hand, "Don't send it me, because I shall only send it back again. I have got a nice consecrated room to die in;"

which he did, poor fellow, about a year later. May God reward him for his good work!

The last night came, and twenty of my friends came up to spend the last evening with me. My work was only finished about two hours before I had to start, and I walked round and round to every room, recalling all my life in that happy home and all the sad events that had lately taken place. I gazed at all those beautiful views for the last time—at the tablet over the place where my husband's death-bed stood, recalling his death; another tablet in the chapel where the Masses had been said; and I looked around with parting eyes. I went into every nook and cranny of the garden, and under our dear linden tree, where my husband and I had so often sat (a little branch of which I have now framed in my room); my servants following me about, crying bitterly, and saying, "Oh, my dear mistress, we shall never have your husband's and your like again; we shall never have such another house as this." Then came carriages full of our friends to take me away, and the dreadful wrench made me cry all the way down to the station. There I found all that was worth of Society, and Authorities, and the children of our Orphanage, and our Poor, and all our private friends, bearing flowers. It was an awful trial not to make an exhibition of myself, and I was glad when the train steamed out; but for a whole hour ascending the beautiful road close to the sea and Miramar and Trieste, I never took my misty eyes off Trieste, and our home where I had been so happy for eighteen years, and which I shall never see again.

My first care on arriving in England was to go and see Richard's sister and niece, and acquaint them with all the circumstances and my intentions. I arrived in London on the 7th of February, 1891, and having no home, went to the Langham for a few days to look about for a lodging. At the Langham my three sisters were waiting for me.

On the 9th I immediately went to Messrs. Dyke, 49, Highgate Road, to inspect the monument, and to give orders respecting everything, and found, to my great distress, that, owing to the severity of the weather, it would be difficult to say when we could get the remainder of the Forest of Dean stone. On the 10th I went to Mortlake, chose my ground and had it pegged out, made arrangements with Canon Wenham, and on the 11th my sister, Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald, and I went to Liverpool. I cannot say how ill I felt, and as soon as I arrived at Liverpool I had to go to bed. Friends began to arrive from different parts of England. Lord and Lady Derby, my best and kindest friends, had been so kind as to have everything seen to for me at Liverpool, and the Captain and the

officers of the ships, the authorities of the dockyard, and the London and North-Western Company outvied each other in civility and courteous attention in the arrangements that were made for us.

The *Palmyra* (after a journey as smooth as a lake) arrived on the 12th of February, 1891, at midnight, and we were told to be on board at nine next morning. Carriages for my party, and a small hearse, were ready to convey us to the ship. We went on board, and were courteously received by the Captain, and the case containing the coffin was brought up and placed on a small bridge. I forgot the people when I saw my beloved case, and I ran forward to kiss it. Canon Waterton said a few prayers. The Captain, officers, and men knew my husband, and many of the dockyard men were Catholics. They all bowed their heads, the Catholics answered the prayers, and there were audible sobs all round. The case was conveyed to the hearse, and we proceeded to the station, where it was immediately put into a separate compartment next to the two saloons reserved for me and my party.

When we arrived at Euston we found a duplicate of these conveyances waiting to take us and the body to Mortlake. We unpacked the case, but Canon Wenham, who had gone out, kept us an hour and three-quarters. The evening was cold and damp, and by torchlight, with a prayer, we conveyed him to rest in the crypt under the altar of the church. I remained some time praying there, and then we all dispersed, my sister and myself going back to the Langham. The reaction, after all I had gone through, set in; there was no more call upon my courage. I was safe in England and amongst my own people; there was nothing more to be done for Richard till the funeral.

“ Poor had been my life’s best efforts,
Now I waste no thought or breath;
For the prayer of those who suffer
Has the strength of love and death.”

My courage broke, and I took to my bed that night, the 13th of February, and *nolens volens* I was obliged to stay at the Langham, being too weak either to find or to be transferred to a lodging. I passed from the 13th of February till the 30th of April between bed and armchair, and latterly was taken down in the lift occasionally to dinner or lunch. Every one was most kind to me, and my sisters spoilt me, and came daily to lunch or dine. I cannot describe the horror of the seventy-six days, enhanced by the fog, which, after sunlight and air, was like being buried alive. The sense of desolation and loneliness and the longing for him was cruel, and it became—

“ The custom of the day,
And the haunting of the night.”

My altered circumstances, and the looking into and facing my future, had also to be borne. From my sick bed I dictated answers to some two thousand letters, mostly of sympathy, writing out different business cases, and preparing for the funeral. Meantime the Queen had, in consideration of my husband's services, to my great gratitude and surprise, allowed me a pension of £150 a year.*

I would not have asked for anything for myself, but I thought that the British nation would take a pride in helping me to raise the characteristic monument so long wished for, to a man they so honoured, and who had devoted his life to the nation's interest in so many ways as he had done; and more so as I had over a thousand cuttings from newspapers and hundreds of letters saying that the nation *wished his memory to be honoured by a testimonial*. Nor was I disappointed, as, during the eight months, from his death to his final burial at Mortlake, I was helped by £668 towards it.†

On the 30th of April I was well enough to be transferred to a lodging, where my sister and I lived together; for the Langham was getting too gay, too full for me, nor could I afford it. Here I had privacy, quiet, and cheapness.

The funeral was finally fixed for Monday, the 15th of June, at eleven o'clock, and the final completions were only ended two hours before the ceremony began.

I had taken lodgings at Mortlake. The tent is sculptured in dark Forest of Dean stone and white Carrara marble. It is an Arab tent, twelve feet by twelve and eighteen feet high, surmounted by a gilt star of nine points. Over the flap door of the tent is a white marble crucifix. The fringe is composed of gilt cressets and stars. The flap door of the tent supports an open book of white marble, on which are inscribed Richard's name and the dates of his birth and decease. A blank page is left for "Isabel, his wife." ‡ Underneath is a ribbon with the words, "This monument is erected to his memory by his loving countrymen." Below, on a white marble tablet, is a beautiful sonnet written in a passion of grief by Justin Huntley McCarthy:—

* I owed my pension to several of our old friends; notably the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Royal Geographical and other learned Societies.

† I mention this because I had an anonymous letter sent me which taunted me with touting for subscriptions for it.—I. B.

‡ [This was filled up March 1896.—W. H. W.]

“RICHARD BURTON.

“Farewell, dear friend, dear hero ! The great life
Is ended, the great perils, the great joys ;
And he to whom adventures were as toys,
Who seemed to bear a charm 'gainst spear or knife
Or bullet, now lies silent from all strife
Out yonder where the Austrian eagles poise
On Istrian hills. But England, at the noise
Of that dread fall, weeps with the hero's wife.
Oh, last and noblest of the Errant Knights,
The English soldier and the Arab Sheik !
Oh, singer of the East who loved so well
The deathless wonder of the ' Arabian Nights,'
Who touched Camoens' lute and still would seek
Ever new deeds until the end ! farewell !”

It is planted round with trees and flowers, and has a background of linden trees. It is, I think, the most beautiful little burial-ground in England, especially in summer time. In fact, it is so covered with flowers and embedded in trees as to look almost foreign, by its pretty little church and presbytery.

The interior is nearly all marble ; the floor, of white and black marble, covers a base of Portland cement (concrete), so that no damp can arise from the ground. The coffin of steel and gilt lies above ground on three marble trestles, with three trestles on the opposite side for me. At the foot of the coffin is a marble altar and tabernacle with candles and flowers, a window of coloured glass, with Richard's monogram, and the whole adorned with seven hanging and various other Oriental lamps.

Many people who come into the ground ask “why the canvas cover is not taken off,” and are quite astonished when they touch the stone. People were invited *generally*, but special invitations were issued to the senders of wreaths, telegrams, cards, letters, subscriptions, visits, editors of friendly newspapers, applications, private friends, and those who had interested themselves in my future. Eight hundred and fifty-two invitations were issued. Four hundred were down with influenza, but eight hundred people came all the same.

The ceremony began at eleven, lasting an hour and a half, giving time to a visitor to enter the mausoleum and get back to the station, which was a few yards from the church, for the one o'clock train back to London, the authorities being duly warned of the number of invited. The Church was very simply decorated with a fleur-de-lys carpet, the trestles were covered by a cramoisie velvet pall, being Richard's favourite colour, and the coffin was laid at the top of it, and covered with wreaths sent by friends, my little bunch of forget-me-nots lying where the face would be. It was surrounded by tall silver candlesticks with wax candles. I occupied

a *prie-dieu* by his side; to my right were the women—on the left hand the men—mourners, headed by Captain St. George Burton of the Black Watch, his chief male relation, and both sides were composed of his and my relations, and his oldest friends. The procession filed out exactly at 11.10, the acolytes bearing flambeaux. The short requiem Mass of Casciolini was the one sung, by a London professional choir. Monsignor Stanley sang the Mass, assisted by several priests who had been personal friends of my husband. Then followed the Burial Service with its three absolutions, the priest walking round the coffin perfuming it with incense, and sprinkling it with holy water, and Canon Wenham, who performed this service in Latin, said in English, with a smile and a voice full of emotion, "Enter now into Paradise." The men then lifted the coffin, and a wreath was given to one of the lady mourners to carry, I taking my own little bunch of forget-me-nots, and following the coffin closely. Flanked a little lower down by the women and men mourners, and followed by all the assembled friends, the procession wound through the small but beautiful cemetery of St. Mary Magdalen's, Mortlake, to what seemed a veritable canvas tent pegged down amongst palm-trees, and he, who died eight months ago, was laid in his final resting-place. I begged that there might be no sermon or oration. When the coffin was deposited, the choir sang the Benedictus, and if there was any choice throughout the touching and impressive ceremony, perhaps this was the most impressive and the softest.

During the Benedictus the priest made a sign to me to go inside the mausoleum. I knelt and kissed the coffin, and put my forget-me-nots on it, and then I got behind the door. The other chief mourners passed into the tent, knelt, and deposited their wreaths and flowers. After the Benedictus, Canon Wenham, feeling that there were so many Protestants, said some English prayers; but his voice broke with emotion, and he had a difficulty in finishing them. When all was over, St. George Burton gave me his arm and conducted me to Canon Wenham's house, that I might not embarrass the public, who would like freely to enter the mausoleum and examine it. As I passed through the burial-ground, many friends shook hands with me, but I was so dazed I could not see them.

SIR RICHARD BURTON, KNIGHT.

Born 1821. Died 1890.

“ He resteth now. His noble part is done,
And Britain mourns another true-born son.
His was the work that crowned with lasting fame
The hallowed mem’ry of a gallant name.
He gave the world the mysteries of men ;
He travelled lands unknown to history’s pen,
And braved the savage in his distant den.
America and Asia’s hills and plains—
Through Afric’s darkest forest light he gains.
The tree of knowledge bloomed for him its flow’rs
Where grandest Nature showed her mighty pow’rs ;
And Heaven was his in all his lonely hours.
Oh ! name him as he sleeps through longest night
A learned gentleman—a gallant Knight.”

W. J. NOWERS BRETT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TWO CONTESTED POINTS BETWEEN A SMALL SECTION OF ANTAGONISTS AND MYSELF.

There are three people in the world who might possibly be able to write sections of his life. Most of his intimate friends are dead, but there are still a few left. One would describe him as a Deist, one as an Agnostic, and one as an Atheist and Freethinker, but I can only describe the Richard that I knew, not the Richard that they knew. I, his wife, who lived with him day and night for thirty years, believed him to be half Sufi, half-Catholic, or I prefer to say (as nearer the truth) alternately Sufi and Catholic, because I did not in the least count all his wild talk at table or in Society, nor what he wrote; I minded only what he *thought* and what he *did*, and this is why I cannot truthfully join in the general opinion. He was like the Druzes, who adopt the national religion for peace' sake; but they have their own private religion all the same. I can distinctly remember a speech which he made in London—I believe it was in 1865, I think at the Anthropological—in which he said, "My religious opinions are of no importance to anybody but myself; *no one* knows what my religious views are. I object to confessions, and I will *not* confess. My standpoint is, and I hope ever will be, 'The Truth' as far as it is in me, but known only to myself." This was a public statement, and *might* silence those who jabber upon things of which they are entirely ignorant.

How beautiful and how sad a mentor is friendship! A noble character must contain three qualities to contend with this one great element of our lives—a sincere, staunch, loyal heart, philosophy, and discernment. The World is a kind, pleasant place to live in, whatever cynics may say. Be in trouble, and you must wonder at the innumerable kind hearts who will call and write, and offer every

assistance and consolation in their power. This will not prevent your nearest and dearest relative from snubbing you if you want anything ; nor that friend to whom you clung with all your soul, as to a rock, failing you just at the crisis of your life when you most counted upon his support. Then you must call in your philosophy. Again, if a cloud comes over you, how many will disappear, and reappear again as soon as the world has decided in your favour, to join in the applause. Do not blame the weaklings, but your own discernment ; they do not want to hurt you, but they hold themselves ready to go on the popular side, whichever way it turns. And why should they not ? It is not because they dislike you, but because they fear others more than they love you. In sensitive youth these facts make our misery ; but we should learn to rejoice in our riper years when a weak, uncertain friend falls away. Carry the true gold about your own strong heart, and shake off the dross, which is but the superfluous ballast which clogs and impedes the ship's free sailing.

Now, I ask, who is unjust enough, inhuman enough, to grudge me this last consolation ? From 1842 to 1890, for forty-eight years, he was before the public ; he had a strong band of friends, a strong band of admirers ; but the world at large, and notably England, never understood him because he was so above his time, and the arger part did not know how to appreciate him. Who from 1856 to 1859 kept him so supplied with daily written journals of news, of daily cuttings from the newspapers, that when he returned, people said to him, " How come you so well informed of all that has been passing, just as if you had never been away, and you living beyond the pale of civilization ? " " Ah, how ? " he said. By many mails he never received a line from any one but me. Who cheered him on in danger, toil, and heart-breaking sickness ? Who, when he came back from Tanganyika (Africa) in 1859, coldly looked upon by the Government, bullied by the India House, rejected by the Geographical Society, almost tabooed by Society on account of the machinations of Captain Speke, so that he scarcely had ten friends to say good-morning to him,—who sought his side to comfort him ? I did ! Then we married. Who for thirty years daily attended to his comforts, watched his going out and coming in, had his slippers, dressing-gown, and pipe ready for him every evening, sat sick at heart if he was an hour late, watched all night and till morning if he did not come back ? Who copied and worked for and with him ? Who fought for thirty years to raise his official position all she could, and wept bitter tears over his being neglected ? I did. My only complaint is, that I believe he would have got infinitely more, if he

had asked for things himself, and not perpetually stuck me forward ; but he was too modest, and I had to obey orders. Who rode or walked at his side through hunger, thirst, cold, and burning heat, with hardships and privations and danger, in all his travels? Who nursed him through seven long illnesses, before his last illness, some lasting two or three months, and never left his bed-head day or night, and did everything for him? I did! Why, I was wife, and mother, and comrade, and secretary, and aide-de-camp, and agent to him ; and I was proud, happy, and glad to do it all, and never tired day or night for thirty years. I would rather have had a crust and a tent with him, than be a Queen elsewhere. At the moment of his death I had done all I could for the body, and then I tried to follow his soul. I *am* following the soul, and I *shall* reach it before long. There we shall nevermore part. Agnostics! "Burnt manuscript" readers! where were *you* all then? Hail-fellow-well-met, when the world went well ; running away when it pursed up its stupid lips. And do any of *you* pretend or wish to take *him* away from *me* in death? Oh, for shame, for shame! Let him rest where he wanted to rest, and be silent, or do not boast of your "free country" where a man may not even be buried where he will ; where he may not speak his mind, and tell the truth. Be ashamed that History may have to say, that the only honour that England accorded to Richard Burton, having failed to do him justice in this life, was to bespatter his wife with mud after he was dead, and could not defend her.

Do not be so hard and prosaic as to suppose that our Dead cannot, in rare instances, come back and tell us how it is with them.

"He lives and moves, he is not dead,
He does not alter nor grow strange,
His love is still around me shed,
Untouched by time, or chance, or change ;
And when he walks beside me, then
As shadows seem all living men."

MARY MACLEOD.

He said always, "I am gone—pay, pack, and follow."

Reader! I have paid, I have packed, I have suffered. I am waiting to join his Caravan. I am waiting for a welcome sound—

"THE TINKLING OF HIS CAMEL-BELL."

"THE SELF-EXILED."

"Now, open the gate, and let her in,
And fling it wide,
For she hath been cleansed from stain of sin,'
St. Peter cried.
And the angels were all silent.

“ ‘ Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,’
 She answered low,
‘ I came not hither to enter in,
 Nor may I go.’
And the angels were all silent.

* * * * *

“ ‘ But I may not enter there,’ she said,
 ‘ For I must go
 Across the gulf, where the guilty dead
 Lie in their woe.’
And the angels were all silent.

“ ‘ If I enter heaven, I may not speak
 My soul’s desire,
 For them that are lying distraught and weak
 In flaming fire.’
And the angels were all silent.

“ St. Peter he turned the keys about,
 And answered grim :
 ‘ Can you love the Lord, and abide without
 Afar from Him ?’
And the angels were all silent.

“ ‘ Should I be nearer Christ,’ she said
 ‘ By pitying less
 The sinful living, or woeful dead,
 In their helplessness ?’
And the angels were all silent.

“ ‘ Should I be liker Christ, were I
 To love no more
 The loved, who in their anguish lie
 Outside the door ?’
And the angels were all silent.

* * * * *

“ ‘ Did He not hang on the cursèd tree,
 And bear its shame,
 And clasp to His heart, for love of me,
 My guilt and blame ?’
And the angels were all silent.

“ ‘ Should I be liker, nearer Him,
 Forgetting this,
 Singing all day with the Seraphim,
 In selfish bliss ?’
And the angels were all silent.

“ The Lord Himself stood by the gate
 And heard her speak
 Those tender words compassionate,
 Gentle and meek.
And the angels were all silent.

“ Now, pity is the touch of God
 In human hearts,
 And from that way He ever trod
 He ne’er departs.
And the angels were all silent.

“And He said, ‘Now will I go with you,
Dear child of Love ;
I am weary of all this glory, too,
In heaven above.’
And the angels were all silent.

“‘We will go and seek and save the lost,
If they will hear.
They who are worst but need Me most ;
And all are dear.’
And the angels were all silent.”

WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda among the Broken Gods.*

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"The first and the most valuable of the annotated editions of *The Tatler* was published by John Nichols and others in 1786, with notes by Bishop Percy, Dr John Calder, and Dr Pearce; and though these notes are often irrelevant and out of date, they contain an immense amount of information, and have been freely made use of by subsequent editors. I have endeavoured to preserve what is of value in the older editions, and to supplement it, as concisely as possible, by such further information as appeared desirable. The eighteenth century diaries and letters published of late years have in many cases enabled me to throw light on passages which have hitherto been obscure, and sometimes useful illustrations have been found in the contemporary newspapers and periodicals."

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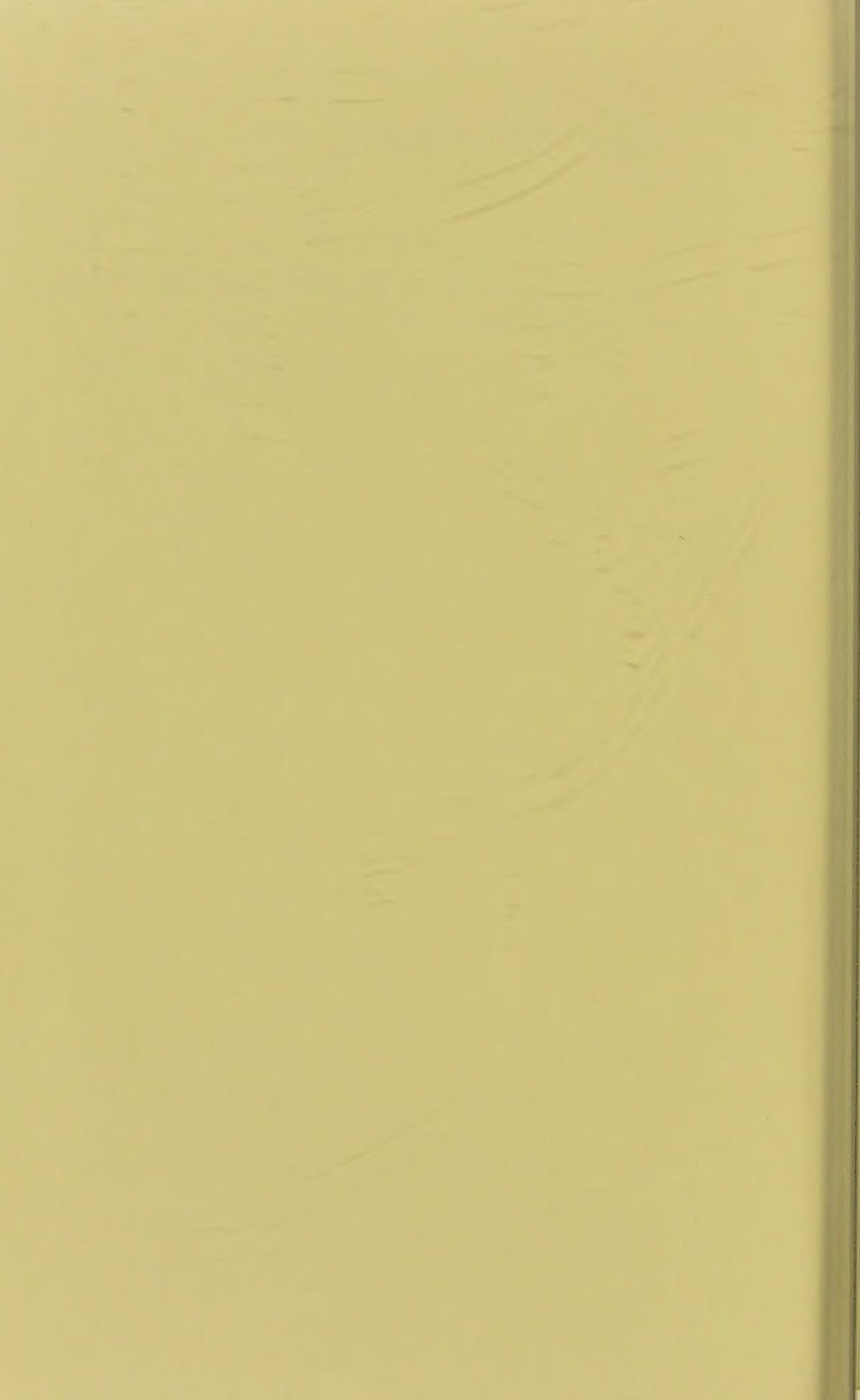
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